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HISTORIES.

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in Wild-Court near Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

M DCC XXIX.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF LONDON
AND THE
COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX



By JOHN G. CAMPBELL, Esq.
of the Inner Temple, Esq.
Author of the History of the
County of Middlesex, &c.
&c.
The second edition, with additions.
LONDON: Printed by J. JOHNSON, in Pall-mall.

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A SELECT
COLLECTION
OF
NOVELS
AND
HISTORIES:
VOLUME *the* FIRST.

CONTAINING,

*An Extract of Monsieur HUET'S DISCOURSE
Concerning the ORIGINAL of ROMANCES.*
Z A Y D E.

The MARRIAGE of BELPHEGOR.

The ADVENTURES of MELESICTHON.

The JEALOUS ESTREMADURAN.

*The HISTORY and FALL of the Lady JANE
GREY.*

*The ADVENTURES on the BLACK MOUN-
TAINS.*



L O N D O N: M D C C X X I X.

A SELECT
COLLECTION
OF
NOVELS
AND



CONTAINING
the Manuscripts of the
Greatest Writers of the
English Language
from the Time of the
Norman Conquest to the
Present Period
as far as they are
now in the Possession
of the British Museum
and are open to the
View of all Persons
desiring to consult
them

Printed by J. G. Smith, at the British Museum

LONDON: MDCCLXXIX



To Her HIGHNESS the
PRINCESS
A N N E.

M A D A M,



ENTERTAINMENTS
of this Nature be-
ing made up of the
most moving Circumstances

A 4 of

DEDICATION.

of Life, and generally supposed to be acted by Persons of an Eminent and Conspicuous Condition, should be adjusted with all the Propriety, and embellished with all the Ornament, that Wit, Language and Good Breeding can exert.

AND, for the same Reason, it has been usual to introduce them into the World, under the Protection of some Bright Indulgent Name; celebrated for the fine Accomplishments they describe, and
shining

DEDICATION.

shining with all those real Virtues and Graces, for which they themselves are oftentimes oblig'd to Invention alone.

BUT it is much easier to imagine such Perfections, than to find them Personated in Life. And I am fully perswaded that I add as Noble an Ornament to the following Pages, by placing Your HIGHNESS's Name before them, as the most Ingenious Author could have contributed by a fictitious

A 5 Drawing

DEDICATION.

Drawing of all that is Amiable and Engaging.

I F new Discoveries of Virtue, opening Scenes of Wit, and fresh Instances of the best Temper, flowing from a Young Lady of consummate Beauty, can surprise and delight in Romance; what must they do in a true History; such as Your HIGHNESS will furnish out to After-Ages; and such as the bare Mention of Your Name suggests to the present!

AND,

DEDICATION.

AND, as much as We
admire You, You are yet but
in the Morning Dawn of Your
Glory: You have brought
in the Day upon us, and a-
waken'd our Admiration.
Your Spring is kindly, and
gives us blooming Hopes:
But the plentiful Harvest,
and the full Autumnal Vin-
tage are yet to come. Your
Meridian Beams, in whatever
Climate they shine, must
make a Paradise; and that
Time, however short, may
properly

DEDICATION.

properly be styled the Golden Age.

THAT such a Blessing may be lasting, and that Your HIGHNESS may have Time enough to dispense the Good Things with which Your Noble Mind is stor'd, is the daily Prayer of

Your HIGHNESS's

Most Humble, and

March 28,
1720.

Most Obedient Servant,

S. C.



THE
P R E F A C E.



THE favourable Reception that was given to the First Edition of this Work has encouraged the Publisher to reprint it with considerable Additions and Improvements. The additional Pieces are as follows: In the First Volume, The Adventures of Melesithon, by the Author of Telemachus; The History and Fall of the Lady Jane Grey; The Adventures on the Black Mountains: This is the Novel, from which the Plan of a Posthumous Play, written originally by Shakespear, call'd Double-Falshood, was taken. In the Second Volume, Charon, or the Ferry-Boat, a Vision. In the Third Volume, The History

P R E F A C E.

History of Jane Shore. *In the Fourth Volume,* The Loves of King Henry the Second and fair Rosamond. *In the Fifth Volume,* Memoirs of the unhappy Favourite, or the Fall of Robert, Earl of Essex. *In the Sixth Volume,* The History and Fall of Mary, Queen of Scots; and Memoirs of a remarkable Revolution in Naples; Or, the History of Massaniello. *The Stories from the English History (which are some of the most surprising and pathetick that can be met with,) are all new writ. We flatter our selves, that the Reader will receive a double Pleasure by finding in these all the Beauties of Romance, joyn'd with the Charms of amiable Truth.*

IT having been objected, that Monsieur Huet's Letter on the Original of Romances is too prolix and tedious; we have contented ourselves with giving an Extract of it in this Edition, which, it is hoped, will be more Entertaining. It is somewhat surprising that this learned Writer, who displays with so much Pomp his deep Reading in Romances, and is so lavish in Praise of the French Romancers and Novelists, should yet pass by in Silence the Novels of Cervantes; and is a
remarkabl

P R E F A C E.

remarkable Instance of his fond Partiality to his own Countrymen. Monsieur Fontenelle is guilty of the like Omission in his Discourse concerning the Ancients and Moderns, where he mentions with Applause Cyrus, Astræa, Zayde, and the Princess of Cleves, without one Word about Cervantes. But (not to detract from the Merit of the French in this kind of Writings,) we cannot however help thinking, that the Novels of Cervantes will be esteemed by indifferent Judges the richest Jewel in this Collection. These are enliven'd by the same Spirit which animates Don Quixot, and shine in the fairest Light by a Brilliancy of Thought, an elegant Invention, tender Sentiments, and a thorough Insight into human Nature. Besides, the Author has had the Address to confine them within such proper Bounds, as to finish the Story before the Reader's Appetite is pall'd and cloy'd.

THE Princess of Cleves deserves likewise to be particularly taken Notice of, for its easy genteel Turn of Conversation and polite Diction.

THO' the Novel of Zayde has pass'd under the Name of Monsieur De Segrais, it
was

P R E F A C E.

was really writ by a Lady, as we are inform-
 ed by Monsieur Huet, in his Commentary
De rebus ad eum pertinentibus, where we
 find the following Account of it: ‘ Much a-
 bout the same time, (says he, referring to
 what went before;) I was introduced by
 Monsieur Menage to the Acquaintance of
 Madam Laverna Fayett. He has employ’d
 whole Poems in celebrating this Lady’s
 Beauty, her Wit and Genius, and the Ele-
 gancy of her Conversation and Writings:
 And indeed with Reason; for what can be
 more neat, more correct, or more wittily in-
 vented, than those Things which we saw
 her writing as it were in Pastime, and
 heard her repeating? And yet she was so
 negligent of the Praise she deserved, that
 she would have her *Zayde*, a most delight-
 ful Novel, appear under the Name of Mon-
 sieur De Segrais. I having taken Occasion
 to mention this in my *Antiquities of Caen*,
 some Persons, unacquainted with the Fact,
 rashly complained that I had done an In-
 jury to the Name of Segrais; whereas I
 can abundantly prove the Truth of what I
 asserted by the Evidence of my own Eyes,
and

P R E F A C E.

*'and the Testimony of several Letters under
'the hand of Laverna; for she sent every
'Part of this Novel to me, as it came from
'her Pen, for my Revisal.'* Thus far Monsieur Huet.

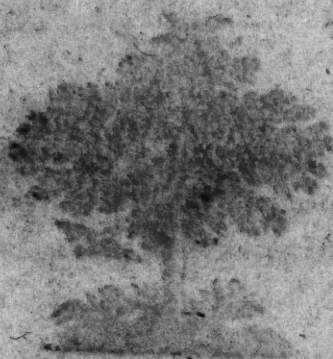
T H A T no Embellishment suitable to a Work of this kind might be wanting, and to render it every way agreeable to our fair Readers, the Editor has been at the Expence of a Frontispiece to every History and Novel, taken from some remarkable Incident in each Story; which, we promise ourselves, will confirm the high Opinion the Publick so justly entertains of the Masterly Hands that performed them.



PREFACE

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the hand of the author; for the first time
Part of this Novel is now in the hands of
the Press, for my Readers. Thus far I have
been able to

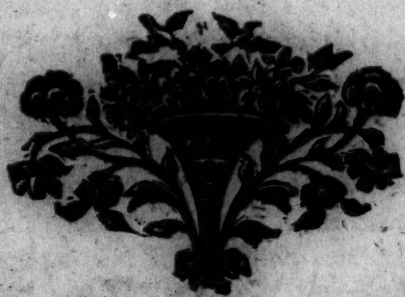
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AN
EXTRACT
OF

Monsieur HUET's
DISCOURSE

CONCERNING THE
ORIGINAL *of* ROMANCES.



L O N D O N: MDCCXXIX.

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OF

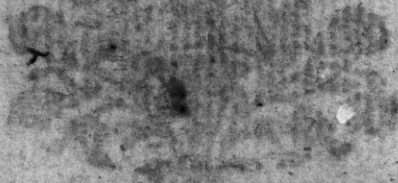
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DISCOURSE

CONCERNING THE

ORIGINAL ROMANCES.

not to be printed



LONDON: MDCCLXXII.

EXTRACT
OF

Monsieur HUET'S
DISCOURSE

Concerning the

ORIGINAL of ROMANCES.



HERETOFORE by the Word ROMANCE was understood not only such Works as were written in Prose, but more frequently those that were form'd in Verse: But at present the contrary Acceptation prevails; and Romances, properly so call'd, are Fictions of Love-Adventures artfully form'd and deliver'd in Prose, for the Delight and Instruction of the Readers. Romance is call'd a Fiction, to distinguish it from History, and a Fiction.

ii *Extract of Monsieur HUET's Discourse*

Fiction of Love-Adventures, because Love ought to be the Principal Subject of Romance. The chief Design of a Romance, and which the Writer ought in the first place to have in View, is the Instruction of his Reader, before whom he is to represent the Reward of Virtue, and Chastisement of Vice; but for soasmuch as the Mind of Man is naturally an Enemy to Instruction, against which Self love is ever ready to revolt, he must be sooth'd and deluded by the Baits of Pleasure, and the Author must temper the Severity of Precept by the Agreeableness of Example, till he has brought the Reader insensibly to correct those Faults in Himself, which he cannot but condemn in Others. So that Delight, which the ingenious Romancer seems to make his chief Design, is in effect no other than a Medium subordinate to the principal End, the Instruction of the Mind, and Reformation of the Manners; and Romances are more or less regular as they come up more or less to this Definition.

PETRONIUS saith, That Poems ought to distinguish themselves by their surprizing Turns, and their free and bold Expressions; insomuch that they are to be consider'd rather as Oracles proceeding from a divine Impulse, and a Spirit full of Fury, than as exact regular Narrations. Romances, on the other hand, are more simple, less elevated and metaphorical, both in the Invention and Expression. Poems have more of the Marvellous, tho' still Probable: Romances have more of the Probable, tho' they have sometimes a Mixture of the Marvellous. Poems are more regular, and exact in the Contrivance, and have less Matter, fewer Events, and Episodes. On the other hand, Romances have more of These; because having less of the Sublime and Metaphorical, they do not put the Mind so much upon the stretch, but leave it in a Condition to fill itself with a greater Variety of different Ideas. In short, Poems have for their Subject some Action Military, or Political, and touch only upon Love occasionally. On the other

concerning the Original of Romances. iii

ther hand, Love is the principal Subject of Romances, where War and Politicks are no other than Incidents.

ARISTOTLE saith, That sort of Tragedy is the most perfect, whose Plot is founded upon some known Fact in History, because it carries a greater Probability with it than that which is entirely of a new Invention; and yet he does not condemn the latter. His Reason is, That tho' the Argument be taken from History, it may nevertheless be unknown to the greatest Part of the Audience, and consequently new to them; notwithstanding which, it may prove a general Entertainment. The same is to be said of Romances, but with this Distinction, That an entire Fiction of the Fable will pass easier in such Pieces where the Actors are of mean Circumstances, as in Romances of a lower Class, than in those more lofty ones, where great Princes and Conquerors are the Actors, and whose Adventures are illustrious, and remarkable; because it is not likely that great Events shou'd have lain so long conceal'd to the World, and neglected by the Historians; and Probability, which is sometimes wanting in History, is essential to Romance.

THE Invention of Romances is owing to the *Egyptians*, *Arabians*, *Persians*, and *Syrians*. It is indeed almost incredible to what a Degree the Inhabitants of those Countries are possess'd with a Genius inclining them to Poetry, Invention, and the Love of Fictions. All their Discourses are figurative; they never speak but by Allegories; their Divinity and Philosophy, but especially their Politicks and Morals, are all cloathed in Fables and Parables. The very *Indians*, who border on the *Persians*, have, like them, a Propensity to fabulous Inventions, as appears from several of their Writings to be seen in the Libraries of the Curious.

THE *Ionians*, a People inhabiting Part of *Asia Minor*, after having rais'd themselves to a great height of Power, and acquir'd immense Riches, soon plunged themselves
into

iv *Extract of Monsieur Huet's Discourse*

into an excess of Luxury and Voluptuousness, the inseparable Companions of Abundance. But among all the People of *Ionis*, the *Milesians* were the most exquisite in the Science of Pleasures, and ingenious Delicacy. They first learnt from the *Persians* the Art of writing Romances, and so happily succeeded in it, that the *Milesian Fables*, that is to say their Romances, full of amorous Stories and wanton Tales, were in high Reputation.

THE *Ionians*, who were originally of *Attica* and *Pe-loponnesus*, could not forget from whence they sprung; they maintain'd an uninterrupted Commerce with the *Grecians*; and *Greece*, which of itself was naturally inclin'd to Fables, easily learnt from Them how to write Romances, and soon became great Proficients in the Science.

BUT long before these *Milesian Fables* made any Progress in *Greece*, they convey'd themselves into *Italy*, where they were first entertained by the *Sybarites*, a People voluptuous beyond Imagination; and the *Sybarite Tales* became as common in *Italy*, as the *Milesian* were in *Asia*.

IF the *Romans* could without a Blush read those Fables under the Republick, at a time when an austere Discipline and Rigidity of Manners was maintain'd among them; it is not to be wonder'd at, if when the Commonwealth was subjected to the Will of the Emperors, and every one, after their Examples, abandon'd himself to Luxury and Pleasure, their Minds became sensible of such Impressions, as the Reading of Romances was apt to inspire them with. *Virgil*, who was born soon after the Establishment of the Empire, makes the most agreeable Entertainment of the *Naiads*, Daughters of the River *Penens*, whilst they were assembled under the Waters of their Father, to be the Recital of the Amours of the Gods; of which the Romances of Antiquity consisted. *Ovid*, who was Cotemporary with *Virgil*, makes the Daughters of *Minyas* divert one another with

concerning the Original of Romances. v

with Romantick Stories whilst they were at Work, and the Labour of their Hands did not take from them the Use of their Tongues or Thoughts. The first of those Stories is The Loves of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*; the second, of *Mars* and *Venus*; and the third, of *Salmacis* and *Hermaphrodite*.

HEREBY appears the great Esteem the *Romans* then had for Romances; but it is more fully evident by a Romance composed by *Petronius*, a Consul, and the most polite Man of his Age. It was of the *Satyrical* Kind, and of that sort which was invented by *Varro*, who made an agreeable Mixture of Prose and Verse, of Things Serious and Humorous, and call'd it *Menippean*, because *Menippus* the Cynic had before him handled grave Subjects in a pleasant Style, full of Raillery. Tho' *Petronius* seems to have been a great Critick, and a Man of an exquisite Taste, yet his Style is not equal to the Delicacy of his Judgment. There is something of Affectation in it; something too much studied and elaborate; and it degenerates from the natural and majestick Simplicity of the happy Age of *Augustus*. So true is it, that the Art of telling a Story, which every body practises, and very few understand, is however much easier to be understood than practised. Even his Thoughts, tho' often delicate and noble, are sometimess cold; and whoever shall examine 'em impartially, will find them not always just. But he is seldom so carefully look'd into, and we are so prejudiced in his Favour, that every thing in him pleases, because we think every thing there ought to please. For my part, I will be bold to say, with the Leave of his Admirers, that if he had been more decent, he would have been less read and less esteemed, and that his Obscenity makes, with many of his Readers, the chief Part of his Merit.

WE are told that the Poet *Lucan*, who likewise liv'd in *Nero's* time, left behind him some *Saltick Fables*, that

VOL. I. a

vi *Extract of Monsieur Huet's Discourse*

is, as some will have it, Fables wherein he recounts the Amours of the Nymphs and Satyrs.

APULEIUS's *Metamorphosis*, so well known under the Name of *The Golden Ass*, was made during the Reign of the *Antonines*. He has given us in this Piece an Idea of the *Milesian* Fables, and he declares it, in the Beginning, to be one of that kind. He has embellish'd it with beautiful Episodes, and particularly with that of *Psyche*, which every one is acquainted with; neither has he retrench'd the Impurities he found in the Originals from whence he copy'd. His Style is that of a Sophist, full of Affectation and strain'd Metaphors, harsh, barbarous, and worthy of an *African*.

IT is affirm'd that *Clodius Albinus*, one of the Candidates for the Empire with *Severus*, did not think it beneath him to exercise his Talents that way. *Julius Capitolinus* tells us in his Life that certain *Milesian* Fables appear'd abroad under his Name, pretty well esteem'd, tho' but indifferently written; and that *Severus*, who vanquish'd and slew him, reproach'd the Senate for having commended him as a learned Man, tho' he had only read the *Milesian* Fables of *Apuleius*; and that his whole Study lay in old Wives Tales, and such Trifles, which he prefer'd to serious Employments.

MARTIANUS *Capella* has given the Name of Satyr to his Work, as well as *Petronius*, because, like His, it is written in Verse and Prose, and there is in it a Mixture of the Useful and Agreeable. Designing to treat of all the Arts which are called Liberal, he takes a Compass for that Purpose, representing them in the Form of Persons, and feigns that *Mercury*, whose Attendants they are, espouses *Philology*, that is to say, the Love of the *belles Lettres*, and gives her in Dowry whatever they possess most rare and beautiful: Inasmuch that it is a continu'd Allegory, and deserves rather the Name of a Fable than Romance. His Style is Barbarism itself; so bold and im-

concerning the Original of Romances. vii

moderate are his Figures, as not to be pardon'd in the most adventurous Poet, and withal cover'd under an Obscurity so thick, that he is scarce intelligible; setting this aside, he shews himself Master of an uncommon Erudition. It is said, this Author was an *African*; if he was not, he might pass for one from his stiff and forced manner of Writing. It is not known in what time he lived; all that is certain of him is, that he is older than *Justinian*, and arrived to the Honour of being *Proconsul*.

HITHERTO the Art of Romancing continued in some Lustre; but it declined afterwards with Learning and the Empire, when the savage Nations of the *North* overwhelm'd *Europe* with their Ignorance and Barbarism. 'Till then Romances had been compos'd for Pleasure; but now fabulous Histories began to prevail, for want of proper Materials for true ones. *Thelesin*, who is said to have lived about the middle of the Sixth Century, under the Reign of King *Arthur*, so famous in the Books of Chivalry, and *Melkin*, who was something younger, wrote the History of *Great Britain* their Country, of King *Arthur*, and of the Round-Table. *Balaus*, who has given them a Place in his Catalogue, makes mention of them as of very fabulous Authors. The same Thing may be said of *Hunibaldus Francus*, who is supposed to have been Contemporary with *Clovis*, tho' he is in reality much younger; whose History, as he calls it, is no better than a Collection of Lies and Absurdities.

AND now we are get down to the celebrated Piece, containing the Actions of *Charlemagne*, which has been very injudiciously ascrib'd to Archbishop *Turpin*, tho' it be later than him by above two hundred Years. *Pigna*, and some others, have been so weak as to believe, that Romances were so called from *Rheims*, of which *Turpin* was Archbishop, because his Book, as *Pigna* will have it, was the Fountain from whence most of the Romancers of *Provence* supply'd themselves; and was, in their Opinion,

viii *Extrakt of Monsieur H U E T's Discourse*

nion, the Master-piece of Romances. However this may be, there are many other Histories, of which *Charlemagne's* Life is the Subject, that are altogether as fabulous, as that which is father'd upon *Turpin*. Such for Instance are Those which are attributed to *Hanon*, and *Solcon Forteman*, to *Sicward* the Sage, to *Adel Adeling*, and to *John*, the Son of a certain King of *Friezeland*, all Five *Friezelanders* by Birth, and, as we are told, Cotemporaries with *Charlemagne*. Such moreover was the History attributed to *Occon*, who, according to the general Opinion, was Cotemporary with the Emperor *Otho the Great*, and grand Nephew to *Solcon* beforemention'd; to These we may add the History of *Geoffery of Monmouth*, containing the Feats of King *Arthur*, and the Life of *Merlin*. These Histories, written at random, did not fail to please the simple Readers, more ignorant, if possible, than their Authors: So that no one was at the Pains to examine into authentick Records, and to be duly inform'd of the Truth, before he undertook to write History. Their own Invention furnished them with Materials; and by this means History degenerated into ROMANCE. The *Latin* Tongue was as much neglected and despis'd, in those barbarous Ages, as the Truth of Facts. The Poetasters, Ballad-Mongers, Story-Tellers, and Juglers of *Provence*; in short all Those of that Country, who practis'd what they call'd *The Gay Science*, began in the Days of *Hugh Capet* to ROMANCE in good Earnest, and to roam up and down *France*, vending their Romantick Wares wherever they came, compos'd all in the *Roman* Language. For at that time the *Provincials* were better skill'd in Literature and Poetry, than all the rest of *France*. This Language was what the *Romans* had introduced with their Conquests; which, in time, was corrupted with a Mixture of the old *Gaulish*, that had preceded, and of the *Frank*, or *Teutonic*, that succeeded it; insomuch that it was neither *Latin*, nor *Gaulish*, nor *Frank*, but

a Medly of them all; wherein, however, the *Roman* prevailed, for which Reason it still preserv'd that Name, to distinguish it from the particular, or Mother Tongue of each Country, whether the *Gaulish*, or *Celtic*, or *Aquitanic*, or *Belgic*. The *Spaniards* put the same Signification upon the Word *Roman* as we do, and call their vulgar Tongue, *Romancé*. The *Roman* therefore being the most polite Language, and what was most universally understood, the *Provencials* wrote their Stories in it; and they were for that Reason call'd ROMANCES. These Authors passing thus up and down were generously paid for their Pains, and well received by the Great Men of the Country where they travell'd; some of whom were so transported with Joy to hear them, that they often strip'd themselves of their Robes to cloath 'em. However, the *Provencials* were not the only People who addict'd themselves to that agreeable Occupation; for almost all the Provinces in *France* had their Romancers too; even as far as *Picardy*, where they had their *Syrventez*, a sort of Amorous Pieces, and sometimes Satyrical. And from hence sprung up such an incredible Number of old Romances, many of which are extant in Print, others are mouldering away in Libraries, and the rest have been consum'd by Time. Even *Spain* itself, which, by degrees, grew so fertile in Romances, and *Italy* too, borrow'd the Art from Us. *Mi par di poter dire, che questa sorte di Poesia* (these are *Giraldi's* Words speaking of ROMANCES) *habbia havuta la prima Origine, & il primo suo Principio da Francesi, da i quali ha forse anco havuto il nome. Da Francesi poi è passata questa maniera di poeteggiare à gli Spagnuoli, & ultimamente è stata accettata da gli Italiani.* " I may venture to affirm " *saith he*, That this sort of Poetry had its Original and " Beginning in *France*, and from thence likewise it has " probably receiv'd its Name. The *Spaniards* learnt this " way of Poëtifying from the *French*, and now at last it has " been received by the *Italians*.

X *Extract of Monsieur Huet's Discourse*

THE late Monsieur *Saumaife* imagined that *Spain*, having learnt of the *Arabs* the Art of Romancing, taught it the rest of *Europe*. It is very true, that the *Arabians* were much addicted to *The Gay Science*, that is, to Poetry, Fiction, and Fables. This Science, which remain'd in its primitive Roughness among them, tho' reform'd and polish'd by the *Greeks*, was carry'd together with their Arms into *Africk*, when they made a Conquest of that Country; and we read in *Leo Africanus*, and *Marmol*, that the *African Arabians* are still passionately fond of Romantick Poetry, that they sing both in Verse and Prose the Exploits of their *Bubalul*, in the same manner as those of *Rinaldo* and *Roland* are celebrated among us. And the *Spaniards* having, in course of Time, receiv'd the *Arabian Yoke*, receiv'd likewise from them their Customs, and learnt, in Imitation of them, to sing Love Verses, and to celebrate the Actions of great Men, after the manner of the Bards in *Gaul*; but these Songs, which they call'd ROMANCES, were very different from our Modern Romances; they were compos'd on purpose to be sung, and were consequently very short. There has been a Collection made of several of them, some of which are so very Antient that they are scarce intelligible. Some of them have serv'd to clear up the *Spanish History*, and reduce Events to a Chronological Series. Their Romances, properly so call'd, are of a much later Date; the eldest of them came after our *Tristans* and *Lancelots* several Hundred Years. *Michael de Cervantes*, one of the finest Wits which *Spain* ever produced, has made a delicate and judicious Critique upon them in his *Don Quixot*, where the Curate and Master *Nicholas* the Barber can scarce find Six among them all, that deserve to be saved; the rest are deliver'd over to the secular Arm of the Chamber-Maid, to be committed to the Flames. Those which were thought worthy to be preserv'd, are The four Books of *Amadis de Gaul*, which they pronounce to be the first ROMANCE of Chivalry that was ever printed

concerning the Original of Romances. xi

ed in Spain, the Model of the rest, and the best of them all; *Palmerin of England*, suppos'd to have been written by a King of Portugal, and thought worthy of a Box, like that of *Darius*, wherein *Alexander* kept the Works of *Homer*; *Don Belianis*; *The Miroir of Chivalry*; *Tirant le White*, and *Kyrie Eleison of Montauban*; (for there were such learned Times, wherein *Kyrie Eleison*, *Deuteronomy*, and *Paralipomenon*, were taken for the Names of some Saints.) But These are all of Yesterday, when compar'd with our old Romances, upon which they were in all likelihood modell'd, as may be presum'd from the Conformity of the Works, and the Neighbourhood of the Nations. He likewise censures Romances written in Verse, and some other Pieces of Poetry found in *Don Quixot's* Study; but that is nothing to the present Purpose.

IT is very likely that the *Italians* were first induced to write Romances from the Example of the *Provincials*, whilst the Popes resided at *Avignon*; as likewise from the Example of other *Frenchmen*, first, when the *Normans*, and afterwards when *Charles*, Earl of *Anjou*, Brother of *St. Lewis*, a virtuous Prince, a Lover of Poetry, and Himself a Poet, carry'd on the War in *Italy*. For the *Normans*, as well as the rest, attempted *The Gay Science*; and we learn from History, that they sung the noble Exploits of *Roland*, just before they fought that memorable Battle, wherein *William* the Bastard won the Crown of *England*. All *Europe* was, at that time, involv'd in a Cloud of impenetrable Ignorance; tho' this Ignorance prevail'd less in *France*, *England*, and *Germany*, than in *Italy*; which, in those Days, produc'd a very small number of Authors, and scarce one Writer of ROMANCE. Those of that Country, who were desirous to distinguish themselves by some Tincture of Knowledge, came for that purpose to study in the University of *Paris*. The President *Fauchet* has prov'd, That *Boccace* has taken most of his Novels out of our *French ROMANCES*; and that *Pe-*

xii *Extra of Monsieur HUET's Discourse*

tyarch, and the other *Italian* Poets, have stolen their most beautiful Passages out of the Songs of the old *French* Romancers. It was therefore, in my Opinion, during this Intercourse between the two Nations, that the *Italians* learnt from Us the Science of ROMANCE, tho' they fall infinitely beneath that Sovereign Degree of Art and Elegance, to which our Nation has since raised it.

IN this manner did *Spain* and *Italy* receive from Us an Art, which was the effect of our Ignorance and Unpoliteness; but the Fruit of Politeness in the *Persians*, *Greeks*, and *Ionians*. In a word, as Necessity compels us, for the Preservation of our Lives, to feed upon Herbs and Roots, for want of Bread; in like manner, when the knowledge of Truth, which is the proper and natural Food of the Mind, is wanting, we support it with Fiction, which is the Resemblance of Truth: And as in the midst of Plenty, to regale our Taste, we sometimes quit our Bread and usual Food for the sake of Ragoûts; so when the Mind is possess'd of Truth, it often quits the Study and Speculation of it, to divert itself with the Image of Truth, which is Falsehood. For the Image and Imitation are, according to *Aristotle* and our own Experience, often more agreeable than Truth itself. Insomuch, that two Roads directly contrary, that is, Ignorance and Learning, Politeness and Barbarism, often conduct Men to one and the same End, *viz.* the Study of Fictions, Fables, and Romances. From hence it is, that the most barbarous, as well as the most polite Nations, take Pleasure in *Romantick* Inventions.

THIS Inclination to Fables, which is common to all Men, is not the Effect of Reasoning, nor does it arise from Imitation, or Custom; it is natural to them, and is riveted in the very Frame and Disposition of the Soul. For the Desire to learn, and to know, is peculiar to Man, by which he is as much distinguish'd from other Creatures, as by his Reason. Nay, the Sketches of an imperfect

perfect Reason are observable in some Animals, but the desire of Knowledge is found no where but in Man. This, in my Opinion, arises from hence; The Powers of our Mind are of too great an Extent, and of a Capacity too large, to be fill'd and satisfied with present Objects; for which Reason the Soul seeks, in what is past and to come, in Truth and Falsehood, in imaginary Spaces, and even in Impossibilities, Subjects wherewithal to exercise and employ her Faculties. Brutes find in the Objects presented to their Senses, enough to fill the Powers of their Soul, and seldom proceed farther; insomuch that we never observe in them that impatient Thirst, which incessantly excites the Mind of Man to search after new Discoveries, and to adapt, if it be possible, the Object to the Faculty, and taste therein a Pleasure equal to That we find in appeasing a violent Hunger, or in drinking after having been long thirsty. This is what *Plato* would represent to us in the Fable of the Marriage of *Plutus* and *Penia*, that is of *Riches* and *Poverty*, whose Off-spring, he saith, is *Love*. The Object is denoted by *Riches*, which are not *Riches* but when they are used, without which they remain unfruitful, and will never give Birth to *Love*. The Faculty is express'd by *Poverty*, which is barren, and constantly attended with Inquierude whilst separated from *Riches*; but upon their being join'd, *Love* springs from this Union. The same thing exactly happens in the human Soul. *Poverty*, that is to say *Ignorance*, is natural to it, and she continually sighs after *Knowledge*, which is her *Riches*; and when she possesses it, this Enjoyment produces *Love*, who retains the Qualities of the Father and Mother he springs from. He derives from his *Father* that Disposition to conceive an admirable Variety of things, with which he endeavours to fill the Void of his Ignorance. He derives from his *Mother* that Readiness to forget what he has learnt with Labour, and that mixture of Darkness and Uncertainty, which spreads a Gloom over
all

xiv *Extract of Monsieur Huet's Discourse*

all his Knowledge. Thus, says *Plato*, properly speaking, he is neither rich nor poor, learned nor ignorant. And from this middle Nature arises the Desire he has to enrich himself with Knowledge, from which the Gods are exempt, because they possess it; and stupid Men, because they know not the Value of it. It is only found in noble, great, and elevated Souls. Now the Uneasiness and Agitation, which this Desire occasions, is recompensed by the ensuing Pleasure, when it can be gratified. But this Pleasure is not always alike; it sometimes costs us a great deal of Labour and Pains; as when the Mind applies itself to difficult Speculations, and abstruse Sciences, whereof the Subject Matter is not present or obvious to our Senses, and where the Imagination, which works with ease, is less concern'd and engaged than the Understanding, whose Operations are very laborious. And forasmuch as we are naturally shock'd at the Prospect of Labour, the Mind never engages in those knotty Disquisitions, but from the Prospect of Reward, or in the Hope of some remote Pleasure, or out of Necessity. But those Discoveries, which engage and possess it the most effectually, are such as are obtain'd with the least Labour, wherein the Imagination has the greatest share, and where the Subject is such as is obvious to our Senses; but especially if those Discoveries excite our Passions, which give the main Bias and Motion to all the Actions of our Life. And of this sort are ROMANCES; which are to be comprehended without any great Labour of the Mind, or the Exercise of our rational Faculty; and where a strong Fancy will be sufficient, with little or no burthen to the Memory. They do not raise our Passions, but to allay them; nor do they excite in us either Fear or Pity, but that we may have the Pleasure, at last, of seeing those escape, in whose Distress we sympathize. Love is not rais'd in us, but to the end we may see Those happy, who are the Objects of it; nor is our Hatred moved, but to give us the Satisfaction

concerning the Original of Romances. XV

Satisfaction of seeing Those miserable, against whom it was excited. In short, all our Passions are there agreeably rais'd, and laid. Hence it is, that they who are govern'd more by Passion than Reason, and act more with their Imagination than Understanding, have the most lively Pleasure in ROMANCES: The latter are likewise affected with them, tho' in a different manner. These are struck with the Beauties of Art, and with what proceeds from the Understanding: But the former, such as Children and simple Persons, are only touch'd with what affects the Imagination, and works upon their Passions. They are in love with the Fictions purely as such, and carry their Thoughts no farther. Now Fictions being Narrations that are true in Appearance, but false in Effect, the Ignorant, who look no farther than the Shell or Out-side, content themselves with this Appearance of Truth, and rest there; but they who have a deeper Penetration, and dive to the Bottom, are apt to be disgusted with this Imposture. So that, in short, the First love the Fiction for the sake of the Appearance of Truth, under which it is disguis'd; but the Latter disdain this Image of Truth, on account of the real Falshood it contains, if this Falshood is not at the same time Ingenious, Allegorical, Instructive; and supported by the Excellency of Art and Invention. St. *Austin* somewhere saith, That "those Falsities, which are significant, and contain in them a hidden Sense, are not Lies, but Figures of the Truth; and have been made use of by Men renown'd for Sanctity and Wisdom."

WE must confess it is matter of just Wonder that having yielded to Others the Prizes of Epick Poetry and History, we should attain to such a Perfection in This, that their most finish'd Romances scarce equal the worst of Ours. I am of Opinion, that This is owing to the Politeness of our Galantry, and the great Liberty in which the Men live with the Women in *France*. They are

xvi *Extract of Monsieur H U E T's Discourse*

are almost Recluses in *Italy* and *Spain*, and separated from the Men by so many Obstacles, that they are little seen, and scarce ever spoke to: So that the Art of agreeable Courtship has been neglected, because the Opportunities of putting it in Practice are rare. Their whole Study lies in surmounting the Difficulties of an Interview with them; when That Point is gain'd, they make the best of their Time, without standing upon Ceremonies. But in *France*, where the Ladies are left at Liberty, and have no other Guards than their own Honour, they are more impreguably secured by That, than they could be by all the Locks, all the Grates, and the utmost Vigilance of the *Spanish Duenas*. This obliges the Men with us to attack this Fortress in Form, and to employ so much Pains and Address to reduce it, that Courtship is become an Art in *France* almost unknown in other Nations. It is this Art which distinguishes the *French Romances* from others, and has render'd the reading of them so bewitching, that it has introduc'd among us a Neglect of more useful Studies. The Ladies were the first that were taken with these Allurements; they have made Romances their entire Study, and have so far despised the Knowledge of ancient Fable and History, that they have quite laid aside those Works, which heretofore furnish'd them with their greatest Ornaments. The Men out of Complaisance have follow'd their Example. What the Ladies condemn, they condemn likewise, and call That, Pedantry, which even in *Malherbe's* time was thought essential to Politeness. The succeeding Poets, and other *French Writers*, have been obliged to submit to this Award; and many of them, observing that the Knowledge of Antiquity was of no Benefit to them, forbore studying That, which they durst not put in Practice. Thus a good Cause has produced a very bad Effect, and the Beauty of our Romances has occasion'd a Contempt of Learning; and as *Ignorance* gave Birth to them, they have likewise produced *Ignorance*.

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concerning the Original of Romances. xvii

I do not for this Reason absolutely condemn the reading of them. The best Things in the World are never without some Inconveniencies; and Romances may have worse Consequences than Ignorance. I know what is commonly objected to them: They deaden our Devotion, they inspire us with irregular Passions, and corrupt our Manners. This may happen, and without doubt does happen sometimes. But what may not be perverted by a vicious Inclination? Weak Minds are contagious to themselves, and turn every Thing into Poison. If this Reasoning be good, the reading of History ought to be forbidden, because it affords so many pernicious Examples; and Mythology laid aside, where Transgressions are warranted from the Practice of the Gods themselves. A Marble Statue, which was the Object of publick Devotion among the Heathens, incited a certain young Man to Brutality and Despair. *Cherea* in *Terence* justifies himself in the Prosecution of a criminal Amour from a Painting of *Jupiter*, which perhaps was rever'd by all other Spectators. Small Regard was had to Sobriety of Manners in the generality of the *Greek*, or of old *French* Romances, thro' the Corruption of the Times, wherein they were written. Even *Astrea*, and some other Romances that succeeded, are in a Degree licentious; but the Romances of the present Age, I speak of the good Ones, are so free from this Imputation, that there is not in them a single Word offensive to a chaste Ear, nor an Action distasteful to a modest Mind. If it be objected, that Love is therein treated after a manner so delicate and insinuating, that the Bait of this dangerous Passion is too easily swallow'd by unguarded Minds; I answer, That it is so far from being dangerous, that it is in some sort necessary for young Persons to be acquainted with this Passion, that they may be able to shut their Ears against it, when it is criminal, and know how to conduct themselves in it, when it is innocent and honourable. This is evident
from

xviii *Extract of Monsieur Huet's Discourse*

from Experience, which shews us, that They who are
cast versed in Love are chiefly susceptible of it, and the
most ignorant are soonest led Captive by this enchanting
Power. Let us add to This, that nothing polishes the
Mind so much, or conduces more to the forming and
finishing of it, than good Romances. They are silent In-
structors, who succeed to those of the College, and in-
form young Persons, in a more agreeable Method than
is there practis'd, how to speak and live. *Horace* says,
that the *Iliad* of *Homer* teaches Morality more effectually,
than the Precepts of the most able Philosophers. If the
same thing cannot be said of *Romances*, I think we may
at least apply to them what *Plutarch* has said of Poetry,
viz. That when *Philosophy* is array'd in the rich Robes of
the *Muses*, she strikes more powerfully the Souls of youth-
ful Persons, than when she appears in her naked Austerity.

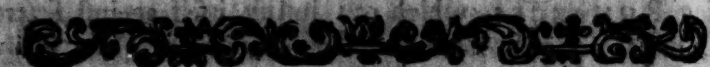
MONSIEUR *d'Urfé* was the first who retriev'd our
Romances from Barbarity, and reduced them to Rules in
his incomparable *Astrea*, a Work the most ingenious and
accurate in its kind that ever appear'd, which has eclips'd the
Glory, that *Greece*, *Italy* and *Spain* had formerly acquir'd.
However, This did not discourage others, who came after
him, from entering the same Lists, or so far engross the Esteem
of the Publick, as to leave none for so many beautiful
Romances as have appear'd in *France* since his Time. We
cannot behold without Admiration Those which a Lady, as
illustrious for her Modesty as her Merit, has publish'd
under a borrow'd Name, thereby generously depriving
herself of a Reputation so justly her Due, and seeking no
other Recompence but what flow'd from her own Virtue;
as if, whilst she was labouring so industriously for the Glory
of our Nation, she was unwilling to disgrace our Sex. But
Time has done her that Justice, which she deny'd herself,
and it is now no longer a Secret, that the *Illustrious*
Bassa, the *grand Cyrus*, and *Clelia*, are the Performances
of *Mademoiselle de Scudery*. So that the Art of writ-
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concerning the Original of Romances. xix

ting ROMANCES, which can justify itself against severe Criticks, not only from the Commendations given it by the Patriarch *Photius*, but from the great Examples of Those who have apply'd themselves to it, may at last receive a Sanction from Her's: And, after having been cultivated by Philosophers, as *Apuleius* and *Athenagoras*; by a Roman Prætor, as *Sisenna*; by a Proconsul, as *Martianus Capella*; by a Consul, as *Petronius*; by an Emperor, as *Clodius Albinus*; by a Priest, as *Theodorus Prodromus*; by Bishops, as *Heliodorus* and *Achilles Tatius*; by a Pope, as *Pius II.*, who wrote the Amours of *Euryalus* and *Lucrece*; and by a Saint, as *St. John of Damascus*; it is at length arriv'd to the highest pitch of Glory, by employing the polite Pen of a wise and virtuous Virgin.



THE



THE CONTENTS.

ZAYDE. Page 5

The Marriage of Belphegor. 215

The Adventures of Melesithon. 231

The Jealous Estremaduran. 241

The History and Fall of the Lady Jane } 287
Grey.

The Adventures on the Black Moun- } 311
tains.

ZAYDE.





L. Cheron Inv.

J. W. Guckel Sc.

Z A Y D E.

A

Spanish HISTORY:

Written Originally in *French* by

MONSIEUR *SEGRAIS*.

PART I.



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Z A Y D E.

P A R T I.



THE Natives of *Spain*, who, upon the Ir-
ruption of the *Moors*, fled into the *Asturias*,
having founded the Kingdom of *Leon*, and
those who retir'd to the *Pyrenees* that of
Navarre, the Earldoms of *Barcelona* and
Aragon being also erected, the Dominion
of the Infidels began at length to be shaken off; and in a
hundred and fifty Years after their Entrance, the greater
Part of *Spain* was deliver'd from their Tyranny.

AMONG all the Christian Princes then reigning, none
was so considerable as *Alphonso*, King of *Leon*, surnam'd
the Great, whose Predecessors had added *Castile* to their
Crown. This Province was at first commanded by Go-
vernors, who in Length of Time had render'd their Go-
vernment Hereditary; and it was apprehended they de-
sign'd to erect themselves into Sovereign Princes. They
were styl'd Counts of *Castile*; the most powerful of them
were *Diego Porcellos*, and *Nugnez Fernando*; of whom the
last was formidable for his large Estate, and the Greatness
of his Spirit. His Children also contributed to establish

his Interest, and to increase it. He had one Son, and an only Daughter of extraordinary Beauty: His Son, who was call'd *Gonsalvo*, had none who cou'd in the least be compar'd with him in the whole Kingdom; and there was something so admirable in his Wit and Person, that he seem'd to be form'd in a manner different from the rest of Men.

BEING oblig'd by important Reasons to withdraw from the Court of *Leon*, the inexpressible ill Usage he had sustain'd there, made him resolve also to leave his Country, and hide himself in some obscure Retreat. With this Intention he went to the Coast of *Catalonia*, in order to embark on the first Vessel which sail'd to one of the Islands of *Greece*. The little Notice he took of any thing as he pass'd, made him frequently fall into other Roads than what had been directed him; and instead of crossing the *Eber* at *Tortosa*, as he had been instructed to do, he kept on by the Side of it as far as the Mouth of the River. He perceiv'd then he had gone out of his Way very much, and enquiring after a Boat was answer'd, there were no Boats to be had at that Place; but there was a small Harbour just by, where he might find some to carry him to *Tarragona*. He rode on to the Harbour, and alighting ask'd some Fishermen, if there were any Sloops ready to put off.

AS he spoke to them, a Man who was walking pensively on the Shore, surpriz'd at his Beauty and graceful Air, stopp'd to observe him; and having understood what it was he enquir'd of the Fishermen, call'd out and told him the Boats were all sail'd, and wou'd not return 'till To-morrow, and that he cou'd not embark 'till the Day after. *Gonsalvo*, who had not discern'd him before, turn'd his Head to see whence the Voice came, which he thought was very unlike that of a Fisherman's, and was astonish'd at the fine Mein of this Unknown, as the other had been at his. He perceiv'd a certain Greatness, and even Beauty in his Aspect, tho' he had evidently pass'd his Prime.

Gonsalvo was scarcely in a Condition to listen to any thing but his own Thoughts; yet the meeting this Stranger in so solitary a Place, drew from him some Attention; he thank'd him for informing him in what he desir'd to know, and then ask'd the Fishermen where he might get Lodging for the Night. Here are only these Huts which you see, reply'd the Stranger, and you can have no Conveniencies there. I shall go thither, however, answer'd *Gonsalvo*, and try to get some Repose; I have travell'd several Days without taking Rest, and am very sensible my Body stands in need of more than my Mind is willing to allow it. The other was touch'd with the sorrowful manner in which he utter'd these few Words; and made no question but he who spoke them was some unfortunate Person. The Conformity which seem'd to be between both their Conditions, gave him that sort of Inclination to *Gonsalvo*, which we have towards those whose Dispositions and Circumstances we believe are the same as our own.

YOU will find no Entertainment fit for you there, said the Stranger again; but if you will accept the Lodging I can supply you with, behind that Wood, you will be better accommodated than in these Huts. *Gonsalvo* had such an Aversion for the Society of Men, that at first he refus'd the Offer; but the pressing Intreaties of the other, and his Want of Repose, constrain'd him at last to comply.

HE follow'd his unknown Hoste, and had not gone far before he discover'd a very low House, built after a plain Model, yet handsome and regular. The Court-Yard was fenced only with Pales, as well as the Garden, which was parted from the Wood by a small Rivulet. If it had been possible for *Gonsalvo* to take Comfort in any thing, the agreeable Situation of this Dwelling wou'd have given him Pleasure. He ask'd the Stranger if this was his common Habitation, and whether he was led to it by Accident or Choice. It is now, answer'd he, four or five Years that I have liv'd here. I never go out, unless to

take a Walk by the Sea-side, and in all this time I can assure you, I have not found one whom I cou'd converse with, beside yourself. The Storms indeed often split Vessels upon this Coast, which is very dangerous; and I have sav'd the Lives of several, whom I have carried home to my Dwelling; but all whom Fortune has hitherto brought in my Way, have been Foreigners, with whom I cou'd have no Conversation, if I had desir'd it: For tho' by the Place of my Abode you may think I am very far from affecting Company, yet I protest the Sight of such a Person as yourself gives me a wonderful Delight.

FOR my part, said *Gonsalvo*, I shun all Mankind; and have so much Reason to shun them, that if you knew it, you wou'd not wonder it was with such Difficulty I accepted your Invitation; on the contrary, you will think, after the Injuries I have receiv'd from them, I ought to renounce all Society for ever. If you can complain only of other Men, answer'd the Stranger, and have no Reason to reproach yourself, there are some who are more unhappy than you, and you are less miserable than you imagine. The Perfection of Misfortune, continu'd he passionately, is for a Man to have Cause to complain of himself; to have been unreasonable and unjust; and in a Word to have been himself the Author of those Calamities under which he suffers. I am sensible, reply'd *Gonsalvo*, you feel the Evils of which you speak; but how different are they which a Man feels, when, without having deserv'd it, he is deceiv'd, betray'd, and forsaken by all he most dearly lov'd? As far I can judge, said the Stranger, you have left your Country, to fly from some who have betray'd you, and who are the Cause of your Miseries; but imagine what you wou'd endure, if you were constrain'd to be continually with those Persons who are the Plague and Torment of your Life. Consider this is my Condition; that I have procur'd all my own Afflictions, and can never be separated from Him, for whom I have so much Horror; and so deservedly, not only on Account of what I suffer, but for what
She

She suffers whom I lov'd beyond my Life. It wou'd be well enough with me, cry'd *Gonsalvo*, if I cou'd blame no body more than myself; you think you are unhappy, because you have reason to hate yourself; but if you have been sincerely lov'd by her whom you admir'd, is not that sufficient to make you happy? Perhaps you lost her thro' your own Fault; but you have at least the Consolation of reflecting that she once lov'd you, and that she wou'd still have lov'd you, if you had done nothing to disoblige her: You never truly knew what it is to Love, if this Thought alone does not prevent your being miserable; and you love yourself much better than your Mistress, if you wou'd chuse to have Occasion to complain of her, rather than yourself. The little Share you had in causing your own Distresses, answer'd the Stranger, makes you not comprehend what an Aggravation it wou'd be, to have drawn them upon yourself; but let my sad Experience convince you, that to lose, thro' one's own Fault, Her whom one loves, is an Affliction which pierces deeper than any.

AS he ended these Words, they arriv'd at the House, which *Gonsalvo* found was as neat within as without. He was very restless all the Night; and in the Morning a Fever broke out, and came on so violently, that they were in Pain for his Life. The Stranger was extremely griev'd, and his Concern was encreas'd by the Admiration which he conceiv'd from all *Gonsalvo's* Words and Actions. He had an inexpressible Desire to know who he was who appear'd to be so extraordinary a Person; he put several Questions to his Servant, but the Ignorance he was in as to *Gonsalvo's* Name and Quality, made him incapable of satisfying his Curiosity. He only told him, his Master made himself be call'd *Theodorick*, but he did not believe that was his true Name. After the Fever had continu'd several Days, Medicines and the Vigour of Youth put *Gonsalvo* out of Danger. The Stranger endeavour'd all he cou'd to divert him from melancholic Imaginations, with which he saw he was over-whelm'd, and never stirr'd from him; and

tho' they talk'd only of indifferent Matters, because they were mutually unknown, yet they surpriz'd one another with the Dignity of both their Minds.

THE Stranger had conceal'd his Name and Birth ever since he had been in that Solitude; but confess'd them freely to *Gonsalvo*. He told him, he was of the Kingdom of *Navarre*, and was call'd *Alphonso Ximenes*, and that his Misfortunes had oblig'd him to seek out a Retreat, where he might be at Liberty to lament his Loss. *Gonsalvo* was struck at the Name of *Ximenes*, who he knew was one of the most celebrated Persons in *Navarre*; and the Confidence *Alphonso* had repos'd in Him so affected him, that whatever Reason he had to hate Mankind, he cou'd not help conceiving a Friendship for him, of which he did not imagine himself any longer capable.

IN the mean time his Health came forward; and as soon as he was recover'd enough to bear going on board, he perceiv'd he cou'd not leave *Alphonso* without Reluctance. He spoke to him about departing, and of his Design to retire to some Solitude. *Alphonso* was surpriz'd at it, and greatly concern'd, and having been accusom'd to the Pleasure of *Gonsalvo's* Conversation, the Thought of losing him gave him much Uneasiness. At first he told him he was not in a Condition to travel; and afterwards endeavour'd to persuade him not to seek out any other Desert, than that where Fortune had now thrown him.

I dare not flatter my self, said he, that I shall be able to render this Abode less irksome to you; but I imagine that in so long a Retirement as you propose to make, it may be some Relief not to be wholly alone. My Misfortunes were beyond admitting Consolation; yet I believe it wou'd have yielded me some Support, if in some certain Moments I had had one with me to have heard my Complaints. You will here enjoy the same Solitude as in those Places whither you design to go; and you will have this Advantage, that whenever you are inclin'd, you may talk to a Man, who has an uncommon Admiration of your Merit,
and

and whose Sensibility of your Sorrows is equal to what he has of his own.

ALPHONSO's Discourse made at first no Impression upon *Gonsalvo*, but by degrees it sunk in upon his Mind; and the Consideration of having a Retreat private from all Company, and the Friendship he had for *Alphonso*, determin'd him to continue there. The only Thing which embarrass'd him, was his Fear of being discover'd. But *Alphonso* encourag'd him by his own Example, and told him the Place was so distant from all Commerce, that during the many Years of his Retirement he had never seen one Person who cou'd know him. *Gonsalvo* yielded to his Reasons, and after they had said all that two the noblest Persons in the World, who resolv'd to live together, cou'd express, he sent some Jewels to a Merchant of *Tarragona*, in order to supply himself with what Things he wanted. Thus was *Gonsalvo* fix'd in this Solitude, with a Resolution never to forsake it, abandon'd wholly to the Contemplation of his Misfortunes, for which he found no other Comfort than to believe he cou'd suffer no more. But Fortune convinced him that she can find out even in Desarts a Man whom she has resolv'd to persecute.

TOWARDS the latter end of Autumn, when the Winds begin to make the Sea dangerous, he walk'd out earlier one Morning than usual; there had been a dreadful Storm in the Night, and the Sea, which was still agitated, agreeably sooth'd his Thoughts: He consider'd awhile the Inconstancy of that Element, with the same Reflections he had been accusom'd to make upon his own Fortune. He afterwards cast his Eyes upon the Shore, and seeing several Marks of the Ruins of a Sloop, he look'd about to observe whether there were any Person yet in a Condition to receive Succour. The Sun, which was rising, discover'd to his Sight something shining, which he cou'd not at first distinguish, and which gave him the Curiosity to draw nearer to it. As he approach'd it, he perceiv'd it was a Woman magnificently habited lying on the Sand, and
who

who seem'd to have been thrown there by the Tempest. She lay in such a manner that he cou'd not see her Face; he rais'd her up to discover whether she was living; but how was he astonish'd, when he beheld amidst the Horrors of Death, the most perfect Beauty he had ever seen. This increas'd his Compassion, and made him wish so lovely a Person might be capable of Relief. In this Moment *Alphonso*, who had follow'd him by Chance, drew near and assisted him in his Pious Offices of Humanity; nor was their Care in vain: They perceiv'd she was not yet dead; and as they knew she had Occasion for more help than they cou'd give her upon the naked Shoar, and they were not far from their own Dwelling, they resolv'd to carry her thither. They did so; and *Alphonso* sent for Medicines, and for Women to attend her. After the Women were come, and had put her to Bed, *Gonsalvo* went into the Chamber, and began to survey her with more Attention than he had done before. The Proportion of her Features, and the Delicacy of her Face surpriz'd him, and he observ'd with Wonder the Beauty of her Mouth, and the Whiteness of her Neck. In a word, he was so charm'd with all he saw in her, that he was ready to imagine her more than a Mortal. He pass'd a great part of the Night without being able to stir from her. *Alphonso* advis'd him to go to Rest, but he answer'd he had been so little us'd to it, that he was very easy in having so delightful an Occasion to neglect it.

TOWARD the Morning they perceiv'd she began to recover; she open'd her Eyes, and as the Light at first gave her Pain, she turn'd them languishingly to the Side where *Gonsalvo* was, and discover'd to him a Pair of large black Eyes, so exquisitely fine, that they seem'd to be form'd to create at once Respect and Love. In a little time after, she also came to her Senses, distinguish'd Objects, and was in an Amaze at the Persons who were about her. *Gonsalvo* cou'd not express his Admiration of her by Words, but took Notice of her Beauty to *Alphonso*, with that eager

Emotion

Emotion which we have for Things which surprize and charm us.

HER Speech was not yet return'd, and *Gonsalvo* judging she might lie some time in this manner, withdrew to his Chamber, where he immediately began to reflect upon his Adventure. It is strange, said he, that Fortune shou'd bring a Woman in my way, in the only Condition in which it was impossible for me to fly from her, and in which Compassion on the contrary oblig'd me to take Care of her. 'Tis true, I admire her Beauty; but as soon as she is recover'd, I shall regard it merely as the Instrument she will employ to act the greatest and most fatal Treacheries! Heav'n's! What Mischiefs will she commit! And what may she not have caus'd already! What Eyes, what Looks are there! How I pity those who are capable of being touch'd with her Charms! And how happy am I in my Misfortunes, that the bitter Experience I have had of the Faithlessnes of Women, secures me from ever loving another! Having said this, it was with much Difficulty he got to Sleep; after a short Slumber he arose, and went to visit her again, and found her considerably mended; however, she was still Speechless, nor did she utter a Word that Night, nor the following Day. *Alphonso* cou'd not but let *Gonsalvo* see he observ'd his extraordinary Tenderness of her, and *Gonsalvo* even wonder'd at it himself; he perceiv'd he cou'd not bear to be from her, and was in continual Apprehension some great Change for the worse shou'd happen in his Absence. While he was in the Room she spoke several Words: this gave him both Joy and Trouble; as he drew near her to hearken, she spoke again, but it surpriz'd him to hear her speak a Language he did not know. He had guess'd her before to be of some Foreign Parts by her Habit; and as it had some Resemblance with that of the *Moors*, and he was a Master of *Arabic*, he doubted not he shou'd be able to make her understand him. Accordingly he spoke to her in that Tongue, and was again surpriz'd to see himself disappointed. He talk'd then

then in *Spanish* and *Italian*, but to no purpose; for by the Attention and Perplexity she shew'd, he imagin'd she knew nothing of either. However she continued to speak, and stopp'd sometimes as waiting for an Answer. *Gonsalvo* minded every Word, and fancy'd that by listening to her, he shou'd at length come to find out what she said. He also call'd in all those who were employ'd to attend her, in order to try whether any of them understood her; and having given her a *Spanish* Book, to discover whether she knew the Characters; she seem'd to know the Characters, but to be ignorant of the Language. She was uneasy and dejected, and her Uneasiness and Dejection increas'd that of *Gonsalvo*.

AS they were in this Situation, *Alphonso* enter'd the Chamber, and led in with him a very handsome Woman, dress'd in the same Fashion with the other. The first Moment they saw each other, they embraced with all the Tokens of the strictest Friendship: The last arriv'd pronounced several times the Word *Zayde*, in a manner which shew'd it was the Name of her she spoke to, and *Zayde* as often pronounc'd that of *Felima*, so as to shew it was the Name of the other. After they had discours'd a little, *Zayde* fell to crying, as in some extraordinary Affliction, and made Signs with her Hands for the Company to withdraw. They left her, and *Gonsalvo* follow'd *Alphonso* to enquire of him where he had met with this second Stranger. *Alphonso* told him, that the Fishermen of the neighbouring Hutts had found her upon the Shoar, the same Day and in the same Condition as he had found the other. It will be a Consolation to them, reply'd *Gonsalvo*, to be together; but what do you think, *Alphonso*, of these two Persons? They seem by their Habits to be of a superior Rank. It is strange they shou'd trust themselves upon the Sea in a little Bark, for it is plain the Vessel they were wrack'd in was not a large one? She whom you have introduc'd to *Zayde*, has brought her some News which gave her extreme Concern. In short, there is Something
extraor-

extraordinary in their Fortune. I am of the same Opinion, answer'd *Alphonso*, and am amaz'd at their Adventures, and at their Beauty. You have not observ'd that of *Felima*; but it is wonderful, and you wou'd have admir'd it, if you had not first seen *Zayde*.

WITH these Words they parted; *Gonsalvo* found himself more melancholic than usual, which proceeded, he was sensible, from the Trouble he was in, at his not being able to make the fair Unknown understand him: But what is it, says he to himself, I have to tell her? And what is it I wou'd learn from her? Do I design to give her a Relation of my own Misfortunes? Or do I desire to hear that of hers? Can Curiosity have Place in a Man so unhappy as my self? What Interest have I in the Calamities of a Person whom I do not know? Why am I troubled to see this Woman in Affliction? Is it that the Evils I have suffer'd my self, have taught me to pity those of others? No, certainly, added he; it is the Solitude of the Place where I am, that has drawn my Attention to an Accident, which is indeed extraordinary; but which I shou'd soon neglect, if I had other Objects to divert me.

IN spite of all these wise Reflections, he pass'd the Night without Sleep, and was very uneasy for part of the Day because he cou'd not see *Zayde*. Towards Evening he heard she was gone out to walk by the Sea-side; he follow'd her, and found her sitting upon the Beach, with her Eyes full of Tears. As he approach'd, she came forward to meet him with a World of Civility and Sweetness, and charm'd him no less by her Shape and Motions, than she had done before by her Face. She shew'd him a small Bark upon the Sea, and nam'd *Tunis* several times, as if she intreated him to get her convey'd thither. Upon which, he pointed to the Moon, and made Signs that when that Star shou'd have run its Course twice, what she desir'd shou'd be done. She seem'd to apprehend what he meant, and presently began to weep.

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THE next Day she was indispos'd, and he cou'd not see her; never since he had been in that Solitude, had he known a Day so tedious and so heavy.

THE Day following, without knowing why, he laid aside the extreme Negligence of Dress, he had hitherto practis'd; and as he was finely made in his Person, Neatness alone gave him an Air beyond what Magnificence it self cou'd impart to others. *Alphonso* met him in the Wood, and was amaz'd at this sudden Alteration. He cou'd not forbear smiling at it, and telling him it was easy to see by his Dress that his Affliction began to abate, and that he had in this Desert found some Relief to his Misfortunes. I understand you, *Alphonso*, reply'd he; you believe the Sight of *Zayde* is the Consolation I have found to my Evils. But you deceive your self: I have for *Zayde* only the Compassion which is due to her Distress and to her Beauty. I have Compassion for her, answer'd *Alphonso*, as well as you; I pity her, and wou'd fain assist her; but I am not so attach'd to her as you are; I don't watch her so carefully; I am not troubled that I can't understand her, nor am I so impatient to talk with her; I was not more sad yesterday than ordinary, because I did not see her, nor are my Cloaths less negligent To-day than usual. In short, since I have Pity as well as you, and yet we are so different, you must undoubtedly have Something more.

GONSALVO did not interrupt him, and seem'd to be considering in himself, whether all this was not true; and just as he was going to reply, there came one to tell him, according to the Orders he had given, that *Zayde* was walk'd out upon the Shoar; at which, without reflecting that it wou'd confirm *Alphonso* in his Suspicions, he left him to go and follow her. He saw her at a distance sitting with *Felima*, in the same Place where they were two Days ago, and had the Curiosity to observe their Behaviour, believing he might be able thereby to learn something of their Fortunes. He saw *Zayde* weep, and judg'd *Felima* was endeavouring to comfort her. *Zayde* did not regard

regard her, but was continually looking towards the Sea, with several Actions which made him think she lamented one who had been Shipwreck'd with her. He had before seen her weeping in the same Place; but as she did nothing then by which he might apprehend the Subject of her Affliction, he imagin'd she wept only at being so far from her own Country: But now he fancied the Tears she shed were for some Lover she had lost; and that it was to follow him, perhaps, that she had expos'd herself to the Hazards of the Sea; in a word, he was persuaded, as much as if she had told him so herself, that Love was the Cause of her Lamentations.

IT is impossible to express the Effect these Thoughts produc'd in *Gonsalvo's* Soul, and the Trouble which Jealousy created in a Heart not yet conscious to itself of Love. He had lov'd, but he had never been jealous; and this Passion, to which he had hitherto been a Stranger, invaded him in its first Assault with such Violence, that he believ'd himself pierc'd with a Grief unknown to other Men. He thought he had already experienc'd all the Evils of Life, and yet he now felt One more severe than all he had endur'd before. He was perfectly in a Transport, and rushing from the Place where he had stood conceal'd, came forward to *Zayde*, in Expectation to learn from her the Occasion of her Sorrow; and tho' he knew she cou'd not answer him, he ask'd her very earnestly. She was far from comprehending his Meaning, and wiping her Tears, began to walk with him along the Shoar. The Pleasure to see her charming Eyes, and to be look'd upon by them, quieted the Emotion he was in; and as he was aware of the Disorder of his Spirits, he compos'd himself in an instant, and recover'd his Face into the most agreeable Airs he cou'd. She again nam'd *Tunis* several times, with much Eagerness, and with a great many Signs that she desir'd to be convey'd thither. He understood what she requested too well: The Thought of parting with her gave him a sensible Pain; and it was by the Pains of Love that he first found

found Love was enter'd in his Breast, for he felt the Pangs of Jealousy, and the Fear of Absence, before he discover'd he lov'd. He wou'd have esteem'd it Misfortune enough, if he had only perceiv'd he lov'd ; but to perceive himself invaded with Love and Jealousy at once, and that he cou'd neither understand her he lov'd, nor be understood by her ; that all he cou'd know of her was her Beauty ; that he had nothing in Prospect but an eternal Absence, was such a Weight of Woes together, that it was impossible to support them.

WHILE he was pursuing those gloomy Thoughts, *Zayde* kept walking on with *Felima* ; and after she had gone some Steps, sat down upon the Rock, and again burst into Weeping, and look'd upon the Sea, and shew'd it to *Felima* ; as if she accus'd it of the Calamity which cost her so many Tears. *Gonsalvo* to divert her, made her take Notice of some Fishermen hard by. Notwithstanding his Distress, the Sight of her he lov'd, inspir'd this new Lover with a Joy, which restor'd him to his former Beauty ; and as he was dress'd less negligently than usual, his Appearance was enough to attract the Eyes of any Beholder. *Zayde* began to view him with Attention, and having gaz'd on him some time, turn'd to her Companion, and saying something to her, caus'd her also to observe him. *Felima* look'd upon him, and answer'd *Zayde* by an Action, which testify'd she approv'd what she said of him. *Zayde* view'd him again, and spoke a second time to *Felima*, who answer'd her ; and by the whole Deportment *Gonsalvo* conjectur'd he resembled one whom they knew. This Thought at first made no great Impression on him ; but *Zayde*, he saw, was so taken with this suppos'd Resemblance, and seem'd so evidently in the midst of her Sorrows to find a certain Pleasure in it, that he imagin'd he might be like the Lover whom she appear'd to lament.

DURING the remainder of the Day, several Actions of *Zayde* confirm'd his Suspicion. In the Evening *Felima* and

and she went out to look for something among the Relicks of the Wreck; they sought after it so carefully, and *Gonsalvo* remark'd so many Tokens of Uneasiness at their not finding it, that it gave him a fresh Disturbance. *Alphonso* saw his Discomposure, and *Zayde* being led back to her Apartment, he return'd with *Gonsalvo* to his Chamber, where he thus began.

YOU have never given me, says he, the History of your past Misfortunes; but I must insist that you declare to me those which *Zayde* has begun to raise in your Breast. A Man so deeply enamour'd as you seem to be, always finds it painful to speak of his Passion; and tho' your Distress may be great, my Assistance, perhaps, and my Counsel, will not be unuseful. Ah, my dear *Alphonso*, cry'd *Gonsalvo*, how weak, how wretched am I! and how wise art thou, who hast look'd upon *Zayde*, and dost not Love! I judg'd rightly, reply'd *Alphonso*, that you lov'd, tho' you wou'd not confess it. I knew it not my self, interrupted *Gonsalvo*, and Jealousy alone has disclos'd it to me. *Zayde* laments some Lover who is Shipwreck'd, it is this carries her out every Day to the Sea-side; and she goes to weep at the Place where she thinks he perish'd. In a Word, I love *Zayde*, and *Zayde* loves another: this of all Evils still appear'd to me the most terrible, and was what I never expected to reach me. I once flatter'd my self it was not a Lover whom *Zayde* regretted, but she is too deeply afflicted to suffer me to question it. I am convinced also by the wonderful Care with which I saw her searching after Something which belong'd undoubtedly to this too happy Man. And what is more piercing than all I have mention'd, I certainly, *Alphonso*, resemble him she loves. She discover'd it as we were walking; I perceiv'd a gladness in her Eyes, when she discern'd what brought it to her Mind; she shew'd me several times to *Felima*, and made her observe my Features, and kept looking at me all the Day. But it is not me she looks at, nor whom she thinks of, when she looks at me; I bring to her Mind the only

only thing I would cause her to forget; I can take no Pleasure in beholding her enchanting Eyes fix'd upon my Face, nor can she turn them on me, without firing my Soul with Jealousy.

GONSALVO spoke this with such Rapidity, that *Alphonso* cou'd not interrupt him; but as soon as he stopp'd, Is it possible, answer'd he, that all this you have told me is true? Does not the Melancholy you have been accusom'd to, make you form to your self an Idea of so great a Misfortune? No, *Alphonso*, I am not deceiv'd, return'd *Gonsalvo*; *Zayde* laments a Favourite Lover, and I bring him to her Thoughts. Fortune takes care I shall not surmise Evils beyond those she makes me suffer; she far exceeds what I am able to imagine: She invents for me such as are unknown to other Men; and if I had given you the History of my Life, you wou'd be oblig'd to acknowledge I have reason to affirm I am more unhappy than you. I will not presume, reply'd *Alphonso*, to say that unless you have important Reasons not to discover your self, it will be an infinite Pleasure to me, if you will let me know who you are, and what are those Misfortunes which you believe to be greater than mine. I am sensible I cannot in Justice ask this of you, without making an equal Recital of my own; but you will pardon an unhappy Man, who has not conceal'd from you his Name and Birth, and who will not conceal from you his Adventures, if it will do you any Service to know them, and if he is able to relate them without renewing those Sorrows, which a Succession of several Years scarcely begins to efface. I will never request any thing of you, said *Gonsalvo*, which may give you Trouble; but I am asham'd I have not yet let you know who I am. Tho' I had resolv'd not to declare my self to any one, the extraordinary Merit I see in you, and the Obligations I am under to your Care of me, constrain me to own to you that my true Name is *Gonsalvo*, and that I am the Son of *Nugnez Fernando*, Count of *Castile*, whose Reputation has undoubtedly reach'd your Ears.

Ears. Is it possible, cry'd *Alphonso*, that you are that *Gonsalvo*, who gain'd such Honour in his first Campaign, by defeating such a Body of *Moors*, and by Actions whose Bravery was the Wonder of all *Spain*! I well remember this noble Opening of your Life; and when I retir'd into this Desert, had heard with Astonishment, that in the famous Battel the King of *Leon* won against *Ayola*, the greatest General of the *Moors*, the Christians ow'd the Victory to you; and that by mounting the Breach in the first Assault at *Zamora*, you were the Cause of taking the Town, which compell'd the *Moors* to sue for Peace. The Solitude I have liv'd in ever since, has kept me in Ignorance of what follow'd this fortunate Beginning; but I doubt not it was of a Piece. I did not think you had been acquainted with my Name, answer'd *Gonsalvo*; but I am glad you are prejudiced in my Favour, by a Reputation which perhaps I have not merited. At this *Alphonso* redoubled his Attention, and *Gonsalvo* thus began.



The HISTORY of Gonsalvo.



MY Father was of the first Rank in the Court of *Leon*, where he caus'd me to appear with an Equipage becoming his Fortune. My Inclination, my Age and my Duty engaged me to the Prince *Don Garcia*, the King's eldest Son. The Prince is young, well-made and ambitious; his good Qualities far exceed his Faults, which are such only, one may say, as arise from his Passions. I was so happy as to have his Favour, without deserving it, and I endeavour'd to render myself worthy of it by my Fidelity. It was my good
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Fortune, in our first War against the *Moors*, to be near his Person, and rescue him from a Danger into which his inconsiderate Valour had precipitated him. This Service increas'd his Affection. He lov'd me as a Brother, rather than as a Subject; he conceal'd nothing from me, he deny'd me nothing, and gave all the World to see, that none cou'd be in Grace with him, who was not in Grace with *Gonsalvo*. So extraordinary a Regard, added to the Esteem in which my Father was, rais'd our Family so high, that we began to be afraid of receiving too great a Promotion.

AMONG an infinite number of young Gentlemen, who made Court to me upon this Success, I had distinguish'd *Don Ramirez* from all the rest. He was one of the most celebrated in the Court; but his Fortune was far inferior to mine. It was my Concern therefore to supply this Defect. I was continually employing my Father's Interest, and my own, for his Advancement, and labour'd very zealously to procure him a Share in the Prince's Favour; and himself also by his fine and insinuating Address seconded my Attempt so well, that next to me he was the Person at Court whom *Don Garcia* most esteem'd. I took a wonderful Pleasure in their Friendship. They had both experienc'd the Power of Love; and would often rally me for my Insensibility, and reproach me with it, as a Crime, that I had never felt the Flame.

I reproach'd them in my Turn, with being insincere. You love, said I, such sort of Gallantries as Custom has establish'd in *Spain*; but you do not love your Mistresses. For you will never persuade me you are in Love with a Woman, whose Face you have hardly had a Sight of, and whom you would not know if you were to meet her in any other Place than at the Window, where you us'd to pay your Visits.

YOU press this Point of the little Knowledge we have of our Mistresses, reply'd the Prince, too far; we are no Strangers to their Beauty, and this is the principal Thing in

Love.

Love. As to their Wit, we judge of that by their Physiognomy, and their Letters; and when we come to view them nearer, are charm'd to discover something we never knew before. All they say has the Grace of Novelty; their Manner surprizes us, and this Surprise awakens Love, and improves it: Whereas they who are acquainted with their Mistresses before they love them, are so accusom'd to their Beauty and their Wit, that there is nothing left in either to affect them, when they have won the Conquest, and are lov'd again. You are in no Danger of that Misfortune, answer'd I; but, I give you full Liberty to love all you have no knowledge of, provided you will permit me to love no one, but whom I shall know enough to esteem, and to be assur'd I shall find that in her which will make me happy when I shall obtain her Love. I confess also, I wou'd not have her prejudic'd in Favour of another Lover; and I, interrupted *Don Ramirez*, shou'd take more Pleasure in rendring my self Master of a Heart which was defended by another Passion, than in carrying one which was never smitten; this would be a double Victory, and I should be more convinced her Inclination to me was real, if I saw it begin in the midst of a great Tenderness for another; and my Honour and my Love wou'd both triumph at once, in winning a Mistress from a Rival.

GONSALVO is amaz'd at your Opinion, reply'd the Prince, and thinks so ill of it that he will make no Answer; and indeed I am on his Side, and dislike it too; but I am against him also as to the particular Knowledge of one's Mistress which he requires. I could never be in Love with a Person whom I had seen familiarly; and if the first Sight does not strike me, it is impossible to wound me afterwards. Our natural Inclinations, I believe, exert themselves at first, and Passions which are kindled by Time, are not truly Passions. Since one may be secure then, said I with a Smile, that you will never love one whom you do not love at first View, I think, Sir, I must shew you my Sister, before she becomes so beautiful as she promises

promises to be; that you may be accusom'd to the Sight of her, and her Charms may hereafter make no Impression on you. Then you are afraid they should, reply'd *Don Garcia*. Certainly, Sir, answer'd I; and I should dread it as the greatest Misfortune which could befall me. What Misfortune would it be to you? reply'd *Ramirez*. This, said I; that I shou'd be oblig'd to oppose the Prince's Measures. If he design'd to marry my Sister, I could not consent to it, on Account of his own Dignity; and if he should refuse to marry her, and yet she should love him, as undoubtedly she would, I should have the Trouble of seeing my Sister Mistress to a Man whom I could not hate, tho' it would be my Duty to do so. Pray, let me see her then, interrupted the Prince, before she is capable of inspiring me with Love. For it would grieve me so to have any Inclinations which would be displeasing to you, that I am impatient to get a View of her in order to secure my self from loving her. I wonder no longer, Sir, said *Don Ramirez*, addressing himself to the Prince, that the Beauties which are bred up in the Palace, and to whom you have been us'd from your Infancy, never made you in Love; but I protest, it has always surpriz'd me, that no other has fir'd your Heart, and especially *Nugna Bella*, the Daughter of *Don Diego Porcellos*, who seems so able to do it. *Nugna Bella*, return'd the Prince, is indeed amiable: She has admirable Eyes, a fine Mouth, and a noble Air; in a word, I should have lov'd her, if I had not seen her almost the very Moment I was born. But why, continued he to *Ramirez*, have not you been in Love with her? You who think her so beautiful? Because, answer'd he, she never had a Lover. I had no Body to dispossess of her Heart, and it is this Circumstance I told you, which engages mine. *Gonsalvo* is the Man this Question should be put to, for I am sure he thinks her handsome; she is intirely free, and has been, he knows, a long time. Who told you I am not in love with her, answer'd I, smiling and blushing together? I don't know, said *Ramirez*; but

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by your blushing, I believe they who told me so were mistaken. Is it possible, cry'd the Prince, turning to me, that *Gonsalvo* should be in Love? If you are, own it frankly, I beseech you; for I shall take an infinite Pleasure to find you attack'd with a Malady, of which you complain so little. Seriously, reply'd I, I am not in Love. However, Sir, to please you, I confess, I may be so with *Nugna Bella*, if I come to know her a little better. If you want nothing else for it, but to know her, said the Prince, be satisfy'd you shall be in love with her very quickly. I will never visit the Queen my Mother without you; I will contrive frequent Misunderstandings with the King, that her soliciting a Reconciliation may oblige me to attend her at particular Hours; in short, I will give you Opportunities enough of speaking to *Nugna Bella*, in order to begin your Passion. You will find her extremely amiable, and if her Heart is good as her Wit, you will have nothing left to wish. I beg, Sir, said I, you will not take so much Pains to make me miserable; but above all, that you will find some other Pretence for visiting the Queen, than new Differences with your Father. You know he often accuses me of those Actions of yours which displease him, and believes that my Father and I, by our Grandeur, support you in the Authority you assume sometimes contrary to his Approbation. In the Humour I am now in, reply'd the Prince, to make you in Love with *Nugna Bella*, I shall not be so prudent as you would have me be; I shall use all manner of Pretences to introduce you to the Queen, and tho' I have none at present, I will go to her this Moment; and will sacrifice to the Pleasure of turning you into a Lover, an Evening which I had appointed to spend under a Window, where you fancy I know nobody.

I have been so particular in my Account of this Conversation; because you will see by the Sequel, it was a Preface of all that happen'd afterwards.

THE Prince went to the Queen, and found her in Private, attended only with the Ladies who were her Confidants. *Nugna Bella* was one of the Number, and look'd so charmingly, that Chance seem'd to have favour'd the Prince's Design. The Conversation was general for some time, and as there was a greater Freedom allow'd now than at other Seasons, *Nugna Bella* spoke the more, and surpriz'd me by discovering a world of Wit, beyond what I had ever observ'd in her before. The Prince begg'd the Queen to withdraw to her Closet, tho' he knew nothing he had to say to her. While they were aside, I stay'd with *Nugna Bella*, and several others, and insensibly enter'd into a particular Conference with her; and tho' it was only about indifferent things, it had more of an Air of Galantry than a common Conversation. We mutually blam'd the retir'd manner of living the Women are obliged to practise in *Spain*, as experiencing by our selves the Disadvantage it was to be subject to such a Restraint. If I felt at this Moment that I began to love *Nugna Bella*, she also began, as she told me afterwards, to perceive I was not indifferent to Her. To one of her Disposition this Conquest could not be displeasing; there was something so shining in my Fortune, that it might have dazzled a Person less ambitious than she was. She neglected no means to recommend herself to my Eyes, tho' she did nothing contrary to the natural Pride of her Temper. Enlighten'd by the quick Discernment, which a new-born Love inspires, I soon flatter'd my self with the Hope of pleasing her, and this Hope was as proper to enflame me, as the Thought of a belov'd Rival had been to work my Cure.

THE Prince was overjoy'd to see me engag'd with *Nugna Bella*, and contriv'd every Day some Occasion for me to speak to her. He would even make me acquaint her with the Differences he had with the King, and let her know after what manner the Queen should act, in order to prevail on him to comply with the King's Demands. *Nugna Bella* did not fail to signify this to the Queen, and

it had the Effect propos'd; for the Queen did nothing in the Prince's Affair, which she did not speak of to *Nugna Bella*, and which *Nugna Bella* did not discover to me. Thus we had frequent Conversations, in all which I saw so much Wit, Sagacity, and Agreeableness in her; and she imagin'd so much Merit in me, and found really so much Love, that a Passion was kindled in us both, which soon became very violent. The Prince wou'd be my Confident; I conceal'd nothing from him, but I was afraid *Nugna Bella* wou'd resent my owning that she had express'd a Tenderness for me. *Don Garcia* assur'd me, it was not in her Temper to take Offence at it; he talk'd to her about me: At first she was out of Countenance and disturb'd; but, as the Prince rightly judg'd, the Dignity of the Confident quieted her Fears, and satisfied her the Trust was safely plac'd. She now freely suffer'd him to discourse to her about my Passion, and the first Letters I writ Her she receiv'd by his Hands.

OUR Amour had in it all the Pleasure of Novelty, and those secret Charms which are found only in the first Impressions. As my Ambition was gratify'd to the full, before my Love began, it gave my Passion no Interruption. My Soul was abandon'd to Love, as to a Pleasure 'till then unknown, and which infinitely exceeded any which Grandeur cou'd supply. It was not thus with *Nugna Bella*; Ambition and Love reign'd in her Heart at once, and equally divided it. Her natural Inclination undoubtedly led her to Ambition, more than to Love; but as both had a proper Object in me, I found in her all the Ardour, and all the Attention I cou'd wish. Not but she was sometimes engag'd as deeply in the Affairs of the Prince, as in this of our Amour; and I, who needed nothing but Love, understood with Sorrow, that *Nugna Bella* was capable of having other things in her Thoughts. I complain'd of it to her; but my Complaints, I found, were in vain, or occasion'd a constrain'd Conversation, in which I saw her Mind was wandering somewhere else. However, I re-

member'd the Saying, that it is as impossible to be perfectly happy in Love, as in Life; and bore this Misfortune patiently. *Nugna Bella* lov'd me with an exact Fidelity, nor did I observe but she had a Contempt for all others who presum'd to address her. I believ'd her free from that Weakness, of which I was apprehensive in Women; and this Persuasion made me as happy as I cou'd desire.

IT was my Fortune to be born and placed in a Rank sufficient to be envy'd by the most ambitious. I was the Favourite of a Prince, for whom I had a natural Affection; I was belov'd by the greatest Beauty in *Spain*, whom I ador'd; and I had a Friend, whom I believ'd faithful, and who ow'd his Preferment to me. The only thing which troubled me, was to see the inexcusable Impatience *Don Garcia* had to govern; and to find in *Nugnez Fernando*, my Father, a restless Spirit, and inclin'd, as the King suspected, to raise himself to such a degree of Promotion, as shou'd leave nothing above him. I fear'd the Ties of Gratitude, and of Nature, wou'd oblige me to adhere to those who wou'd involve me in things, which might to me appear unjust. Yet as these Mischiefs were dubious, they disturb'd me only at certain Moments; and I reliev'd my self by speaking of them to *Don Ramirez*, in whom I had so much Confidence, that I confess'd to him even my Fears about the most important and distant Affairs.

THAT which now employ'd my Thoughts, was my Design to marry *Nugna Bella*. I had lov'd her long, without daring to make the Proposal. I knew she was dislik'd by the King; because, as she was the Daughter of one of the Counts of *Castile*, whose Revolt was then expected as well as my Father's, it was impolitick to permit them to be so nearly united; and tho' my Father was not against it, yet I knew he wou'd never propose the Marriage, for fear of encreasing the King's Suspicions. Thus I was constrain'd to wait some more favourable Conjunction; but while I waited, I did not conceal my Passion for *Nugna Bella*. I convers'd with her at all Opportunities;

ties; and the Prince saw her frequently. The King observ'd this Intelligence, and took that to be an Affair of State, which was merely an Amour. He believ'd his Son encourag'd my Design upon *Nugna Bella*, in order to unite the two Counts of *Castile*, and secure them in his Interest; that he intended to form a considerable Party, and assume an Authority equal to his own. He made no Question but the Counts wou'd join with him, in hope to become Sovereign Princes; in a word, he so dreaded the Union of the two Houses of *Castile*, that he openly declar'd I must not think of *Nugna Bella*, and forbad the Prince to promote the Marriage.

THE two Counts, whose Intention perhaps was as the King suspected, but who were not in a Condition to own it, enjoyn'd us both no more to think of such a thing. This Command gave us inexpressible Sorrow; but the Prince engag'd in a short time to change his Father's Mind, and oblig'd us to promise each other an Eternal Fidelity, and undertook to carry on our Correspondence, and keep it conceal'd. The Queen, who knew we were so far from putting the Prince upon making a Rebellion, that on the contrary we endeavour'd to dissuade him from it, approv'd her Son's Design, and assisted him very much.

AS we could no longer speak in Publick, we sought Opportunities of meeting privately. I was thinking that *Nugna Bella* shou'd change her Apartment, and remove with some other Ladies of the Court to Lodgings, whose Windows look'd into a By-Street, and were low enough for a Man on Horseback to talk at them easily. I propos'd this to the Prince, who obtain'd the Queen's Consent, and we found a handsome Pretence to put it in Execution. To this Window I came almost every Day, to speak with *Nugna Bella*. Sometimes I return'd charm'd with the Sentiments she express'd of me; and sometimes I departed in Despair, to see her Thoughts so busied about some Orders she had receiv'd from the Queen. Hitherto Fortune

had not shewn me her Inconstancy, but she soon discover'd that she is never stedfast to any.

MY Father, who knew the King's Suspicions, had a mind to convince him, by a new Proof of his Integrity, how unjust they were. He resolv'd to introduce my Sister into the Palace, notwithstanding he had design'd before to leave her in *Castile*. It was his Vanity carry'd him into this Resolution. He was proud to shew the Court a Beauty which he believ'd the most accomplish'd of all *Spain*. For never was a Father so pleas'd with the Beauty of his Children, and this betray'd him into a Vanity, which in a Man of his Abilities, might properly be term'd a Weakness. In short, he brought his Daughter to Court, and she was receiv'd into the Palace.

THE Day she came, *Don Garcia* was hunting; in the Evening he went to the Queen, not having heard a Syllable of my Sister's Arrival. I was present at the time, but retir'd to a Corner, where he did not see me. The Queen presented my Sister to him. He was surpriz'd at her Beauty, and express'd the utmost Admiration. Never had he beheld, he said, in one Person, such Graces and so much Majesty and Sweetness; so black a Hair, with so lovely a Complexion, and Eyes so blue; and Gravity so happily mingled with the Bloom of Youth: In a word, the more he beheld her, the more he multiply'd his Praises upon her. *Don Ramirez*, who remark'd this vehement Commendation, easily imagin'd I had the same Thoughts as himself; and spying me at the other End of the Room, came up to me to talk about my Sister's Beauty. I wish, said I to him, there was no body here to admire her but yourself. *Don Garcia* by Accident drew near the Place where I was; he seem'd astonish'd to see me, but recovering himself, he talk'd to me of *Hermesfilda* (so was my Sister call'd) and told me I had not painted her half so beautiful as he found her. In the Evening she only was the Discourse at the Prince's Apartment. I watch'd him strictly, and was confirm'd in my Suspicions, by his not praising her so freely before

before me, as he did to others. For several Days together he talk'd of her continually, and his Passion I thought hurry'd him along like a Torrent he was unable to resist. I wanted to discover his Sentiments, without entring into a serious Discourse with him; and accordingly one Evening as we went out from the Queen, where he had long Conversation with *Hermenesilda*, May I presume, Sir, said I, to ask whether I have not waited too long to shew you my Sister, and whether she is handsome enough to have surpriz'd you, as I fear'd? Yes, said the Prince, I was surpriz'd at her Beauty; but tho' I believe one may be touch'd without being surpriz'd, I do not believe one can be surpriz'd without being touch'd.

DON GARCIA's Intention was to answer me as sportingly as I had address'd him; but as he was embarrass'd by what I had said, and was sensible of it, there was an Air of Uneasiness in his Answer, which made me see I was not mistaken. He judg'd rightly that I perceiv'd his Tenderness for my Sister; and yet his Love to me gave him some Reluctance to engage in an Affair, which he knew very well wou'd offend me highly; but he lov'd *Hermenesilda* too much to desist. And as I did not expect his Friendship to me wou'd cause him to suppress his Love to her; I only propos'd to secure my Sister by instructing her how to conduct herself, if the Prince made his Addresses. I desired her to follow the Advice of *Nugna Bella* in every thing, which she promis'd me she wou'd. On the other hand, I open'd to *Nugna Bella* my Concern at this Passion of *Don Garcia*, and told her all the Bad Consequences I apprehended from it; she agreed with me, and assur'd me she would oversee *Hermenesilda* so strictly, that the Prince shou'd find it no easy Matter to speak with her. In short, without appearing to design it, they were so continually together, that the Prince cou'd never meet *Hermenesilda* without *Nugna Bella*. This gave him an inexpressible Disturbance; and as he had always us'd to impart his whole Mind to me, and yet never spoke a Word about

this Affair, I soon perceiv'd a great Alteration in his Behaviour.

I S not the Injustice of Men, said I to *Don Ramirez*, astonishing! The Prince hates me, because he perceives a Passion in his Breast which ought to displease me; and if my Sister shou'd love him, he wou'd hate me more. I foresaw the Calamity which wou'd befall me, if he happen'd to fancy her; and if his Inclination to her does not alter, I shall not be his Favourite long; I mean not in Publick; for in his Heart I am not so already. Tho' *Don Ramirez* was no less convinced of the Prince's Love than my self, yet in hope of turning off my Thoughts from a Thing which created me so much Pain, I don't know, answer'd he, what Grounds you have to believe *Don Garcia* loves your Sister; he prais'd her, it is true, the first time he saw her, but I have observ'd nothing in him since, which looks like a Man in Love. However, if he did love her, where wou'd be the Misfortune of it? Why may he not marry her? He is not the first Prince who has marry'd one of his Subjects; it is impossible he should find a Person more worthy of him; and if he marries her, what a Glory will it be to your Family? It is for this very Reason, answer'd I, that the King will never permit it; and unless he consents, I should not approve it myself; perhaps also the Prince may not have Resolution or Constancy enough to effect it. In short, it is an impracticable thing; and I wou'd not have the Publick believe that I hazarded my Sister's Reputation, upon the idle Prospect of an Honour we shall never obtain. If *Don Garcia* therefore pursues his Love to *Hermesfilda*, she shall leave the Court. *Ramirez* was surpriz'd at this warm Declaration, and fearing I shou'd embroil myself with the Prince, resolv'd to acquaint him with my Sentiments; imagining he might fairly do it without my Leave, since it was for my Advantage. But a Desire to make a Merit with the Prince, and insinuate himself into his Confidence, had undoubtedly a principal Share in this Resolution.

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HE took his time to speak with the Prince alone; and told him he was afraid he shou'd be guilty of Unfaithfulness to me, in discovering my Thoughts against my Will, but the Zeal he had for his Highness's Service, oblig'd him to let him know I believ'd he was in Love with my Sister; and that I was so disturb'd at it, that I had concluded to carry her from Court. *Don Garcia* was so confounded with this Discourse of *Ramirez*, and the Apprehension of *Hermenesilda's* Departure, that he cou'd not dissemble it; but since *Ramirez* cou'd have no doubt of his Affection for my Sister, he thought the best way was to confess it, and by that Confidence engage him to continue to inform him of my Designs. He hesitated a-while before he cou'd determine, when at once embracing *Ramirez*, he own'd to him his Passion, and declar'd he had for my sake done all he cou'd to conquer it; but he must either obtain *Hermenesilda's* Love, or perish. He desir'd his Assistance to conceal the Amour, and prevent her Removal. *Ramirez* was not of a Temper to resist the Prince's Caresses; he saw he was now coming to be his Favourite, and Friendship and Gratitude were too weak to oppose Ambition. He promis'd the Prince to keep the Secret, and to do him Service with *Hermenesilda*. The Prince embraced him a second time, and they consulted together how to proceed in the Affair.

THE first Obstacle they thought on was *Nugna Bella*, who was never apart from my Sister; she was therefore to be gain'd; and notwithstanding the Difficulty they apprehended from her strict Union with me, *Ramirez* undertook to bring her over; but it must be the Prince's part, he said, to persuade me out of my Notion of his being in Love; advising him to tell me in Rallery, it was only a merry Stratagem to frighten me for a time, in Revenge of my suspecting him so hastily; but that my Fears went too far, and he desir'd I wou'd no longer imagine he had any Intentions which I cou'd not approve.

DON GARCIA was pleas'd with this Expedient, and executed it immediately; and as he understood by *Ramirez* the particular Circumstances which caus'd my Suspicion, it was easy for him to say they were all contriv'd on purpose, and that it was in a manner impossible I shou'd not have been led by them into that Opinion; as indeed I was very fully. I thought I was now upon better Terms with the Prince than ever; and tho' I believ'd there had been something in his Heart which he did not own, I fancy'd it was only a slight Affection which he had surmounted. I esteem'd my self also under a high Obligation to him, for having done it, as I suppos'd, purely on my Account. In short, I was satisfy'd with *Don Garcia*, and *Ramirez* had the Pleasure to see me in that Situation of Mind which he desir'd, and began to think upon engaging *Nugna Bella* in the Confidence in which he design'd to embark her.

HAVING as good as fix'd his Measures, he sought an Opportunity of speaking with her, which she gave him frequently enough, knowing I kept no Secrets from him, and that she could talk with him about every thing relating to us both. He began with expressing his Joy at the Reconciliation between the Prince and me. I am as glad of it, said she, as you; and have found *Gonsalvo* so nicely tender upon the Affair of his Sister, that I was afraid he wou'd make a Quarrel with the Prince. If I thought, Madam, answer'd he, you were one of those who can conceal a Thing from a Lover, when it is for his Interest to do so, it would mightily encourage me to speak to a Person so much concern'd as yourself in all that relates to *Gonsalvo*. For I foresee a certain Matter, which makes me uneasy; and 'tis to you alone I can mention it; but it is upon Condition. Madam, you will not disclose it even to him. I promise you, said she, and you shall find in me all the Secrecy you can desire. As it is dangerous, I know, to conceal every thing from a Friend, it is so likewise to conceal nothing. You will see, Madam, reply'd

ply'd he, of what Importance it is to keep this private, which I am going to tell you. *Don Garcia* has given *Gonsalvo* new Proofs of his Friendship, and has assur'd him, he thinks of his Sister no more; but I am deceiv'd if he does not love her passionately, and a Man of the Prince's Temper cannot long conceal his Love, nor can one of *Gonsalvo's* suffer him to continue it. He will certainly break with the Prince, and lose his Favour entirely. I confess, said *Nugna Bella*, I have had the same Suspicions; and by what I have seen, and by some Things *Hermenesilda* has told me, and which I wou'd not let her mention to her Brother, I cou'd hardly believe this Affair of *Don Garcia* was merely Fiction, and design'd only to alarm *Gonsalvo*. You acted very wisely, Madam, answer'd *Ramirez*, and I think you will do well for the future, to prevent her saying any thing to her Brother concerning the Prince, because it can do no Service, and is dangerous. For if the Prince has only an indifferent Passion, he will be able to hide it without much Difficulty, and by your prudent Management with *Hermenesilda*, she may easily put an end to it. *Gonsalvo* will know nothing of the matter, by which you will save him an infinite Vexation, and keep him in the good Graces of the Prince. On the contrary, if *Don Garcia's* Love is violent, is it impossible, d'ye think, that he shou'd marry *Hermenesilda*? And shall we do *Gonsalvo* any harm, in concealing something from him, if keeping it secret may make his Prince his Brother-in-Law? Certainly, Madam, we ought to think on it maturely before we go to hinder *Don Garcia's* Passion for *Hermenesilda*; and it concerns you to consider it more than any, because it is your Interest one Day to see Her Queen, who in all likelihood will become your Sister.

THESE last Words gave *Nugna Bella* a View which was not in her Thoughts before, and the hope of being Sister-in-Law to the Queen, caus'd *Ramirez's* Reasons to appear more substantial than in truth they were. In short, he led her so dextrously jinto the Sentiments he design'd,
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that they both agreed to conceal every thing from me, to sift out the Prince's Inclination, and take their Measures according to the Discoveries they made.

DON RAMIREZ being in Raptures at so successful a Beginning, acquainted the Prince with what he had done, who was highly pleas'd, and allow'd him to let *Nugna Bella* know all he thought proper concerning his Intentions. *Ramirez* return'd to her immediately, and gave her a long Account how he had brought the Prince to own his Passion for my Sister; adding he never saw a Man so furiously enamour'd in his Life, and that he was amaz'd at the Violence the Prince put upon himself, for fear of displeasing me; and in short, that there was nothing they might not expect from a Person so deeply smitten; but it was necessary however to encourage him with Hopes, in order to feed the Flame. *Nugna Bella* came into his Opinion, and promis'd to do the Prince any Services with my Sister.

RAMIREZ carried him back the News; he receiv'd it with incredible Joy, and embraced him a thousand times; he was talking with him continually, and wou'd willingly have convers'd with no other; but he was oblig'd, he knew, not to alter his Conduct, nor his usual manner of Behaviour to me. *Ramirez* also took care to conceal this new Favour, and his Remorse for his Treachery kept him in perpetual Fear of my suspecting it.

IN a short time *Don Garcia* spoke to *Hermesfilda*, and assur'd her of his Passion with all possible Ardour; and as he was truly in Love, he had no Difficulty to convince her of it. In herself she was dispos'd to receive him kindly; but after what I had said to her, she did not dare to follow the Dictates of her Heart. She told *Nugna Bella* the Conversation she had with the Prince; and *Nugna Bella*, upon the Pretences *Ramirez* had suggested to her, advis'd her to say nothing to me, and to behave herself so as to increase the Prince's Passion, and preserve his Esteem: Adding, that whatever Aversion I had shewn
to

to the Thing, I wou'd undoubtedly be pleas'd with what was for my Advantage; but that for certain Reasons I wou'd take no Part in it, 'till Matters were more advanced. *Hermesfilda*, who had the utmost Deference to *Nugna Bella's* Sentiments, embraced the Advice very readily, and her Fondness for the Prince was wonderfully inflam'd by so exalted a Prospect as that of a Crown.

THE Prince's Love to her was so artfully conducted that excepting the first Day when he took notice of her Beauty, it was never suspected by any. He did not converse with her in publick, *Nugna Bella* supplying him with Opportunities in Private. I perceiv'd indeed an Abatement in his Friendship, but I imputed it to the Inequality of Temper, which is common in Youth.

THINGS were in this Situation, when *Abdala*, King of *Cordua*, with whom and the King of *Leon* there had been a long Truce, renew'd the War: *Nugnez Fernando*, my Father, by his Post, had the Right of commanding the Armies; and tho' the King was very unwilling to set him at the Head of his Troops, he cou'd not refuse him, unless he impeach'd him of some Crime, and put him under an Arrest. *Don Garcia* indeed might have been appointed Commander over him, but the King distrusted his Son even more than he did the other, and dreaded to see them together with so great a Force. But *Biscay*, on the other hand, beginning to revolt, he resolv'd to send *Don Garcia* thither, and that my Father shou'd march against the *Moors*. I would gladly have serv'd with my Father, but the Prince was desirous I shou'd follow him to *Biscay*, and the King chose rather to have me go with his Son than with the Count of *Castile*. I was oblig'd to comply, and to see *Nugnez Fernando*, who set forward the first, depart without me. He was extremely sorry I did not accompany him; and besides other important Reasons he had to wish me in his Army, Affection itself also had its Place; for he lov'd my Sister and me beyond Expression; he carry'd our Pictures about him, that he might always have us before
his

his Eyes, and shew others the Beauty of his Children, to whom, I think, I told you, he was most fondly prejudiced. He march'd against *Abdala* with a considerable Power, but much inferior to that of the *Moors*; and instead of opposing their Passage in Places fortify'd by Nature, a Desire to do something extraordinary, made him hazard a Battel in a Plain, where he had no Advantage to favour his Inequality of Strength. He lost it so absolutely, that he scarcely sav'd himself; his whole Army was cut in Pieces, and all their Baggage taken, and the *Moors* never obtain'd so great a Victory over the Christians.

THE King was extremely griev'd at the Loss, he accus'd the Count of *Castile*, and justly; and as he rejoiced to humble him, he embraced the present Occasion: And when my Father wou'd have appear'd to justify himself, he caus'd him to be told, he wou'd never see him more, that he remov'd him from all his Places, and he ought to think himself very happy in having his Life. and that he order'd him to retire to his own Lands. My Father obey'd, and went to *Castile* in all the Despair of an ambitious Man, whose Reputation and Fortune had suffer'd so unexpected a Diminution.

THE Prince was not yet set out for *Biscay*, being detain'd by a dangerous Illness. The King march'd against the *Moors* in Person, with what Forces he could rally. I desir'd Leave to accompany him, which he granted me, tho' with Difficulty. He was willing to involve me in my Father's Disgrace; but as I had no Share in his Misconduct, and the Prince also express'd the highest Friendship to me, the King did not adventure to banish me also to *Castile*. I went with the King, and *Don Ramirez* stay'd behind with the Prince. *Nugna Bella* seem'd wonderfully concern'd at my Misfortune and at our Separation, and I departed at least with the Satisfaction of believing myself sincerely lov'd by one whom I lov'd with the utmost Truth.

THE Prince not being in a Condition to take the Field, *Don Ordogno*, his Brother, was sent to *Biscay* in his stead. He was as unhappy in his Expedition as the King was successful in his. He was defeated, and was like to be kill'd; but the King routed the *Moors*, and constrain'd them to sue for Peace. It was my good Fortune also to do a considerable Service, tho' it did not procure me better Treatment from the King; nor cou'd the Reputation I had gain'd, make me put off the Air of a Man in Disgrace; and when I return'd to *Leon*, I perceiv'd that Glory does not give the same Gayety and Splendor with Favour.

DON GARCIA improv'd my Absence, to visit *Hermesilda* frequently; and yet with such Precaution, that he was perceiv'd by none. He studied all Methods to please her, and gave her Hopes that he wou'd one Day place her upon the Throne of *Leon*, and express'd such an abundant Love, that she resign'd her Heart to him without Reserve.

AS this Intelligence was carried on by *Don Ramirez* and *Nugna Bella*, they were oblig'd to see each other often; and *Nugna Bella's* Beauty was such, that even a slight View of it was dangerous. *Ramirez's* Admiration of her increas'd daily; and she was also pleas'd with his Wit, which was in truth agreeable. The close Correspondence she kept with him, and the Management of the Affair with the Prince and *Hermesilda*, enabled her to bear my Absence with less Regret than she expected.

AT his Return, the King gave *Nugnez Fernando's* Places and Commands to the Father of *Don Ramirez*; upon which Occasion I did even more than cou'd be look'd for from an undissembled Friend. After the Services I had perform'd in the last two Wars, I might well have pretended to the Posts of which my Father was depriv'd. Yet I made no Opposition to the King's Disposal. I sought out *Ramirez*, and told him, that in the Trouble I was under, to see our Family stripp'd of such noble Employments, my only Consolation was the Advantage it had brought

to

to him. Tho' *Ramirez* wanted not Wit, he cou'd make me no Answer; these Tokens of a Friendship he had so little deserv'd confounded him; but I put so generous a Construction upon his Embarrassment at the Time, that he cou'd not have led me into a better by any Expressions.

THE giving my Father's Posts to another Family, made all the Court believe his Disgrace was beyond Recovery. *Don Ramirez* had, in a manner, succeeded me, by the Dignities bestow'd on his Father, and by his own Favour with the Prince, which was apparent enough, notwithstanding the Care both of them took to conceal it; and every one insensibly fell over to the Side of the new Favourite, and by Degrees abandon'd me.

NUGNA BELLA had not a Passion firm enough, to prevent this making an Impression upon her Mind. It was my Fortune as well as my Person which had engag'd her Affection: I was disgraced; and there was no Tye now left upon her, but Love; and she had not enough of that to govern such a Temper as her own: I soon discover'd therefore a Coldness in her Behaviour. I made my Complaints to *Don Ramirez*, and even spoke of it to herself. She assur'd me she was not chang'd in the least, and as I had no particular Action to accuse her of, and was disturb'd only at the general manner of her Carriage, it was very easy for her to justify herself; which she did with so much Dissimulation and Skill, that she made me secure for a Time.

RAMIREZ talk'd with her about my Suspicion of her being alter'd, and did it with a Design to find what Truth there was in it, and undoubtably in Hope to see I was not deceiv'd. I am not chang'd, said she, at all, I love him as much as ever; but if I did not, he wou'd have no Right to complain. Is the Beginning of our Passions, or the End of them in our Power? She look'd upon him, while she spoke, with an Air which so perfectly convinced him her Love to me was expir'd, that he was encouraged to gaze upon the Beauty of this faithless Creature without

Restraint; in a word, he was so struck at the Instant, that being no longer Master of himself, You are in the Right, Madam," answer'd he, we have no Command over our Passions, I feel One now in my own Breast which is not to be resisted; and you will please to remember, you allow'd That is not in our Power. *Nugna Bella*, who readily understood his Meaning, appear'd embarrass'd, and so was *Ramirez* himself; as he had utter'd this in a Heat, he was presently amaz'd at what he had done; and all that he ow'd to my Friendship rushing at once into his Mind, he was troubled, and casting down his Eyes, stood in a profound Silence. *Nugna Bella*, for Reasons much the same, said nothing, and they parted without speaking a Word. *Don Ramirez* repented of what he had said. *Nugna Bella* was sorry she had made him no Answer. *Ramirez* was in the wildest Confusion, but recovering a little, he began to reflect upon his own Thoughts; and the more he reflected, the more he found his Heart was ensnar'd. He perceiv'd the Danger he was in by often seeing *Nugna Bella*; and that the Pleasure he took in her Conversation was of another Nature than he had imagin'd. In short, he now perceiv'd his guilty Love, and that he began to withstand it too late.

THE Certainty he had that *Nugna Bella* no longer valued me, seduced him intirely to neglect defending himself against this new-born Passion; and he esteem'd it a sort of Excuse, that his Affection to her did not begin, till her Regard for me was at an End. There was also a Charm to him, in attempting to gain a Heart, of which he perceiv'd I was not so absolutely possess'd, but there was Room left for him to hope; and which I had yet so much the Possession of, that it wou'd be a Glory for him to win it from me. But when he came to consider it was *Gonsalvo* he design'd to supplant, that *Gonsalvo* to whom he ow'd so unreserv'd and sincere a Friendship, he was cover'd with Shame, and struggled against his Inclination so much, that he thought he had quell'd it. He resolv'd likewise to speak

no more to *Nugna Bella* of his Love, and to avoid her Conversation.

NUGNA BELLA, who only repented she had not answer'd *Ramirez*, as she ought, had no such generous Reflections. She imagin'd it became her indeed not to seem to understand what he said, but that she ought to have a Tenderness for a Man with whom she was so united in Interests; she persuaded herself that he had no Design in speaking, tho' she well knew he had had a Fondness to her for a considerable Time; In short, to secure her Credit, and yet not oblige herself to treat *Ramirez* ill, she affected not to believe a Thing of which it was not possible for her to doubt.

RAMIREZ pursued the honourable Resolution he had form'd, ~~for a~~ while; but, alas! what were the Means he us'd to execute it? He saw *Nugna Bella* every Day; she was handsome; she lov'd me no more; she receiv'd him well; and all those Circumstances cou'd never be resisted. At last therefore he determin'd to follow the Motions of his Heart; upon which his Remorse immediately vanish'd. His first Treachery to me prepar'd the Way to the second; and he became accusom'd to deceive me, and to conceal from me what he said to *Nugna Bella*. He told her plainly, that he lov'd her, and spoke it with all the Marks of an undissembled Flame. In magnifying the Compunction it gave him to violate our Friendship, he let her see the Fervour of his Passion knew no Bounds. He assur'd her, he had no Expectation of procuring himself to be lov'd again; that he was sensible of the Advantage I had over him, and of the Impossibility of expelling me from her Mind; that he only desir'd the Favour of her to hear him, and assist him to cure himself, and to conceal his Weakness from me. *Nugna Bella* promis'd him the last, as a Thing she thought she ought to do, lest there shou'd happen some Mischief between us; and as for the rest, she told him, with all imaginable Mildness, she cou'd not grant it; since she shou'd esteem herself an Accomplice in his Crime, if she

she permitted him to continue it. Yet did she not forbear to encourage it; for his Love to her, and the Friendship the Prince had for him, drew her over entirely to his Side. I appear'd less amiable in her Eyes; there was no longer a Prospect of rising by an Affiance with me; and she had only the Certainty of a Banishment to *Castile* in view: She knew the King had it always at Heart to confine me there; and that the Prince oppos'd it merely from a Point of Honour. She saw no Likelihood of his marrying *Hermesilda*: She was the Confident of this Amour; and that Passion of the Prince, and *Ramirez's* Love to herself, were the Foundation of her Interest with *Don Garcia*. The King, she believ'd, was less inclin'd to consent to our Marriage than before, but had no Objection to her espousing *Ramirez*. She found all those Things in me, which had pleas'd her in me; and imagin'd Prudence it self wou'd justify her Change; and that she ought to forsake a Man who cou'd not be her Husband, for another who certainly wou'd. A Woman's Levity does not always need such important Reasons, to provoke it. *Nugna Bella* then determin'd to engage with *Ramirez*; but was already engag'd, both by her Affection and Words, when she suppos'd she had only resolv'd to be so.

YET as fix'd to do it as she was, she had not the Heart to let me see she deserted me in the time of my Disgrace; nor cou'd *Ramirez* bear to own his Perfidiousness. They agreed that *Nugna Bella* shou'd carry it to me as usual, believing it wou'd be easy to keep me from observing her Change; because as I constantly unbosom'd even my lightest Suspicions to *Ramirez*, she cou'd know them by him, and readily prevent them. They resolv'd likewise to disclose their Affairs to the Prince, and bring him into their Interest. *Ramirez* was to break it to him; but this was not a Thing he cou'd do without Difficulty; the Shame and Fear of being discountenanced embarrass'd him; however, the Power he had over *Don Garcia*, by his Confidence of his Amour with my Sister, gave him Courage. In a word,
he

he made the Impression he desir'd upon the Prince's Mind, who even undertook to speak to *Nugna Bella* in his behalf; and this new Favourite had his Master for a Confident, as he was Confident to his Master.

NUGNA BELLA, who apprehended the Prince wou'd condemn her Conduct, was overjoy'd at the Success: This heighten'd the common Union between them; they form'd their Measures for concealing their Correspondence; and as *Ramirez's* private Conversations with the Prince might give me Umbrage, because in Appearance they ought to have no Secrets to me, they concluded he shou'd go to the Prince by a private Stair-case, at Hours when no body was by, and that they shou'd never talk together in Publick. Thus I was betray'd, and abandon'd by those I lov'd best, without being able to suspect it.

MY only Grief was to see an Alteration in the Heart of *Nugna Bella*. I complain'd to *Don Ramirez*, who gave her Notice of it, that she might disguise herself the better; but when I seem'd to be easy he was in Pain, thinking my Repose proceeded from *Nugna Bella's* Sincerity. He desired her therefore not to deceive me so well; she obey'd, and neglected me more than ordinary; so that he had the Pleasure to see his Rival come to him to complain of that ill Treatment which he receiv'd by his Orders; he had the Joy also sometimes, when he had pray'd her to put a Constraint upon herself, to learn by me it was no Constraint to her to treat me shily. And there was such a Charm both to his Glory and his Love, in having destroy'd such a Rival as I appear'd to be, and to see my Peace depend upon his lightest Expressions, that if Jealousy had not infected him, he wou'd have been the happiest Man in the World.

WHILE I was busied with my Amour, my Father was pursuing his Ambition. He form'd such Cabals and Intrigues in his Banishment, that he thought himself in a Condition to undertake an open Revolt. But he was oblig'd

oblig'd to begin by withdrawing me from the Court, I being a Hostage too dear and too considerable to be left in the Hands of a King, with whom he design'd to make a War. He was not so uneasy for my Sister; her Sex, and her Beauty, being able to protect her from Mischiefs. He dispatch'd a trusty Messenger, to acquaint me with the State of his Affairs, and order me at the same time to come to him, and quit the Court without taking Leave of the King or the Prince. This Messenger was surpriz'd to find my Sentiments so different from my Father's: I told him I wou'd never consent to so unjust a Revolt; it was true, the King had us'd *Nugnez Fernando* ill, in revoking his Employments; but he ought to bear the Disgrace which he had in some sort deserv'd: For my self, I was resolv'd not to leave the Court, and wou'd never take Arms against the King. He carried back my Answer to my Father, who was irrag'd to see his Designs confounded, just at the Point of Execution, by my Disobedience. He sent me word (tho' he did not intend it) that he wou'd go on, and since I had so little Submission to his Will, he wou'd not alter his Resolution, tho' the King of *Leon* shou'd strike off my Head.

RAMIREZ's Passion for *Nugna Bella* increas'd continually, and he cou'd no longer endure the Behaviour he was oblig'd to keep up towards me; Madam, said he to her, one Day when she had had a long Conversation with me, you behold him with the same Eyes as before; you say the same Words to him; you write the same Things, and how can I be assur'd it is not with the same Sentiments? He has pleas'd you, and may therefore please you still. But you know, said she, I do nothing without your Direction. True, Madam, answer'd he, and this renders my Misfortune insupportable, that I must in Prudence advise you do those Things, which make me desperate when you do them. It was never heard, that a Lover consented to have his Rival treated well; I know not how, Madam, to allow you to look upon *Gonsalvo*. There is nothing

nothing I wou'd not do to take him off, rather than live in my present Condition; and after having depriv'd him of your Heart, I ought not to think it much to take away his Life. Your Passion, reply'd *Nugna Bella*, is so extravagant, that I believe you will not pursue it; consider what Discoveries will escape you, if you indulge this Rage against *Gonsalvo*, and what a Shame you will bring upon your self. Madam, said he, I see it all; but I see also, that if it is Madness almost to attempt what I mention'd, it must be absolutely such to suffer a Man who is amiable and has pleas'd you, to talk with you every Day in secret. If I did not know it, I shou'd have the barbarous Comfort of being deceiv'd; but I know it; I see him talk to you; it is my self who carry him your Letters, it is I who satisfy him when he doubts of your Love. It is impossible I can go on to offer my self all this Violence; if you desire to give me Ease, procure that *Gonsalvo* may leave the Court, and the Prince yield to his being sent to *Castile*, which the King is pressing him to every Day. Reflect, I beseech you, cry'd she, what an Action it is you are putting me upon. I do, answer'd *Ramirez*; but after all you have already done, there is no room left for Conduct; and if you scruple causing *Gonsalvo* to be sent from Court, I shall be convinced I have more Reason, than I thought, to wish his Absence. Once more, Madam, how shall I be assur'd you do not love him? You see him; you talk with him, and you are sensible he loves you: Your Heart, you say, is chang'd; but your Behaviour is not. In short, nothing can satisfy me unless you endeavour to get him remov'd; and as long as I see you averse to that, I shall believe you scarcely use Constraint, when you say you love him. Very well, answer'd *Nugna Bella*; I have already acted many Treacheries for the sake of your Love, and therefore I must add this also; but do you then furnish the Means, for the Prince inflexibly refuses the King to banish him, and it is not likely he shou'd agree to so unreasonable a Request as this of mine. I will take it upon me, said

said *Ramirez*, to propose it to the Prince; and provided you will let him see you are willing of it, I do not question prevailing. She promis'd him; and the same Evening, under the Pretence of their common Interest requiring it, *Ramirez* mov'd the Prince to banish me, and make a Merit of it to the King. The Prince readily consented; for he was so ashamed of what he had done against me, that my Presence was odious, as reproaching him continually with his Weakness. *Nugna Bella* declar'd herself, as she had promis'd *Ramirez*, and they resolv'd the Prince should take the first Opportunity to let the King understand he oppos'd my Exile no longer, and was willing I should be dismiss'd the Court, so it might seem to be done against his Consent.

AN Occasion quickly offer'd: For the King fell into a Passion at his Son, for something he had done without his Order, and accus'd me of advising him. The Prince not daring to see him, feign'd himself ill, and kept his Bed several Days. The Queen, according to her Custom, labour'd to reconcile them; she went to her Son, to tell him on the Part of his Father, what Complaints he had against him. Madam, answer'd the Prince, it is not this which causes his Majesty's Displeasure. I know the Spring; it is an invincible Aversion he has to *Gonsalvo*; he charges him with every thing that offends him; he would have him banish'd, and will always be dissatisfied 'till I agree to it. I love *Gonsalvo* tenderly, but I see clearly I must do my self the Violence to part with him, since I can at no other Price obtain the King my Father's Favour. Acquaint him therefore, Madam, if you please, that I consent to his Exile; but upon Condition that my having consented shall not be known. The Queen was surpriz'd at her Son's Discourse; It is not for me, said she, to wonder you should have a Deference for your Father's Will; but I own, I am astonish'd at your being willing of *Gonsalvo's* Banishment. The Prince excus'd it by fictitious Reasons, and turn'd the Conversation to another Subject.

WHILE

WHILE they were talking, *Elvira*, one of the Queen's Women, who was a Friend to me and to *Nugna Bella*, happen'd to be so near the Bed, that she overheard all the Queen and Prince said concerning me. She stood in such an Amazement, reflecting what cou'd produce this extraordinary Change in the Prince's Mind, that I was come into the Chamber, and began to speak to her, before she perceiv'd me. I wak'd her out of her Trance; You ought to think your self oblig'd to me, said she, for I have learn'd a Thing here, which so astonishes me, that I cannot comprehend it. At this she told me the Conversation, which put me into a Consternation far greater than hers. I caus'd her to repeat it a second time, and just as she had done, the Queen's going away broke off our Discourse. I quitted the Room with her, and not having the Heart in my present Condition to stay with the Prince, went to walk by my self in the Gardens of the Palace, to reflect upon so strange an Adventure,

I cou'd not imagine a Prince who treated me so well, wou'd be willing to have me driven from Court without Provocation; nor cou'd I conceive what shou'd make him desire my Absence; nor why he shou'd express a Friendship to me, when he really had none. In short, I cou'd not persuade my self what I had heard was true, and that *Don Garcia* was so weak as to desert me. As I lov'd him extremely, this Change of his touch'd me to the Soul; and not being able to contain my Sorrow, I wanted to seek out *Ramirez* to ease my self, by opening my Complaints to him.

IN this Thought I walk'd up to the Palace, and met with an Officer of the Chamber to the Prince, whom I had recommended to him, and who was nearer his Person than any other. I desir'd him to see if *Don Ramirez* was with the Prince, and to beg him from me to meet me this Moment. He told me *Ramirez* was not there, and certainly would not come, according to his Custom, till all Company was withdrawn. This surpriz'd me exceedingly,

ingly, and I thought at first I had misunderstood him: However, it made an Impression upon me, and brought several things to my Mind, which gave me a Suspicion *Ramirez* had an Intelligence with the Prince, which he never communicated to me. At another time I shou'd not have suspected it; but what I had just now discover'd of *Don Garcia's* Treachery, made me believe every one was capable of betraying me. I ask'd him whether *Ramirez* often visited the Prince alone? He reply'd, he wonder'd I shou'd ask such a Question, since he cou'd not suppose I was ignorant either of his Conversations with the Prince, or of the Subject of them. I answer'd, I knew nothing of either, and thought it very strange he had not acquainted me with them. He fancy'd I pretended my self ignorant, to see if he would tell me the Truth; and to convince me he cou'd keep nothing secret from me, related to me the Prince's Amour with my Sister, and the Part *Don Ramirez* had in it. He had heard them talk together several Times, he said, when they imagin'd themselves in private, and had learn'd the other Particulars of him whom the Prince entrusted with his Letters to *Hermesilda*. Thus was I inform'd of all, except what regarded *Nugna Bella*.

I am no more to seek, exclaim'd I in a Transport of Rage, whence *Don Garcia's* Change arises; his shameful Treachery to me renders my Presence insupportable. What! *Don Garcia* loves my Sister! And my Sister suffers it! And *Ramirez* is their Confident! I curb'd my self at these Words, not being willing this Officer shou'd see my Resentment, and bade him take no Notice to any one of what he had told me. I went home with a Trouble upon my Spirits, which depriv'd me of my Senses. When I was alone I abandon'd my self to Fury and Despair; I resolv'd a thousand times to go and stab the Prince and *Ramirez*, and had all the Thoughts of Madness and Vengeance, which cou'd push me to extravagant Designs. After I had compos'd my Mind a little, to consider and fix

the Means of revenging myself, my Intention was to fight *Ramirez*, and to carry *Nugna Bella* to *Castile*, to obtain her Father's Permission to marry her; and as he was in the same Design of a Revolt as *Nugnez Fernando*, I purpos'd to join them, and encourage them, and declaring War against the King of *Leon*, to overturn that Throne to which *Don Garcia* was to succeed. I paus'd at such a Resolution, it being contrary to all the Sentiments I ever had before; but I was hurried away by the Violence of my Despair.

I was to see *Nugna Bella* that Evening, and waited for the Hour with Impatience; and the Hopes of finding her affected with my Misfortune, gave me all the Comfort I cou'd receive. As I was preparing to go, a Man whom she trusted, and who had often brought me Letters from her, put one into my Hand, and told me she was very sorry she cou'd not meet me that Evening; but it was impossible, for Reasons express'd in the Letter. I reply'd, it was absolutely necessary I shou'd speak with her, and I wou'd write an Answer, and desir'd him to stay. I withdrew into my Closet, and opening her Letter found it as follows.

I Don't know whether I ought to thank you for giving me leave to appear griev'd to *Gonsalvo*, when he goes away. I shou'd have been very easy if you had forbidden me, for I shou'd then have had some Reason not to do a Thing which will create me so much Constraint. Tho' you have been disturb'd by the Behaviour I have shewn him since his Return, I have been more. You wou'd not question it, if you knew the Pain I have to tell a Man I no longer love, that I love him, when at the same time I am distracted for having ever lov'd him, and cou'd perish for having pronounced but to yourself, all those Words I am oblig'd to speak to him. When once he is gone, you will be sensible of the Injustice you do me; and the Joy you will see me in at his Departure, will convince you of it more than all my Expressions. *Hermeneilda* is angry at the Prince, for talking Yesterday a good while with a Woman,

man, of whom she had before declar'd a Jealousy; this made her not accompany the Queen, when she went to Visit him. He must not let her find that he knows this; for I promis'd her to say nothing of it: she loves him so truly, that —

I was interrupted here by a Thing which gives me the last Uneasiness. One of my Companions overheard all the Prince said to the Queen Yesterday concerning Gonsalvo, to whom she imparted it immediately; she related it to me as the most astonishing and dismal Piece of News I cou'd hear. It is impossible but Gonsalvo must suspect you know something of the Prince's Designs, and unravel the Truth in a great measure. And what Difficulties may this produce? The Thought of it troubles me so much, that I don't know what I do. I have writt to him that I can't meet him this Evening; for I dare not run the Hazard of talking with him, because you have not seen him since, nor given me Instructions what to say. Adieu. Judge the Disturbance I am in.

I was so overwhelm'd upon reading this Letter, that I knew not what I said or did. My Rage and Frenzy were rais'd to the highest Pitch, at the Treacheries I had before discover'd; but those Sentiments were too weak and common for this, which a mere Accident had now brought to Light. I stood without Speech or Motion for a long while, in a wild Confusion of Thought, and was overborne with the Torrents of my Grief.

ARE you unfaithful to me, *Nugna Bella*? I then cry'd out at once; do you add to your Change of Mind the Outrage of deceiving me, and of consenting I shou'd be deceived by him whom next to your self I lov'd the best? These are too many Misfortunes at a Time, and are of such a Nature, that it wou'd be more shameful to resist them, than to sink under them. I yield to a Cruelty of the most deadly Kind that ever Man endur'd. I had Power and Resolutions of Revenge against an ungrateful Prince, and an unfaithful Friend; but I have none against *Nugna Bella*. I was more happy in her than in all the

World besides; since she abandons me, all is indifferent to me, and I renounce a Revenge which can give me no Joy. Not long since I was the first Man in the whole Kingdom, by my Father's Greatness and my own, and by the Favour of my Prince. I thought my self lov'd by those, who were dear to me. But Fortune has left me; I am deserted by my Master, deceiv'd by my Sister, betray'd by my Friend; I have lost my Mistress, and lost her by my Friend! Is it possible, *Nugna Bella*, that you have forsaken me for *Ramirez*? Is it possible, *Ramirez* should desire to take you from a Man who lov'd you so passionately, and by whom he was himself so tenderly belov'd? Must I then lose you by one another, and without so much as the slender Consolation of having one of you left to whom I can make my Complaint!

THESE bitter Reflections overset my Reason. The least of the Misfortunes which befell me that Day was sufficient to have oppress'd me with mortal Sorrow; But such a Multitude together amaz'd and confounded me; and I knew not which to turn my Thoughts upon. He, who brought me *Nugna Bella's* Letter, sent in to tell me he stay'd for my Answer; at which I wak'd as out of a Dream, and reply'd I wou'd send it to-morrow; and order'd every one to leave the Room.

I set my self then to consider the Condition which I had been in, and in which I now was. So severe an Experience of the Inconstancy of Fortune, and the Unfaithfulness of Human Kind inspir'd me with a Design to renounce for ever all Commerce with the World, and go and end my Life in a Desert; which my Grief convinc'd me was the only Course I could take. I had no Place whither I cou'd retire, unless to my Father; I knew the Design he had to revolt; but as desperate as I was, I cou'd not suffer my self to draw Sword against a King, who had never injur'd me. If I had only been abandon'd by Fortune, I cou'd have found a Pleasure in opposing her, and making her see that I deserv'd what she had given me. But after

I was

I was deceiv'd by so many Persons whom I had lov'd so highly, and in whom I thought my self so secure, what Hope was there for me to flatter my self withal? Can I serve a Master better, said I, than I have serv'd *Don Garcia*? Can I love a Friend better than I have lov'd *Ramirez*? Can I have a greater Passion for a Mistress, than I have had for *Nugna Bella*? Yet they have betray'd me! I must make a full Retreat therefore, to hide my self from the Treachery of Men, and the dangerous Power of Women.

AS I had taken this Resolution, I saw coming into the Room a Man of Quality and Merit, call'd *Don Olmond*, who always had a Kindness for me. He was Brother to *Elvira*, who had inform'd me of the Prince's Falshood, and by whom he understood what *Don Garcia* had said to the Queen. He was extremely surpriz'd to discern in my Countenance the Marks of such an extraordinary Emotion and Sorrow. He knew me too well, to imagine Fortune alone cou'd give me so much Pain; he suppos'd, however, I was concern'd at the Prince's Treachery, and began to comfort me. I had always lov'd *Don Olmond*, and serv'd him upon several Occasions, tho' I had given *Ramirez* the Preference in every Thing. The Ingratitude of the last made me sensible now of the Injustice I had done *Don Olmond*; to repair it, or perhaps to ease my self by Complaining, I discover'd to him my present Situation, and all the Treacheries I had suffer'd. He was sufficiently astonish'd; but not so much as I expected at the Falshood of *Nugna Bella*: His Sister, he said, when she told him what she had overheard, added that *Nugna Bella's* Mind towards me was certainly chang'd, and that she conceal'd from me a great many Things. See, *Don Olmond*, said I, shewing him her Letter, see here her Change, and the Things she conceal'd from me. She has sent me this Letter, instead of one she had writ me; for this is plainly address'd to *Don Ramirez*. *Don Olmond* was so touch'd with my Condition, and thought my Misfortunes so excessive, that he did not undertake to comfort me, but left me to disburden my

Grief by Complaining. Had I not Reason, said I, to desire to know *Nugna Bella* before I lov'd her? But I mention an impossible Thing; Women are never known; they do not know themselves; and it is certain Occasions which determine the Sentiments of their Hearts. *Nugna Bella* thought she lov'd me, but she only lov'd my Fortune, and perhaps she loves nothing else in *Don Ramirez*: Yet has she not, cry'd I, said any Words to me for some Time, but what he permitted her to say. It was to my Rival that I complain'd of the Change which he himself had produced. He pleaded for himself, while I thought he was pleading for me. Is it possible, that I have been the Object of so outrageous a Deceit? and have I deserv'd it? The perfidious Wretch has betray'd me with *Don Garcia*! I trusted my Sister with them, and they have engag'd her with the Prince! The Union which seem'd to be between them, and which gave me so much Joy, was meant only to delude me! Good Heavens, for what is your Thunder reserv'd, if not for Persons so unworthy to live!

AFTER this violent Transport of Grief, the Idea of the faithless *Nugna Bella*, which made me indifferent to all my other Sufferings, threw me into a Sadness which was serious, and without Rage. I told *Don Olmond* my Design of retiring from the World. He was surpriz'd at it, and oppos'd it; but I gave him such Proofs of my being absolutely determin'd, that he thought it was in vain to dissuade me, at least in the present Moment. I took what Jewels were at hand, and both of us mounted on Horseback in order to depart, before an Order cou'd be sent me to withdraw. We travell'd till Sun-rising. *Don Olmond* conducted me to the House of a Man, who had liv'd with him, and whom he cou'd trust. I wou'd fain have had him left me there, to stay till Night came on, to take the Road I intended. After a long Dispute, he said he wou'd leave me as I desir'd, provided I wou'd promise to wait for him there, while he went to *Leon* to learn what Effect my Departure had produced; for perhaps an Alteration

tion might have happen'd, which wou'd cause me to lay aside my Resolution; and therefore he begg'd me not to set forward till he return'd. I consented, upon Condition he wou'd not acquaint any body he had seen me, or knew where I was: But I yielded to it rather from an involuntary Curiosity, to understand after what Manner *Nugna Bella* spoke of me, than from a Thought that any Thing cou'd have happen'd which wou'd relieve my Misfortunes:

GO then, said I, my dear *Olmond*, see *Nugna Bella*; and, if it is possible, discover her Sentiments by your Sister: Endeavour to find how long it is she has ceas'd to love me, and whether she has not forsaken me, because I am cast off by Fortune. *Don Olmond* assur'd me he wou'd do all I desir'd. In two Days he return'd with News which he thought wou'd induce me to alter my Design.

NO body, he said, knew the Reason of my Departure: The Prince, as well as *Don Ramirez*, pretended to be wonderfully concern'd, and the King believ'd I was gone by Agreement with the Prince, his Son. He told me, he had seen his Sister, and that all I suspected was true; that the Particulars of what he had heard, wou'd only increase my Griefs, and therefore he pray'd me not to require him to relate them. I was not in a Condition to fear an Augmentation of my Distress, and that which he wou'd have suppress'd was the only Thing I had a Curiosity to know; and therefore I intreated him to conceal nothing. I will not repeat the Whole of what he told me, having already mention'd the greater Part, in order to make my Story the more methodical. It was by him, I was appriz'd of all those Things which, you have seen, were unknown to me at the Time when they were transacted. I shall only say, his Sister inform'd him, that the Evening before my Departure, when she came out from the Queen's Apartments where *Nugna Bella* had not been seen, she went to seek for her at her Lodging; she found her all in Tears, with a Letter in her Hand; they were both struck with

Surprize, but upon different Accounts. After a long Silence, *Nugna Bella* lock'd the Door, and told her, she was going to trust her with the whole Secret of her Life; intreating her to pity her, and comfort her in the most miserable Condition, that any one had ever known. She then disclos'd all that had pass'd between the Prince, *Don Ramirez*, my Sister, and her self, in the Manner as I have related; that *Don Ramirez* had sent her back the Letter she had in her Hand, because it was written to me, and that I had met with that which was for *Ramirez*. and had thereby discover'd every Thing they had conceal'd from me so long.

ELVIRA told her Brother, she never saw a Person so troubled and afflicted, as *Nugna Bella*. She was afraid I shou'd inform the King of the Affair between my Sister and the Prince; that I shou'd cause *Ramirez* to be banish'd the Court, and oblige her also to retire: That beyond all she dreaded the Shame of my Reproaches; and the Treacheries she had been guilty of towards me, made her hate me mortally.

YOU may imagine what *Don Olmond* told me did not diminish my Uneasiness, or make me change my Intention. He press'd me with an extraordinary Zeal of Friendship, to suffer him to follow me, and bear me Company in the Desert whither I was going; but I deny'd him so peremptorily, that in short we parted. He left me, upon Condition that whatever Place I was in, I shou'd send him Tidings of my State. He return'd to *Leon*, and I set forward to imbark at the first Port I came to. But when I was alone, and reflected upon my Calamities, the Remainder of my Life seem'd so painful a load to endure, that I resolv'd to go and seek after Death in the War between the King of *Navarre* and the *Moors*. I went only by the Name of *Theodoric*; and was unhappy enough to find a Glory I did not desire, instead of Death for which I wish'd. A Peace being concluded, I resum'd my first Design, and the Meeting with you has turn'd an affrightful Solitude,

Solitude, which I was expecting, into a most agreeable Retreat.

I found here the Repose, and Tranquility I lost: And tho' Ambition sometimes reviv'd in my Soul, the Experience I have had of the Inconstancy of Fortune, taught me to despise it; and my Love for *Nugna Bella* was so effac'd by the Contempt she had rais'd in me, that I can say, I had no Affection remaining, tho' I have the utmost Grief. But the Sight of *Zayde* has taken away even the melancholic Quietude I began to enjoy, and I am plung'd into new Misfortunes much more cruel than those I have already suffer'd.

ALPHONSO stood amaz'd and charm'd at *Gonsalvo's* Story. I had form'd before, said he, a great Idea of your Merit and your Virtue; but I own what I have now heard is beyond what I expected. I ought rather to fear, answer'd *Gonsalvo*, that I have lessen'd the good Opinion you had of me, in letting you see how easily I was deceiv'd. But I was young; and was ignorant of the Frauds of a Court, and incapable of practising them; I had never lov'd any but *Nugna Bella*, and my Love for her made me think our Passions cou'd never expire; so that I had no manner of Distrust either concerning my Friendship or Love. You can never secure yourself, reply'd *Alphonso*, from being deceiv'd, but by being naturally suspicious; your Suspicions also, tho' ever so well founded, wou'd have seem'd unjust, because the Persons who deceiv'd you, never gave you an Occasion of Diffidence before, and manag'd their Deceit so dextrously, that Reason did not allow one to suspect them. Let us talk no more, said *Gonsalvo*, of my past Misfortunes, I am sensible of them no longer; *Zayde* has made me forget them, and I wonder I have been able to repeat them to you so exactly. But remember, I never thought I cou'd have been touch'd by one, whose Mind was any way engag'd; and yet I admire *Zayde*, of whom I know nothing but that she is beautiful,

ful, and is prepossess'd in favour of another. Since I have been deceiv'd in my Opinion of *Nugna Bella*, whom I knew, what can I expect from *Zayde*, to whom I am a Stranger? But what wou'd I expect from her, and what Pretensions can I have? She is utterly unknown to me; an Accident has cast her upon this Shore, and she is impatient to be gone. I cannot detain her handsomly, nor with Justice. If I shou'd keep her here, shou'd I be more happy? I shou'd see her every Day lamenting the Man she loves, and calling him to mind when she looks upon me. Ah! *Alphonso*, what an evil is Jealousy! Ah! *Don Garcia*, thou wast in the right, there are no Passions but those which strike us at once, and rush on us suddenly by Surprise. All others are voluntary Engagements which we freely bring upon our selves. A real Inclination seizes us in our own Despite; and my Love to *Zayde* is a Torrent which hurries me on, without giving me a Moment's time to oppose it. But *Alphonso*, added he, I have made you waste the Night thus far in hearing my Troubles, and it is but just I shou'd now leave you to your Repose.

HERE *Alphonso* withdrew to his Chamber, and *Gonsalvo* pass'd the rest of the Night without Sleep. The next Day *Zayde* seem'd very eager to find what she lately search'd after, but her Care was all in vain. *Gonsalvo* never left her; a thousand times a Day he forgot she cou'd not understand him, nor return an Answer; and ask'd her the Reason of her Concern, with the same Tenderness and Fear to offend, as if she understood him. But when he recollected himself, and saw she cou'd make him no Reply, he endeavour'd to relieve his Mind, by saying to her all that his Passion inspir'd.

I love you, beautiful *Zayde*, said he, gazing upon her; I love you, I adore you, and have at least the Pleasure of telling you so, without provoking your Displeasure. All your Actions convince me, such a Declaration wou'd certainly offend you; but the Lover you lament has undoubtedly talk'd to you of his Love, and you have frequently
given

given him your Ear. I wish, charming *Zayde*, you cou'd resolve my Suspicions.

WHILE he was speaking, she turn'd several times to *Felima* with Surprise, as if to make her observe that Personal Resemblance which always drew her Regard. This was such an Affliction to *Gonsalvo*, to think he put her in mind of his Rival, that he wou'd willingly have parted with his Beauty and graceful Mein, not to have had such a Likeness; and it troubled him so deeply, that he cou'd scarcely have the Heart to appear in her Sight, chusing rather to be depriv'd of seeing her, than to reflect to her the Image of the Man she lov'd. And whenever she seem'd to look kindly upon him, he cou'd not bear it, because he fancy'd it was not design'd to him. He left her, and pass'd several Afternoons in the Wood; but still when he came back, she express'd a greater Coldness and Disturbance than usual. At length he fancy'd also he perceiv'd a certain Inequality in her manner of treating him; but as he cou'd not divine the Cause, he thought her Uneasiness at being in a strange Place, occasion'd these Alterations of Humour. However, he plainly discern'd that her first Dejection began to abate. *Felima* was more sorrowful than *Zayde*; but her Sorrow was always the same: She seem'd perfectly overwhelm'd, and to desire nothing but to be alone, and indulge her Grief. *Alphonso* often spoke of it to *Gonsalvo* with wonder, and thought it strange so excessive a Melancholy had not impair'd her Beauty. But *Gonsalvo* minded only to please *Zayde*, and entertain her with the Diversions of Walking, Hunting, and Fishing. She also contriv'd various Amusements, and busied herself several Days in working a Bracelet of her own Hair, and having finish'd it, she put it on with all the Eagerness which a new-finish'd Work naturally occasions. The first Day she wore it, she happen'd to drop it in the Wood. *Gonsalvo*, who saw her walk out, went to see after her, and as he pass'd along the same Path, found the Bracelet, and presently knew whose it was. The finding it gave him a sensible Joy.

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It wou'd have been a higher Pleasure indeed to receive it from the Hands of *Zayde*; but as that was what he cou'd never expect, he thought himself happy in owing it to Chance. *Zayde* having now perceiv'd her Loss, came back to look for it in the Place where she had been walking. She gave *Gonsalvo* to understand what she had dropp'd, who express'd a Concern; but as sorry as he was to make her uneasy, he cou'd not bear to restore a Thing he so dearly priz'd. He pretended therefore to assist her in searching for it, and at last persuaded her to look no longer in vain. As soon as he came into his Chamber, he kiss'd the Bracelet a thousand times, and fasten'd to it a Buckle of Jewels of a considerable Value. Sometimes he took a Walk before *Zayde* was stirring, and when he thought himself in a Place where no Eye was upon him, he wou'd unbind the Bracelet to view it the better.

ONE Morning as he was thus employ'd, and sat upon a Rock which ran out into the Sea, he heard somebody coming towards him; and looking back in haste, was surpriz'd to see it was *Zayde*. He strove all he cou'd to hide the Bracelet; but was not nimble enough to prevent her discerning he had convey'd something out of Sight. He fancied she had seen it, and observ'd such a Coldness and Dislike in her Countenance, that he made no Question but she was angry at his not having return'd her the Bracelet. He did not dare to look upon her, and was afraid she signify'd that she desir'd to have it again, and he had not the Power to resolve himself. She seem'd sad and perplex'd, and without heeding *Gonsalvo*, sat down upon the Rock, and turn'd her Face to the Sea. Before she was aware, the Wind blew away a Vail she had in her Hand; *Gonsalvo* started up to recover it, and in rising let fall the Bracelet; he cou'd not take it up for fear it had been seen; *Zayde* turn'd about at *Gonsalvo*'s Noise, and spying her Bracelet, snatch'd it up before he perceiv'd it. He was extremely troubled when he saw it in her Hands, both from Despair of getting it again, and from an Apprehension

sion of her Resentment. However, he encourag'd himself, seeing her no longer appear disturb'd or fretted, but on the contrary with an Air of Sweetness; and was no less touch'd with the Hope he receiv'd from her Countenance, than he had been the Moment before with the Dread of having displeas'd her. She view'd with Admiration the Beauty of the Buckle of Jewels, and having view'd it, took it off, and gave it to *Gonsalvo*, and kept the Bracelet. When *Gonsalvo* saw *Zayde* had given him back only the Jewels, he turn'd to the Sea, and cast the Buckle into the Water with a fixed melancholic Look, as if he had dropp'd it by Chance. *Zayde* cry'd out, and ran to see if it cou'd not be recover'd; but he shew'd her it was impossible; and to prevent her musing long upon what he had done, he gave her his Hand to lead her down from the Place where they stood. They went along without minding each other, and insensibly fell into the Path to *Alphonso's* House, and were in such mutual Confusion, that they seem'd to wish to be asunder.

WHEN *Gonsalvo* was return'd to his Chamber, he began to consider his Adventure. Tho' *Zayde* had not shewn so much Anger as he expected, he fancy'd the Joy of finding the Bracelet had remov'd her former Uneasiness; which displeas'd him as much. Whatever Desire he had to get the Bracelet again, he thought he shou'd offend *Zayde* if he discover'd it, and this fill'd him with all the Grief which arises from Love, when it is without Hope. All the Consolation he had was to complain to *Alphonso*, and to blame himself for his Weakness in loving *Zayde*.

YOU accuse your self unjustly, said *Alphonso* to him sometimes, it is no easy thing to defend one's self in the middle of a Desert, against a Beauty so great as that of *Zayde*. It is as much as you cou'd do in the middle of a Court, where other Beauties wou'd give you a Diversion, or Ambition at least wou'd divide your Heart. But can a Man love, answer'd *Gonsalvo*, without Hope? And how can I hope to be lov'd again, since I cannot even tell her that I love? How shall I persuade her, if I cannot tell her
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of it? What Actions of mine can assure *Zayde* in a Place where I see no other, and where I have not the Power of making her know it, that I prefer her to others? How can I efface his Idea in her Mind whom she loves? This is to be done only by making my Person appear agreeable; and it is my ill Fortune that my Face revives in her the Remembrance of her Lover. Ah, my dear *Alphonso*, do not flatter me; I have certainly forfeited my Reason in loving *Zayde*; in loving her so much as I do, and not remembering at the same time I have lov'd another, and have been deceiv'd. I believe, said *Alphonso*, that you never lov'd any other, because you never knew Jealousy, 'till since you have lov'd *Zayde*. I had no Cause given me, reply'd *Gonsalvo*, to be jealous of *Nugna Bella*, she understood the Art of deceiving me so well. A Man is jealous without Cause, said *Alphonso*, when he is thoroughly in Love. You find it by your own Experience; reflect upon the Grief you feel, when you see *Zayde* in Tears; and consider how Jealousy has made you imagine she weeps for a Lover, rather than a Brother. I am convinced too well, answer'd *Gonsalvo*, that I love *Zayde* far more than I lov'd *Nugna Bella*. The Ambition of the last, and her Application to the Prince's Affairs, had often cool'd my Love; but all that I see in *Zayde* which displeases me, as the Suspicion that she loves another, and my not knowing her Heart or her Sentiments, cannot weaken my Passion. But *Alphonso*, in loving *Zayde* so far beyond *Nugna Bella*, I am still guilty of a greater Madness. The Success of my Love to *Nugna Bella*, I confess was barbarous; yet every Man who loves may have the like. I did not love her blindly; I knew her; she lov'd no other; I pleas'd her; I was able to marry her: But *Zayde*, *Alphonso*, but *Zayde*, who is she? What Pretensions have I here? And except her admirable Beauty which will excuse me, does not every thing else condemn me of the highest Folly?

GONSALVO had frequently such Conversations with *Alphonso*: His Love encreas'd every Day; and he cou'd not for-

forbear speaking so earnestly with his Eyes, that he fancy'd he saw by those of *Zayde*, that she understood their Language; and sometimes he found her in a certain Perplexity, which wou'd not suffer him to doubt it. As she cou'd not make herself be understood by Words, it was by her Looks, in a manner, that she explain'd to *Gonsalvo* many of those things she wanted to communicate; but there was something so lovely and so passionate in her Looks, that they pierc'd *Gonsalvo* to the Soul. Beautiful *Zayde*, said he sometimes, is it thus you look upon those you do not love? What do you reserve then for that happy Lover, whom I have the Misfortune to bring to your Mind? If he had not been prevented by this Imagination, he wou'd not have thought himself so unfortunate; and the Actions of *Zayde* ought not to have persuaded him that she regarded him only with Indifference.

ONE Day he left her, and for a Moment walk'd by the Sea-side, after which he went towards a Fountain in a pleasant Part of the Wood, whither *Zayde* often resorted. As he came up to it, he heard a Sound, and looking thro' the Trees, saw *Zayde* sitting with *Felima*. The Surprizal of this Encounter gave *Gonsalvo* the same Joy, as if he had happen'd to meet her after a whole Year's Absence. He drew near the Place, and tho' he made Noise enough, she was so eager in Talking, that she never heard him. But when he stood before her she seem'd in the Confusion of a Person who had spoke aloud, and was afraid she was overheard, not remembring *Gonsalvo* cou'd not understand her. The Emotion this Disturbance occasion'd, in some sort heighten'd her Beauty; and *Gonsalvo*, who sat down by her, was in a Rapture, and threw himself suddenly at her Knees, with so much Passion, that it was not necessary to know his Words, to apprehend what he wou'd express. He thought she understood them too well; she blush'd, and making a Motion with her Hand, which seem'd to put him away, she rose up with a Cold Civility, as if it were to oblige him to kneel no longer in a Place

Place which might do him Hurt. *Alphonso* in the same Moment passing along the Walk, she went up to him, without turning her Eyes toward *Gonsalvo*, who continu'd fixt in his Posture, and had no Power to rise.

THIS, said he to himself, is the manner in which she treats me, when she does not regard me as the Picture of my Rival. You fix your Eyes upon me, lovely *Zayde*, with such Charms as might ravish the whole World, when my Face brings his to your Mind; but if I presume to shew I love you, then you not only give me Looks of Anger, but think me unworthy to be beheld. If at least I were able to make you understand that I know you lament a Lover I shou'd be happy, and my Jealousy, I own, wou'd be reveng'd by the Disturbance this wou'd cause you. Yes, I wou'd seem perswaded that you love somebody, in order to have the Joy of knowing from your self that you love none. Ah! *Zayde*, my Revenge is interested; and desires not so much to offend you, as to give you an Occasion of satisfying me.

THUS thinking, he took the Path which led to the House, in order to quit the Place where *Zayde* was, and to be alone in a Gallery which he often visited. He ponder'd there a long time, upon the means to make her know he suspected she lov'd another; but it was difficult to contrive them, this being a thing which cou'd not be comprehended without Words. After he had tir'd himself with Thinking and Walking, he was going out of the Gallery, when a Painter who was employ'd there upon some Pictures by *Alphonso*, press'd him very earnestly to view his Work. *Gonsalvo* wou'd fain have been excus'd, but not to disoblige him, he stop'd to look upon the Piece he had drawn. It was a large Picture in which *Alphonso* had caus'd him to represent the Sea as it appear'd from his Windows, and to render the Prospect the more entertaining, he made him paint it in a Storm. On one side were Vessels perishing in the midst of the Ocean, and on the other, Ships bulg'd against the Rocks; some of the Men were

were endeavouring to save themselves by Swimming; others were drown'd, and their Bodies cast ashore by the Waves upon the Sand. This Tempest put *Gonsalvo* in Mind of *Zayde's* Wreck, and of a Method to let her understand what he thought of her Affliction. He told the Painter he must add some Figures to the Piece, and represent at the Foot of one of the Rocks a beautiful Woman, leaning over the Corps of a dead Man stretch'd upon the Beach. She was to weep as she beheld him; and another Man was to be upon his Knees, striving to persuade her to leave the dead one. The Woman, without turning her Eyes towards him who was speaking to her, shou'd put him away with one of her Hands, and wipe her Tears with the other. The Painter promis'd *Gonsalvo* to follow his Directions, and began to design the Subject. *Gonsalvo* was satisfy'd, and begg'd him to use all the Application he cou'd; and then leaving the Gallery, went to find out *Zayde*; for in Despite of his Resentment, he cou'd not be absent from her long: But he was inform'd, that she had shut herself up in her Chamber, as soon as she came back from her Walk, and he could not see her the whole Day. He was griev'd and fretted, and fear'd she hid herself from him to punish him for what he had presum'd to intimate to her. The next Day she seem'd more serious than ordinary; but afterwards, she was as she us'd to be.

IN the mean time, the Painter proceeded upon what *Gonsalvo* had order'd, and *Gonsalvo* waited with Impatience 'till it was finish'd; and as soon as it was done, he led *Zayde* into the Gallery, as if to divert her with seeing the Painter work. At first he shew'd her the Pictures which were finish'd, and then caus'd her to view with Attention that of the Sea, which was now in hand. He pointed out to her the young Woman weeping over the dead Man, and when he found it engag'd her Eyes, and that she seem'd to know the Rock was that upon which she often walk'd, he took the Painter's Pencil, and wrote the Name *ZAYDE* under the Woman, and that of *THEODORIC* below

below the young Man upon his Knees. When *Zayde* read what he had wrote, she blush'd; and looking on him in Anger, snatch'd a Pencil and wip'd out the Figure of the dead Man, whom she rightly judg'd, *Gonsalvo* accus'd her of lamenting. Tho' he well knew he had displeas'd her, it was a wonderful Joy to him to see her expunge the Picture of Him whom he believ'd she lov'd: And tho' he might fancy this Action of *Zayde* was rather an Effect of her Displeasure, than a Proof of her not lamenting any one; yet he consider'd, that after the Love he had express'd to her, she did him an extraordinary Favour in being unwilling to let him believe she lov'd another. But the slender Hope this Reflection gave him, cou'd not entirely suppress his Fears.

ALPHONSO, who was blinded by no Passion, judg'd of the Sentiments of *Zayde*, very differently from *Gonsalvo*. I find, said he to him, that you were wrong in thinking your self unhappy. You are so, undoubtedly, in loving one whom in all Probability you cannot marry; but you are not unhappy in the Manner you imagin'd, for Appearances are very deceitful, if *Zayde* does not love you sincerely. It is true, answer'd *Gonsalvo*, if I may judge of her Sentiments by her Looks, I may flatter my self with some Hope. But, as I have told you, she looks on me for the Sake of that Resemblance, which creates me so much Jealousy. I don't know, reply'd *Alphonso*, whether your Notion of this Matter is exactly true; but if I were in his Place whom you believe she laments, I shou'd not be easy, that my Likeness made her behold any other Person with such favourable Eyes; nor is it possible the Idea of another should produce those Sentiments which *Zayde* has towards you.

HOPE is natural to Lovers; if some of *Zayde's* Actions had kindled it in *Gonsalvo* before, this Discourse of *Alphonso* blew it into a Flame. He thought now that he saw *Zayde* did not hate him, and this gave him an uncommon Joy; but his Joy did not continue long. He fancy'd he ow'd all the Regard she shew'd him, to his Resemblance

of

of his Rival; and that having lost a Man whom she highly lov'd, she had a Tenderneſs for another who was like him. His Love, his Jealouſy and his Honour cou'd not approve an Inclination, which did not ariſe originally from himſelf, but from an Affection ſhe had firſt had for another. Tho' *Zayde* lov'd him, he ſuppos'd ſhe only lov'd his Rival in him; in ſhort, he perceiv'd he ſhou'd be unhappy, tho' he were even aſſur'd of being lov'd. However he cou'd not but diſcern with Pleaſure in the Manner of this beautiful Stranger's Behaviour, an Air very different from what ſhe had formerly ſhewn; and the Paſſion he had for her was ſo violent, that whatever he believ'd was the Occaſion of thoſe Marks of Inclination, it was impoſſible not to receive them with Transport.

ONE Day, when the Weather was very fine, ſeeing ſhe did not ſtir out of her Chamber, he went thither to know if ſhe would not take a Walk. She was writing; and tho' he made a Noiſe at entering the Room, he came up to her without being perceiv'd, and ſtood to obſerve what ſhe wrote. She turn'd her Head by chance, and ſeeing *Gonſalvo*, bluſh'd, and hid the Writing, with an Emotion, which gave *Gonſalvo* no little Trouble; for he preſum'd ſhe cou'd not be ſo deeply engag'd, and ſo ſurpriz'd, about a Letter which had nothing myſterious in it. This Thought made him uneaſy: he withdrew, and ſought for *Alphonſo* to reaſon with him about an Adventure, which fill'd him with Imaginations extremely different from what he had had 'till then. Having look'd after him for ſome time, and not finding him, at once a fit of Jealouſy carry'd him back to *Zayde's* Apartment; he went in, but ſhe was not there, being retir'd into a Cloſet with *Felima*. He ſaw a written Paper lying upon the Table half-folded, and cou'd not reſiſt his Curioſity to look into it; he open'd it, not queſtioning but it was the ſame he ſaw *Zayde* writing juſt before. In the Paper he found the Bracelet of Hair, ſhe had lately recover'd from him, and as he was holding that and the Paper in his Hand, ſhe came in, and ran directly to

to him to take them away: *Gonsalvo* drew some Steps backwards, as if he design'd to keep them, but with a submissive Gesture, as entreating her Leave to do it. *Zayde* gave him to understand, she wou'd have them from him, and with an Air of so much Authority, that it was impossible for a Man so in Love not to obey. It was with the utmost Pain however, that he restor'd to her a thing which he believ'd she intended for another. He cou'd not conquer his Concern, but rush'd hastily out of that Chamber, and retir'd to his own. He found *Alphonso* there, who was come to see for him, having heard the other had been enquiring after him. When they were seated; I am much more unhappy, my dear *Alphonso*, said he, than I thought: This Rival, whom I am jealous of, tho' I believ'd him dead, yet is certainly not dead: I have just now catch'd *Zayde* writing to him: I saw the Bracelet she took from me; she is sending it to him, and therefore she must have heard News of him; and must have some Body in secret to carry him News from her: In a Word, all my Hopes of Success were imaginary, and proceeded from my misinterpreting *Zayde's* Actions. She had Reason to blot out the Image of a dead Man, whom I shew'd her she was lamenting, because she knew He for whom she shed her Tears, was living. She had Reason to be so displeas'd at seeing the Bracelet in my Hands, and so joyful at recovering it, since she had made it for another. Ah! *Zayde*, it is cruel to suffer me to hope; for in Truth, you suffer me, and your lovely Eyes do not forbid it. *Gonsalvo's* Grief was so great, that he could scarcely pronounce these Words. *Alphonso*, having given him time to compose himself, desir'd he wou'd inform him how he came to know what he had now related, and whether *Zayde* had in a Moment found Means to make herself understood. Upon which *Gonsalvo* told him the Confusion she was in, when he surpriz'd her in Writing; how he found the Bracelet in the Paper she had writ; and how she forced it out of his Hands. In short, *Alphonso*, said he, one is never

ver troubled so for an indifferent Letter : *Zayde* has no Correspondents here, nor any Affairs; nor can she write with such Earnestness, but concerning what passes in her own Heart, and it was not to me that she wrote : What now wou'd you have me think, concerning that which I have seen? I wou'd not have you, reply'd *Alphonso*, imagine Things so improbable, and which give you so much Pain. Because *Zayde* blush'd, when you surpriz'd her in Writing, you believe she was writing to your Rival; and for my part, I believe she loves you enough to blush every time you come in upon her by Surprise. Perhaps she wrote what you saw, with no other Design than to divert herself; she did not leave it with you, because it signify'd nothing, since you cou'd not understand it; and if she took the Bracelet from you, I own, I do not wonder at it; and tho' I am satisfy'd she loves you, I believe her prudent enough not to be willing to give a Bracelet of her own Hair to a Man perfectly unknown. But I do not apprehend what Reasons you have to conclude she designs to send it to another. We have scarcely been from her since she came hither; no Body has spoken to her, and they who had Opportunity for it, do not understand her Language. How can you suppose then she can have receiv'd News from this Lover you are so jealous of, and have sent him Intelligence from her? I confess, said *Gonsalvo*, I torment myself more than I shou'd; but the Uncertainty I am in is an insupportable Condition. The Uncertainties of others are indifferent; they believe they are lov'd more or less, whereas I am toss'd from the Hope that *Zayde* loves me, to the Thought that she loves another; and am never assur'd for one Moment, whether what I see in her ought to render me happy or miserable. *Alphonso*, continu'd he, you take a Pleasure in deceiving me; say what you will, it was to a Lover only she was writing; and I shou'd be happy, if (after what I have seen) I cou'd be in that Uncertainty which I complain'd of as the greatest Misfortune. *Alphonso*, gave him so many Reasons to persuade him his

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Inquietude had no Foundation, that at last he in a manner made him easy; and *Zayde*, who was going to walk out, compleated his Peace; for seeing them at a distance, she came towards them with so much Sweetness, and with a Look so winning to *Gonsalvo*, that she dissipated a great Part of those terrible Anxieties she had rais'd in his Mind before.

THE Time he had appointed for her Departure, which was when the Ships sail'd from *Tarragona* to *Africk*, began to approach, and struck him with a mortal Sorrow. He cou'd not resolve to let her go, and as unjust as it was to detain her, he needed all his Reason and his Virtue to forbear it. I shall now deprive myself, said he to *Alphonso*, of *Zayde* for ever. This will be a Farewel without Hope of a Return. I shall not know in what Part of the World to seek her! She designs to go to *Africk*; but she is no *African*; and I am ignorant in what Country she was born. I will follow her, *Alphonso*, tho' in following her I never hope for the Happiness of finding her; tho' I know her Virtue, and the Customs of *Africk* will not permit me to be near her Person, I will go at least to end my miserable Life in the Place where she inhabits, and there will be Sweetness in breathing the same Air. I am a Wretch who no longer have a Country of my own; Chance has kept me here, and Love shall carry me away.

GONSALVO stood fix'd in his Resolution, notwithstanding any Pains *Alphonso* took to divert him from it. He was more uneasy than ever at not being able to understand *Zayde*, nor be understood by her; and reflecting upon the Letter he had seen her write, he fancy'd it was writ in Greek Characters; and tho' he was not certain of it, his Impatience to be inform'd, put him upon going to *Tarragona*. to meet with some body who knew that Language. He had sent thither several times to procure an Interpreter; but not being sure what Language it was *Zayde* spoke, he cou'd not direct the Messengers what Country-man to ask for; those he employ'd on this Errand therefore not succeeding,

ceeding, he now resolv'd to go thither himself. It was a difficult Undertaking; because he must thereby expose himself in a large Town to the Hazard of being known, and must leave *Zayde*: But his Desire to be able to converse with her made him neglect all these Considerations. He endeavour'd to make her understand, that he was going to seek an Interpreter, and disguising himself as well as he could, he went to *Tarragona*, and repairing to the Quarter where the Foreigners were, found a great Number; but their Language was not that of *Zayde*: He enquir'd if there was no one who understood the *Greek* Tongue; the Person he spoke to, answer'd in *Spanish*, he belong'd to one of the Islands of *Greece*. *Gonsalvo* desir'd him to speak his Tongue; he did, and *Gonsalvo* knew it was the same as *Zayde*'s. By good Luck his Affairs not confining him to *Tarragona*, he agreed to accompany *Gonsalvo*, who gave him a Premium beyond his Wishes. They set out the next Morning by Break of Day, and *Gonsalvo* esteem'd himself more happy in having an Interpreter, than if he had won the Crown of *Leon*.

WHILE they were travelling, he began to inform himself in the Language; the first Words he learned were, *I love you*; and when he thought he shou'd be able to speak to *Zayde*, and that she wou'd understand him, he believ'd he shou'd be miserable no more. He arriv'd early at *Alphonso*'s House, and met him taking the Air, and imparting to him his Joy, ask'd where *Zayde* was. She had gone out a pretty while ago, *Alphonso* told him, to walk by the Sea-side. *Gonsalvo* hasten'd thither with his Interpreter, and went directly to the Rock where she us'd to be; he wonder'd she was not there; however he was not much alarm'd, but pursu'd his Search as far as to the Harbour, which she sometimes resorted to, and then return'd to the House, and from thence to the Wood; and all in vain. He sent to every Place where he thought she might be, and not finding her, began to presage his Misfortune. Night came on without his being able to get any Tidings; he

he was frantick at his Loss, and fearing some unhappy Accident, blam'd himself for having left her, and was afflicted beyond Expression. He rang'd about the Fields all Night with Torches, and tho' he had no Hope to meet her again, he wou'd not give over seeking; he call'd several times at the Fishermen's Hutts, to ask if they had seen her, and cou'd hear no News. But in the Morning, two Women who were returning from the Cottage where they had lain the Night before, inform'd him that as they left their Hovel, they perceiv'd at a Distance *Zayde* and *Felima* walking by the Sea-side; that in the mean while a Sloop arriv'd upon the Coast, out of which some Men came ashore; that *Zayde* and *Felima* were gone a good Way off, but the Men calling out to them, they presently turn'd back, and after they had talk'd together a great while, and shew'd by their Actions they were well enough pleas'd to see them, they went on board the Sloop, and put out to Sea.

GONSALVO, at this, look'd upon *Alphonso* in such a manner, as express'd his Grief much more than any Words cou'd do. *Alphonso* was at a Loss what to say to comfort him. When the Company was all withdrawn, *Gonsalvo* breaking Silence, I have lost *Zayde*, said he, and have lost her in the Moment when I was able to make myself understood. I have lost her, *Alphonso*, and it is her Lover has carry'd her away, as you may easily perceive by what these Women have told us. For Fortune wou'd not leave me ignorant of the only thing, which cou'd inflame my Sorrow for the Loss of *Zayde*. I have lost her for ever; she is in the Hands of a Rival, and of a Rival whom she loves: It was to him undoubtedly, that she wrote the Letter I saw; and the Design of it was to let him know the Place where he shou'd meet her. This is too much; this is too much; my Misfortunes would suffice to make many miserable. Indeed I sink under them, and after having abandon'd every Thing, cannot bear to be tortur'd more in the Depth of a Desert, than I was in the

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the Middle of a Court: Yes, *Alphonso*, cry'd he, I am more wretched by the Loss of *Zayde* than I was by all the Losses I ever sustain'd; Is it possible I cannot hope to see *Zayde* again? If I knew at least whether I had pleas'd her, or whether I was only indifferent to her, my Calamity wou'd not be so insupportable; and I shou'd understand what kind of Grief I ought to embrace: But, if I have pleas'd *Zayde*, can I think of forgetting her; and ought I not to spend my Life in travelling the whole World to find her; and if she loves another, ought I not then to exert all my Endeavours to drive her from my Mind? Pity me, *Alphonso*; try to make me believe that *Zayde* lov'd me, or persuade me I am indifferent to her. What, continu'd he, if *Zayde* shou'd love me, and I shou'd never see her more! This wou'd be a Misfortune beyond being hated by her. But it is impossible I shou'd be unhappy, if *Zayde* loves me. Alas! I was just coming to know her the very Moment I have lost her, and whatever Care she had taken to disguise herself, I shou'd now have discover'd her Mind; I shou'd have found out the Cause of all her Tears, I shou'd have learn'd her Country, her Fortune, and her Adventures, and have understood whether I ought to follow her, and where to seek her.

ALPHONSO cou'd make him no Reply, not being able to determine what to answer, in order to assuage his Sorrow. But having represented that he was not then in a proper Condition of Mind to take a Resolution, and that he shou'd summon in his Reason to help him to support his Misfortunes, he oblig'd him to go back with him to his House. As soon as *Gonsalvo* was in his Chamber, he call'd for his Interpreter, to explain some Words which he remember'd had been us'd to *Zayde*. The Interpreter explain'd several, and among them those which *Zayde* had often spoke to *Felima*, when she look'd upon him. He explain'd them so, that *Gonsalvo* was certain he was not deceiv'd, in believing she spoke of some Resemblance, and no longer doubted it was *Zayde's* Lover whom he resembled.

Upon this he sent for the Women who had seen her go away, to know of them, if among the Men who carried her off, there was not one very like himself. But he could not satisfy his Curiosity; for the Women were too far off, when they saw them, to distinguish any Features, they only said there was one whom *Zayde* embraced. *Gonsalvo* could not hear these Words without abandoning himself to Despair, and resolving to seek out *Zayde*, and kill her Lover before her Eyes. *Alphonso* set before him the Injustice and Impossibility of his Design; that he had no Right over *Zayde*; that she was engag'd with this Lover before she had seen him; that perhaps he was her Husband; that he knew not in what Part of the World to look for her; and if he found her, it would probably be in a Place where his Rival wou'd have too much Authority for him to execute what his Rage prompted him to undertake. What wou'd you have me do then? reply'd *Gonsalvo*; d'ye think it possible I can live in the Condition I am now in? I I wou'd have you, said *Alphonso*, bear this which is a Calamity relating to Love only, as you have already borne the Evils which belong'd both to Love and Fortune. My having endur'd so much, cry'd *Gonsalvo*, makes me that I can bear no more: I will go seek out *Zayde*, to know from herself that she loves another, and dye at her Feet. Yet no; I will not; added he: I shou'd deserve my Misery, if I went to seek her, after she has left me in such a manner. The Respect, and even Adoration, I paid her, might have mov'd her at least to tell me of her going. Acquaintance alone might have oblig'd her to that; and since she did it not, she must have added Contempt to Indifference. I flatter'd myself too much, when I imagin'd she did not hate me, and ought never to think of following her. No; I will not follow you, *Zayde*. I yield to your Arguments, *Alphonso*, and see I have nothing to do, but to finish, as soon as I can, the Remainder of a miserable Life.

HE seem'd fix'd in this Resolution, which something quieted his Spirits; but his Melancholy was such notwithstanding, that it mov'd Compassion; he spent whole Days in the Places where he had seen *Zayde*, as if he were looking after her there. He kept his Interpreter to teach him the *Greek* Tongue; and tho' he was persuaded he shou'd see *Zayde* no more, it was a Pleasure to him to know if he were to see her, he was able to understand her. In a short time he learn'd that which cost others several Years. But when this Employment was at an end, which had a sort of Relation to *Zayde*, he was more dejected than before.

HE often reflected upon the Severity of his Fate; which after it had overwhelm'd him with so many Troubles at *Leon*, made him feel one incomparably more touching, in depriving him of the Person, who was dearer alone to him than the Fortune, the Friend, and the Mistress he had lost. As he was observing this unhappy Difference between his past Distresses and the present, the Promise he made *Don Olmond* to let him hear from him, came into his Mind; and as painful as it was to think on any thing but *Zayde*, he judg'd he ow'd this Token of Gratitude to a Man, who had express'd so great a Friendship to him. He wou'd not inform him exactly of the Place where he was; and only sent to desire he wou'd write to *Tarragona*, that his Retreat was not far off; that he was now without Ambition, and had no more Resentment against *Don Garcia*, nor Hatred to *Ramirez*, nor Love for *Nugna Bella*, and yet that he was more wretched than when he left *Leon*.

ALPHONSO was mov'd to the Heart at *Gonsalvo's* Condition; he was never from him, and attempted all he cou'd to moderate his Affliction. You have lost *Zayde*, said he; and as unhappy as you are, there is one sort of Infelicity, at least, of which you are ignorant. To be the Cause of your own Disasters, is an Unhappiness you have never known, and is what will torture me eternally. If it

will be any Consolation, pursu'd he, to learn by my Example, that you may still be more unfortunate than you are, I am willing to recite to you the Accidents of my Life, whatever Grief the sad Remembrance of them may give me. *Gonsalvo* cou'd not forbear shewing such a Desire to know what had oblig'd him to confine himself to a Desert, that to answer his Curiosity, and convince him he was the more miserable of the two, *Alphonso* thus began the History of his Troubles.



The History of Alphonso and Belafire.



YOU know, Sir, that I am call'd *Alphonso Ximenes*; and that my Family has some Lustre in *Spain*, by being descended from the first Kings of *Navarre*. As I design only to make a Relation of my last Misfortunes, I will not present you with an Account of my whole Life. Several Passages in it were remarkable enough; but since, 'till the Time I am speaking of, I had been unhappy merely by the Fault of others, and not my own, I shall pass them over, and only say, I have experienced an Anguish equal to any thing which the Treachery and Inconstancy of Women is able to inflict. I was far from designing to love any Woman, and thought such Engagements very uneasy; and tho' there were a great many Beauties in the Court, who wou'd have been pleas'd with me, I had only that Respect for them which is due to the Sex. My Father, who was then living, wish'd to see me marry'd, from the Chimera, which is so common to most People, of desiring to keep up their Name.

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I had no Aversion to Marriage; but my Knowledge of the Women made me resolve never to marry a Beauty; and after having suffer'd so much by Jealousy, I had no mind to run the Hazard of feeling that of the Lover and of the Husband together. I was in this Disposition, when my Father told me one Day, that *Belafire*, the Daughter of the Count of *Guevarre*, was come to Court: That she was very considerable, both on account of her Fortune and her Birth, and that he was ambitious to have her for a Daughter-in-Law. His Wish, I answer'd, was in vain; for I had heard of *Belafire* before, and knew no body had ever been able to please her; that I knew also she was handsome, which was enough to make me have no Thought of marrying her. He ask'd me, whether I had seen her; I answer'd, that all the times of her coming to Court I was abroad in the Army, and I knew her only by Report. I desire you will see her then, said he; and if I were as certain of your being able to please her, as I am she will induce you to change your Resolution of never marrying a handsome Woman, I shou'd have no doubt of your making her your own.

A few Days after I found *Belafire* with the Queen: I desir'd her Name, not questioning, but it was she; and she ask'd me mine, believing also that I was *Alphonso*. We both of us guess'd what we had enquir'd, and readily gave one another our right Names, and talk'd together with a freer Air, than became us in a first Conversation. I found *Belafire*'s Person extremely charming, and her Wit far beyond what I had imagin'd. I was asham'd, I told her, not to have known her sooner; but I shou'd be very glad to know her no longer, being sensible how extravagant it was to dream of pleasing her, and how difficult not to desire it; adding, that as hard as it was to come at her Heart, I shou'd certainly form such a Design, if she ever ceas'd to be handsome; but while she continu'd as she was, I wou'd not undertake it for my Life. I begg'd her also to assure me flatly, that it was impossible to gain her

Love, lest a false Hope shou'd betray me to alter my Resolution of never making my Addresses to a beautiful Woman.

THIS Conversation, which had something unusual in it, happen'd to please *Belafire*. She spoke very favourably of me, and I spoke of her as of a Person in whom I found a certain Amiability and Merit superior to other Women. I enquir'd with the utmost Care who were her Admirers, and was inform'd the Count *de Lare* had been in Love with her violently, that his Passion had continu'd a long time, that he was kill'd in the Army, having thrown himself headlong into Danger, after he had lost all Expectation of marrying her. I was told also several others had try'd the Experiment, but in vain; and that it was now given over as a thing which every one was persuaded cou'd never be accomplish'd. This Impossibility, I have mention'd, made me apprehend a mighty Pleasure to myself in surmounting it. I had no Design however to attempt it; but I saw *Belafire* as often as I could; and as the Court of *Navarre* is not so rigid as that of *Leon*, I easily found Opportunities.

THERE had yet been nothing serious between us; I spoke to her with a Smile, of the Separation we were under from one another, and of the Joy I shou'd have if she were to change her Face and her Sentiments. I thought my Conversation did not offend her, and that she was pleas'd with my Wit, because she found I was sufficiently convinced of hers. As she had a Confidence in me, which allow'd me a perfect Liberty of Speech, I entreated her to let me know the Reasons of her refusing so inflexibly those who had address'd her. I will answer you sincerely, said she, I was born with an Aversion to Marriage, the Bonds of it always seem'd too severe. I thought it was only a precipitate Passion which cou'd blind People so far, as to neglect the Reasons which are against so troublesome an Engagement: You wou'd not marry, added she, for Love; and for my Part I do not comprehend how one

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can marry without Love, and without a Love vehement and extreme; and I am so far from having a Passion, that I never had so much as the least Inclination for any one. If I am not marry'd therefore, *Alphonso*, it is because I never lov'd. How, Madam, reply'd I, did no body ever please you? Did your Heart never receive an Impression? Was it never mov'd at the Name and the Sight of those who ador'd you? No, said she, I am a Stranger to all Sentiments of Love. But not of Jealousy surely, cry'd I; Yes, even of Jealousy, said she. Ah, Madam, answer'd I, if it is so, I am convinced you never had an Inclination for any. It is true, said she, no one ever pleas'd me, nor have I found a Temper which was engaging, or agreed with mine.

I don't know what effect *Belafire's* Words might have upon me, or whether I was not already in Love with her without perceiving it; but the Idea of a Heart like hers, which had never been affected, carry'd in it something so new and charming, that I was struck, this very Moment, with an Ambition to acquire the Glory of touching a Mind, which all the World believ'd insensible. I was no longer the Man, who had begun a Conversation without Design; I ran over in my Thoughts all she had told me; and fancy'd that when she said she never found a Person who pleas'd her, I saw by her Eyes she excepted me: In short, I had Hope enough to sooth me into Love, and from this Time I became more impassion'd of *Belafire*, than I had ever been of any one beside.

I will not repeat how I adventur'd first to let her know I lov'd her. As I had always convers'd with her in a Vein of Rallery, it was not easy to change my Manner, and speak in earnest. However, this gave me room to say Things, which I cou'd not otherwise have presum'd to mention till after a long Preparation. Thus I lov'd *Belafire*, and was happy enough to please her; but not to persuade her that I lov'd her. She had a natural Distrust of Men; and tho' she had a higher Esteem of me than

of any other, and consequently more than I deserv'd, she did not give Credit to my Words. Her Deportment towards me; however, was intirely different from that of other Women; and there was something so noble in her, and so sincere, that it surpriz'd me. It was not long before she confess'd the Inclination she had for me, and even acquainted me with the Advance I had gain'd in her Heart; and as she conceal'd Nothing which was to my Advantage, she also told me that which was otherwise. She did not believe, she said, that I lov'd her truly; and 'till she was better convinced of it, she wou'd never consent to marry me.

I cou'd not express my Joy at this wonderful Success, and to see the Embarrassment and Trouble she was involv'd in, by a Passion hitherto unknown. How transporting was it to know the Confusion *Belafire* was under, to find she was no longer Mistress of herself, and that she had Sentiments in her Breast which she cou'd not controul. I felt a Rapture in this Beginning beyond Imagination; and he who never tasted the Pleasure of kindling an extravagant Passion in a Heart, which had not experienced the gentlest Impression before, may justly say he is a Stranger to the true Pleasures of Love. If I had an exquisite Delight in discovering *Belafire's* Tenderness to me, her doubting my Love, and the Impossibility I thought there was of satisfying her of it, gave me extreme Disturbance. This Inquietude brought fresh into my Mind the Opinion I had always entertain'd concerning Marriage; I was plunging. I saw, into the Misfortunes I had so much fear'd, and shou'd not be able to convince *Belafire* that I lov'd her; or if I did, and if she had a real Affection for me, I shou'd yet be expos'd to the Unhappiness of having her Love decline. Marriage, said I, will lessen her Passion, and she will love me only out of Duty; and perhaps she may fancy another: In a word, I represented to my self the Misery of Jealousy in such a manner, that as much as I admir'd *Belafire*, I resolv'd to press the Thing no farther, and prefer'd
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the Trouble of living without her, to that of living with her and not being lov'd.

BELASIRE was soon in the same Perplexities of Mind as myself: We open'd our Thoughts freely to each other, and talk'd about the Reasons we had never to become related. Several times we resolv'd to break off our Acquaintance, and took Leave with a Design to execute our Resolution; but our Resolution was so weak, and our Inclination so strong, that the Moment we parted, we thought of nothing but how to meet again. After a long wavering on either side, I remov'd *Belasire's* Scruples, and she quieted mine; she promis'd to consent to our Marriage, as soon as those upon whom we depended had settled the necessary Measures. Before it cou'd be finish'd, her Father was oblig'd to leave the Court, being sent to the Frontiers by the King, to sign a Treaty with the *Moors*; and we were forced to wait his Return. In the mean time I was the happiest Man in the World; I regarded nothing but *Belasire*; I lov'd her passionately, and admir'd her beyond all Women, and thought I was at the Point of possessing her for ever.

I visited her with all the Freedom of a Man, who was shortly to be her Husband: When one Day my evil Genius put me upon desiring of her the History of the Steps her former Lovers had taken to gain her Favour; because it wou'd be a Pleasure to me, to see the Difference between her Behaviour towards them and towards myself. She repeated their Names, and told me all the Methods they had pursu'd; adding, that those who persever'd the longest, were those she most dislik'd; and that the Count *de Lare*, who had lov'd her to his Death, never pleas'd her at all. I know not why; but after I heard this, I had more Curiosity about the Count than about all the others. His extraordinary Constancy struck my Mind; and I begg'd her to relate every Particular which pass'd between them: She did; and tho' she said nothing which cou'd give me Offence, a Kind of Jealousy sprung up in my Heart. I per-

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ceiv'd, that if she had express'd no Affection for him, yet she had shewn at least a wonderful Esteem; and I suspected she had not declar'd all her Sentiments concerning him. I wou'd not speak my Thoughts, but withdrew in more Disturbance than usual. I slept little, and had no Rest 'till I saw her again the next Day, and made her repeat the Story. It was impossible she shou'd have mention'd at first all the Circumstances of a Passion which had continu'd several Years; accordingly she told me Things now, which she omitted before, and which I believ'd she had conceal'd out of Design. I ask'd her a thousand Questions, and intreated her upon my Knees to answer them sincerely: But tho' her Answers were such as I wou'd have wish'd, I fancy'd they were only fram'd to humour me; and if she told me some Things which were in favour of the Count, I concluded she kept many more conceal'd; in short, Jealousy with all its Horrors took Possession of my Soul. I now suffer'd her to have no Rest; I cou'd no longer talk to her of Love; all my Conversation ran upon the Count *de Lare*, and I was out of my Wits, for having reviv'd his Actions in her Mind. I resolv'd to mention him no more, but I was perpetually recollecting some Circumstance or other, which I wanted to have explain'd; and whenever this Discourse was began, it was a perfect Labyrinth to me, and I cou'd not get out of it; and I was equally eager to speak of him and to forbear.

I pass'd whole Nights without Sleep. *Belafire* appear'd to me no longer the same Person. What was the Charm, said I, which kind'd up my Passion? Was it not the Notion that *Belafire* never lov'd any one before? and yet, by all she herself has told me, she cou'd certainly have no Aversion to the Count *de Lare*. She has express'd too great an Esteem for him, and treat'd him too civilly; and unless she had lov'd him, she wou'd have hated him for the tedious Solicitation he gave her, by himself and by his Relations. No, *Belafire*, you have deceiv'd me; you are not the Woman I believ'd you to be; I ador'd you as one who
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had never lov'd; it was this gave Birth to my Affection; but you are such no more; and it is just I shou'd recall all my former Fondness. Yet if she told me true, reply'd I, what an Injustice do I offer her; and how much do I injure myself in renouncing the Pleasure I shou'd have in being lov'd by her?

UPON this, I resolv'd to talk with her once more, imagining I cou'd explain to her what it was which made me uneasy, more exactly, and clear up the whole Affair with her in so happy a manner, as to leave no Suspicion. I did as I resolv'd; but this time of speaking was not the last; for the next Day I resum'd the Discourse with more Warmth than before; and *Belafire*, who had shewn an unparalll'd Patience and Goodness till now, and had borne all my Surmises, and labour'd to remove them, began to be weary'd with the Continuance of a Jealousy so violent and ill-supported.

ALPHONSO, said she to me one Day, I see plainly these Fancies you have entertain'd are going to extinguish your Love; but you must also remember, they will infallibly destroy mine to you. Consider, I conjure you, about what it is you torture me, and about what you torture yourself: It is about a dead Man, whom you cannot believe I lov'd, since I did not marry him; for if I had lov'd him, my Relations wou'd have willingly consented to the Match, and there was Nothing to oppose it. I am indeed, Madam, answer'd I, jealous of a dead Man, and it is this which makes me desperate; for if the Count were living, I cou'd judge by your mutual Behaviour at present, concerning what is pass'd, and your Conduct to me might convince me you did not love him. I might then have the Pleasure in marrying you, to deprive him of the Hope you had secretly given him, notwithstanding all your Professions to me of the contrary. But he is dead, and perhaps dy'd perswaded that you wou'd have lov'd him, if he had liv'd. Ah, *Belafire*, I cannot be happy, whenever I think another Person besides me, has been able to
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flatter himself that you lov'd him. But *Alphonso*, said she, if I lov'd him, why did I not marry him? Because, I reply'd, you did not love him enough for that, and the Reluctance you have to Marriage cou'd not be overcome by a moderate Passion. I am well persuaded you love me better than you did the Count *de Laré*; yet the Love you had for him, as little as it was, ruins all my Peace: I am no longer the only Man who has pleas'd you; I am no longer the first who shew'd you what it is to Love; your Heart has been affected by a former Impression: In short, Madam, the Circumstance which produced my Happiness is vanish'd, and you no more appear of that invaluable Price in my Eyes.

BUT how have you been able to be easy, *Alphonso*, said she, with others whom you lov'd! I wou'd fain know whether you found in them a Heart unacquainted with a former Passion. I never propos'd it, Madam, I reply'd, nor hop'd to find it among them. I did not suppose them incapable of loving others beside my self; I was contented with believing they had never lov'd any so well. But, Madam, the Case is different with respect to your self; I always regarded you as one above the Passion of Love, and who wou'd not have known it but by me; and it was a Pride and Delight to me at once, to be able to make so extraordinary a Conquest: For Pity's Sake, therefore leave me no longer in this Uncertainty; but if you have suppress'd any Thing relating to the Count *de Laré*, declare it; for the Merit of confessing it, and your Sincerity will afford me some Consolation perhaps under what I shall hear. Clear up my Suspicions, and suffer me not to set a Value upon you higher than I ought, or at least than you deserve.

IF you have not lost your Reason, said *Belafore*, you may see plainly, that since I have not satisfy'd you, I never shall be able to do it: But if I cou'd add any Thing to what I have already told you, this alone wou'd be an infallible Proof that I never fancy'd the Count, that I affirm

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it as I do. Had I lov'd him, Nothing cou'd have made me disown it; for I shou'd think it a Crime to disclaim my good Opinion of a Man, who had deserv'd it, after his Death. Rest secure then, *Alphonso*, I never knew any Person who had it in his Power to give you the least Unwairiness. Convince me of this, Madam, cry'd I, repeat it a thousand Times; give it me in Writing, and restore to me the exquisite Pleasure of loving you, as I wish to do; and above all, pardon me the Torture I have presum'd to create you. I afflict myself more than you, and if the Condition I am in could be prevented, I wou'd gladly do it with the Loss of my Life.

THESE last Words made an Impression upon *Belafire*; she saw I was not Master of my own Sentiments; and promis'd to put down in Writing all her Thoughts and Actions relating to the Count *de Lare*. Tho' I had heard the Story from her Mouth over and over, it pleas'd me to think I shou'd now read it written by her own Hand. The next Day she perform'd her Promise, and sent me an exact Relation of all the Count *de Lare*'s Behaviour, and the Measures she had us'd to cure his Passion, and the Reasons which might satisfy me that what she had told me was true.

THE whole was express'd in such a manner, as ought to have silenced my capricious Fancies for ever; but it had a contrary Effect. I began to be enraged at myself for obliging *Belafire* to employ so much Time in thinking upon the Count *de Lare*. Those Parts of her Paper where she enter'd into Particulars were insupportable to me, as shewing how well she preserv'd in Memory the Actions of a Man who was indifferent to her; and when she was more general and short, I believ'd there had been some Circumstances, which she had not dar'd to disclose; in short, I turn'd it all to poison, and went to visit her ten times more provok'd and desperate.

SHE, who knew fully what Reason I had to be satisfied, was offended at my unjust Resentments, and gave me

me to understand it with more Warmth than ever. As angry as I was, I made the best Excuse I could, being sensible I had wrong'd her, but it was not in my Power to exercise Discretion. I told her, the extreme Delicateness I shew'd about her Sentiments concerning the Count *de Lare*, was a Demonstration of my Affection and Esteem for her; that it was only the infinite Value I set upon her Heart, which produced such violent Fears of its having receiv'd any small Impression from another: In short, I said all I cou'd imagine to justify my Jealousy; but *Belafire* did not approve my Defence. What I mention'd, she told me, might occasion some light Concern, but so persisting a Suspicion cou'd arise only from my bad and ungovernable Temper; that I made her in pain for the future Part of her Life, and if I continu'd thus, she shou'd be oblig'd to change her Mind.

I trembled at these Menaces, and throwing myself at her Knees, protested she shou'd hear of my Uneasiness no more; and indeed I thought I shou'd be able to subdue it; but this lasted only for a few Days. I soon began to vex her again; I often again begg'd Pardon; but convinced her as often that I shou'd always believe she had lov'd the Count, and that this Opinion wou'd make me unhappy for ever.

I had long ago contracted an intimate Friendship with a Man of Quality, call'd *Don Manric*, whose Merit was equal to the Sweetness of his Manners: The Union there was between us, introduced one also between him and *Belafire*; I was not pleas'd at their Acquaintance; but on the contrary took a Delight to promote it. He had observ'd me several times in my froward Fits, and tho' I kept no Secrets from him, yet I was so ashamed of this foolish Imagination, that I cou'd not let him know it. He came in one Day to see *Belafire*, when I had been more extravagant upon this Subject than usual; and she was more than ordinarily tir'd with my fantastical Jealousy. *Don Manric* discern'd by our Looks, that we had been disputing; I
had

had always begg'd her not to discover my Weakness to him, and repeated my Request when he was coming in; but she was willing to shame me, and without giving me Time to prevent her, told him the Occasion of my Disturbance. He seem'd astonish'd, and thought it so groundless, and reproach'd me for it so severely, that he cut me to the Heart. You may judge by this whether I had not urg'd her too far, and how violent a Disposition I had to be jealous.

BY the manner of his censuring me, he seem'd to have been pre-instructed by *Belafire*. I saw I had exceeded the Bounds of Reason, but still I conceiv'd I ought not to be condemn'd absolutely, at least not by one who was in Love with *Belafire*: For I imagin'd *Don Manric* was so himself, and had been for some time, and that he thought my being lov'd by her again was such a Happiness, that I could have no Occasion to complain, if she had once had a Kindness for another. I fancy'd also *Belafire* was sufficiently aware that *Don Manric's* Regard to her was something more than Friendship, and that according to the common Infirmary of Women, she was not ill-pleas'd at it; and without suspecting her being Unfaithful to me, I was jealous of her Intimacy with a Man whom she might apprehend to be her Lover. *Belafire* and *Don Manric*, who saw me so discomposed, were very far from divining the Cause of my Perplexity. They try'd to relieve me by all the Arguments they cou'd invent, but what they said maddened me the more. I left them; and when I was alone, the new Misfortune I had incurr'd appear'd to me infinitely beyond the former. I then perceiv'd I had been a Fool to fear a Man who cou'd hurt me no longer; and that I ought to dread *Don Manric* on every Account. He was graceful, and *Belafire* had a great Esteem and Friendship for him: She saw him often; she was weary of my Caprices and Resentments; she seem'd to unburthen herself to him, and insensibly to admit him into the Place I had possess'd in her Heart. In short, I was more in Pain
for

for *Don Manric* than I had ever been for the Count *de Lare*. I knew indeed he was in Love with another, and had been for a long while; but she was so inferior to *Belafire*, that I cou'd have no Security from that Passion.

AS it was my Destiny that I was not able entirely to abandon myself to my Suspensions, and had still Reflection enough remaining to keep me unresolv'd, I was not so unjust as to believe *Don Manric* made it his Endeavour to deprive me of *Belafire*. I suppos'd he might become enamour'd of her without knowing or designing it; and that for the sake of our Friendship he might labour to overcome such an Inclination, and by not speaking of it to her, he might let her see he had no Expectation of Success. I thought I had no Reason to be offended at him, since his Regard to me restrain'd him from declaring himself. And as I had been jealous of a dead Man, without knowing whether I had Grounds for it no, I was now jealous of my Friend, and look'd upon him as my Rival, without thinking I had sufficient Cause to hate him. It is needless to tell you what I felt from so strange a Situation of Mind; you will readily imagine it. When I met *Don Manric*, I excus'd my concealing from him my Uneasiness about the Count *de Lare*; but said not a word to him of my new Suspicion. I never mention'd it neither to *Belafire*, lest it might forfeit me her Favour if she knew it. And as I was satisfy'd she lov'd me very well, I believ'd, if I cou'd command myself not to appear fanciful and indiscreet, she wou'd never leave me for *Don Manric*; and thus my Interest oblig'd me not to let my Jealousy appear. I begg'd Pardon also of *Belafire*, and assur'd her I was perfectly come to my Senses, and was haunted with my Chimera's no more. She was extremely pleas'd to hear it, tho' by her exact Knowledge of my Temper, she clearly discern'd I was not so easy as I wou'd seem to be.

DON MANRIC continu'd to visit her, as before; and the rather, because of the mutual Confidence there

was

was between them about the Affair of my unreasonable Suspicion. As *Belafire* had observ'd I was displeas'd at her speaking of it to him, she never touch'd upon it again in my Presence; but whenever she found me disturb'd, she made her Complaint to him, and desir'd him to assist her to pacify me. It was my Misfortune to see her break off Discourse with him two or three times as I was coming into the Room; you will imagine what an Effect such an Accident must have upon a Mind so jealous as mine. However I saw so much Tendernefs in *Belafire's* Heart to me, and she seem'd so joy'd whenever she found me chearful, that I cou'd not persuade myself she lov'd *Don Manric* enough, to have a Design on foot with him; nor that *Don Manric*, who meant only to prevent my embroiling myself with her, entertain'd a Thought of practising upon her Affections; yet I was not able to determine what Sentiments he had towards her, or she with Respect to him; and very often I did not know my own; in short I was in the most wretched Condition a Man ever experienced.

COMING in one Day as she was talking softly to *Don Manric*, I fancy'd she did not suspect I observ'd; and it came into my Mind, that she had often told me, while I teas'd her about the Affair of the Count *de Lare*, that she wou'd make me jealous of a living Man in order to cure my Jealousy concerning one who was dead. I thought it was to fulfill her Threatning, that she acted thus with *Don Manric*, and wou'd seem to me to have Secrets with him: This Supposition lessen'd my Concern; and for several Days I said nothing to her about it, but at last resolv'd to speak.

I went to her with this Intention, and falling upon my Knees before her; I must acknowledge, Madam, said I, that the Design you had to torture me, has succeeded. You have given me all the Inquietude you can wish; and have made me feel, as you several times promis'd me, it

is far more terrible to be jealous of a living Man, than of a dead one. I deserv'd indeed to be punish'd for my Folly; but I am punish'd too much; and if you knew what I have suffer'd by these Things, which I believe you have done with this Design, you wou'd see it is in your Power to make me unhappy whenever you please. What is it you mean, *Alphonso*? answer'd *Belafire*; you imagine I have contriv'd to give you Jealousy, and don't you know I have endur'd too much by what you have had already in my Despite, to desire to create you more? Ah! Madam, said I, do not go on to grieve me; I have suffer'd enough for once; and tho' I am sensible the manner of your conversing with *Don Manric* was intended only to execute the Menaces you denounced against me, it has given me inexpressible Sorrow. You have lost your Reason, *Alphonso*, reply'd *Belafire*; or else you do this on purpose to trouble me; as you say I have contriv'd to torture you. You can never persuade me, it was in my Thoughts to make you jealous, or that you cou'd possibly be so. But, added she, looking upon me, after having been jealous of a dead Man whom I did not love, I wou'd fain have you be jealous of a living one who does not love me. How, Madam, answer'd I, have you no Intention to make me jealous of *Don Manric*? Have you merely follow'd your Inclination in treating him as you have done? Was it not for the sake of giving me Suspicion that you broke off talking with him, and chang'd the Discourse upon my coming in? Ah! Madam, if it is so, I am more unhappy than I thought, and am the most unfortunate Man in the whole World. You are not the most unfortunate, said *Belafire*, but you are the most unreasonable, and if I were to follow my Judgment, I shou'd break with you utterly, and never see you again while I liv'd. But *Alphonso*, continu'd she, is it possible you shou'd be jealous of *Don Manric*? And how shou'd I not, Madam, answer'd I, when I see you carry on a Correspondence with him which you conceal from me? I conceal it,

it, said she, because you were offended when I spoke to him of your Caprices, and I was unwilling to let you understand I talk'd with him upon this unpleasing Subject, and of the Vexation it caus'd me. Do you complain, Madam, return'd I, of my Temper to my Rival, and yet think I have done amiss in being jealous? I complain'd of it to your Friend, said she, not to your Rival. *Don Manric* is my Rival, cry'd I; nor are you able, I believe, to deny it. And for my Part, said she, I don't think you dare tell me he is, knowing, as you do, that for whole Days together he talks to me only about yourself.

I don't indeed, said I, suspect *Don Manric*, tries to ruin me with you; but he may love you notwithstanding. I believe also he never mentions his Love; but as you behave to him, he will declare it very soon, and the Hope your Conduct will inspire into him, will easily help him to overcome the Scruples which may arise from our Friendship. Is it possible a Man can lose his Understanding to that degree? cry'd *Belasire*. Do you consider your Words? *Don Manric*, you say, speaks to me on your Behalf; and is in Love with me, and yet never speaks in Favour of himself. Can you suppose such wild Improbability? Don't you believe I love you, and that *Don Manric* loves you also? Yes, Madam, I reply'd, I believe both. How can you imagine then, said she, I love you, and love *Don Manric* too? and that *Don Manric* loves me, and loves you likewise? *Alphonso*, you displease me mortally by shewing such an unreasonable Mind: I see it is an incurable Evil; and that if I resolve to marry you, I must at the same time resolve to be the most wretched Woman living. I certainly love you very well; but not well enough to purchase you at such a Price. The Jealousies of Lovers are always tiresome, but those of a Husband are both tiresome and dangerous. You place what I shou'd suffer if I had married you, so clearly before my Eyes, that I believe I shall never consent. I love you too much
not

not to be deeply touch'd to see I shall not pass my Life with you, as I hoped to do: Leave me alone, I beseech you; your Words and your Sight serve only to inflame my Grief.

THUS saying, she turn'd away without staying for my Reply; and going into her Closet, lock'd the Door, and refus'd to open it notwithstanding all my Intreaties. I was forced to return home in such Confusion and Despair, that I wonder I did not lose the small Remains of Reason I had yet retain'd. I went to *Belafire* the next Day, and found her very dejected: She spoke to me mildly and even with Kindness, but let fall no Expression which cou'd make me fear she intended to forsake me. I fancy'd she might try to take such a Resolution, and, as one is ready to flatter one's self, I believ'd she wou'd soon entertain other Thoughts. I begg'd Pardon for my Weaknesses, as I had done a hundred times before; and desir'd her to say nothing to *Don Manric*; and conjur'd her, upon my Knees, to alter her Behaviour to him, and no longer use him so well as to make me uneasy. I will not mention your Folly, said she, to *Don Manric*, but I shall change nothing in my Manner of conversing with him. If he had a Love for me, I wou'd never see him, tho' it wou'd not trouble you, but he has only Friendship; you know yourself he loves another; I esteem and honour him; you consented I shou'd; to be offended at it therefore is absurd and extravagant: And if I shou'd satisfy you about him, you wou'd quickly be in the same Condition on Account of some other Person, as you are now upon his. For this Reason you must not think to make me alter my Conduct, for it is certain I never shall.

I am willing to believe, answer'd I, that all you say is true, and that you do not think *Don Manric* loves you; but I believe he does, Madam, and that is sufficient. I know you have only a Friendship for him; but it is a sort of Friendship so tender and so full of Confidence,

Esteem

Esteem and Approbation, that tho' it may not proceed from Love, I have Cause to be jealous, and fear it shou'd take up too great a Portion of your Heart. Your Refusal to change your Carriage towards him, shews I dread him justly. To convince you, said she, that I refuse it not on his Account, but wholly upon your own, if you shou'd require me not to see the Man whom I most despis'd, I wou'd deny you, as I have done to break off my Friendship to *Don Manric*. I believe it, Madam, said I, but it is not the Man you despise most, of whom I am jealous; it is a Man whom you love well enough to prefer him to my Repose. I suspect you neither of Infirmary nor Change; but I own, I cannot bear you shou'd have affectionate Sentiments for any one besides myself. I confess also, it stabs me to the Heart, to see you do not dislike *Don Manric*, when you know he loves you; and I think the Happiness of loving you without being hated by you, ought to belong to me alone. Allow me that which I have requested, and consider how far this Jealousy is from deserving your Displeasure. To these Words I added all the Expressions I cou'd invent to obtain the Thing I wish'd; but it was utterly impossible.

A considerable Space of Time pass'd after this, during which I grew more and more jealous of *Don Manric*; but I govern'd myself so far as to hide it from him; and *Belafire* had the Prudence not to speak to him of it, but made him believe my Uneasiness arose only from the Affair of the Count *de Lare*. However she did not alter her Conduct with *Don Manric*, and as he was ignorant of my Sentiments, he convers'd with her as formerly; and thus my Jealousy increas'd, and came to such a Height that I persecuted *Belafire* incessantly.

AFTER this Vexation had continu'd a long Time, and this beautiful Creature had in vain endeavour'd to cure me of my Frenzy, I heard for two Days together that she was ill, and in a Condition very different from that in which I left her. The third Day she sent for me; I went
to

to her, and found her in a deep Melancholy, which I apprehended was her Distemper. She made me sit down by the Side of her Couch upon which she was lying, and after some Moments Silence, *Alphonso*, said she, I believe you see plainly that I have try'd for some Time to take up a Resolution to disengage myself from you. Whatever Reasons I had to determine me to do it, I don't think I shou'd have been able to accomplish it, if you had not given me Power by those extraordinary Infirmities you have shewn. If they had been only in a moderate Degree, and I cou'd have perswaded myself it was possible to recover you from them by good Conduct on my Part, how austere and cautious soever it had been, the Passion I have for you wou'd have caus'd me to embrace it with Joy. But as I perceive this Malady of your Mind is beyond a Remedy, and that when you find no Subject to torture yourself about, you make Occasions from Things which never were, and which will never be, I am constrain'd, both for your Repose and my own, to acquaint you that I am absolutely resolv'd to break with you, and not to marry you. I must tell you also, since this will be the last Conversation we shall have together, that I have no Inclination for any Person beside yourself; and that you alone have been capable of affecting me. But since you have confirm'd me in the Opinion I had, that it is impossible to be happy in loving any one; you, who are the only Man I have found deserving to be lov'd, rest assur'd I will love none, and that the Impression you have made in my Heart is the only one it has known, or will ever receive. I desire also you will not imagine I have too great a Friendship for *Don Manric*; I refus'd to alter my Deportment towards him, merely to see whether your Reason wou'd not return to you, and to have an Opportunity of giving myself back to your Arms, if I had understood your Temper cou'd admit a Cure; but I have not been so happy; this alone was the Reason of my not complying with your Request; this Reason

is now ceas'd; I sacrifice *Don Manric* to you, and have intreated him to see me no more; I beg Pardon for discovering your Jealousy to him; but I cou'd not avoid it, and he wou'd have learn'd it from our Separation. My Father arriv'd here yesterday in the Evening; I told him my Resolution, and he is gone at my Request to impart it to your Father. Think not then, *Alphonso*, to make me change my Mind; I have done what will fix this Design before I let you know it. I delay'd it as long as I cou'd, and perhaps more out of Love to myself, than to you. Rest assur'd no one will ever be lov'd so solely, and so faithfully as you have been.

I can't tell whether *Belafire* spoke farther; but as my Consternation was so great when she first began, that I had not Power to interrupt her, my Spirits fail'd at the last Expressions; I fainted away, and what she or the Servants did I know not; but when I recover'd, I found myself in my own Bed, and *Don Manric* by me, with all the Actions of a Man in as much Despair as myself.

WHEN we were alone, he omitted nothing to justify himself from the Suspicions I had entertain'd of him, and to express his Grief at being the innocent Cause of my Misfortune. As he lov'd me heartily, he was extremely mov'd at my Condition. I fell very ill; and was convinced, but too late, of the Injustice I had done my Friend. I conjur'd him to forgive me, and to wait upon *Belafire* from me and beg Pardon of her, and endeavour to move her Heart. He went to her House, and was told she cou'd not be seen; he call'd there again every Day, while I lay ill, but equally in vain. As soon as I was able to walk, I went thither myself, and had the same Answer; and the second time I call'd, one of her Women told me from her, that I should come no more, for she wou'd not see me. When I found there was no Hope of seeing *Belafire*, I thought I shou'd have expir'd. I always believ'd her great Affection to me wou'd have reconcil'd her, if I cou'd but speak with her; but since she wou'd not grant me a
Hearing,

Hearing, I was wholly in Despair, and the Despair of possessing *Belafire* was certainly insupportable to one who appear'd so near it, and lov'd her so excessively. I attempted by all Means imaginable to get to her; but she shun'd me so studiously, and kept so retir'd, that it was utterly impossible to do it.

ALL the Consolation I had, was to go and pass the Night under her Window; but I never had the Pleasure to find it open. One Day I fancy'd I heard it open as I walk'd below; and the next Day I thought the same; in short, I flatter'd myself that *Belafire* had a Mind to look at me without being seen, and that she came up to the Window, when she heard me going away. I resolv'd therefore to seem to depart at my usual Hour, and to come back immediately in order to try if I cou'd discover her; I did as I design'd; I walk'd down to the End of the Street, as if I was going Home, and heard the Window open distinctly; I return'd in an Instant, and imagin'd I saw *Belafire*; but as I approach'd, I perceiv'd a Man creeping up close to the Wall under the Window, as if he would conceal himself. I know not how, but in spite of the Darkness of the Night, I thought it was *Don Manric*; this made me frantick; I believ'd *Belafire* lov'd him, that he was come thither to talk with her, and that she open'd the Window for him; in a Word, I concluded I ow'd the Loss of *Belafire* to him. In this Agitation I drew, and we began to fight with Fury; I found I had wounded him in two Places, but he continu'd to defend himself. At the Noise of our Swords, or by *Belafire's* Orders, there came some out of her House to part us. *Don Manric* knew me by the Light of the Torches; he started back some Paces; and I advanc'd to seize his Sword, but he dropp'd it, and with a feeble Voice, Is it you, says he, *Alphonso*? And is it possible I should be unfortunate enough to engage with you? Traytor, cry'd I, it is I who will take your Life; for you deprive me of *Belafire*, and pass the Nights at her Window, which is close shut to me.

DON

DON MANRIC, who was leaning against the Wall, supported by some Persons, not having Strength to stand, look'd on me with Eyes full of Tears; I am very unhappy, said he, always to make you uneasy; but I have this Comfort under my cruel Destiny, that I lose my Life by your Hands. I am dying, and the Condition I am in, ought to satisfy you of the Truth of my Words. I swear to you, I never had a Thought of *Belafire*, which cou'd give you Offence. The Love I had to another, and which I did not hide from you, brought me out to-night; I thought I was watch'd; I thought I was pursu'd; I ran very fast, and having turn'd through several Streets, stopp'd where you discover'd me, not knowing it was *Belafire's* Lodging. This is the Truth, my dear *Alphonso*; I conjure you not to afflict yourself for my Death; I forgive you with my whole Heart, continu'd he, holding out his Arms to embrace me; when his Spirits failing, he sunk down in their Hands who sustain'd him.

WORDS cannot express what I then conceiv'd, and the Rage I had against my self: Several Times I resolv'd to run my Sword thro' my Body, especially when I saw *Don Manric* expire. I was led off from him: And the Count *de Guevarre*, *Belafire's* Father, who came out at hearing *Don Manric's* Name and mine, had me Home, and put me into my Father's Hands. I was never left alone, because of the Desperation I was in; but the Care to watch me had been ineffectual, if my Morals had allow'd me to put an End to my own Life. The Grief I knew *Belafire* wou'd receive from an Accident which happen'd on her Account, and the Noise it wou'd make in the Court, plung'd me in Despair; and when I consider'd that all the Misery she wou'd suffer, and all I was myself overwhelm'd with, proceeded wholly from my own Fault, I was in a Fury not to be imagin'd.

THE Count *de Guevarre*, who had retain'd a great Friendship for me, came to see me often. He forgave me this unhappy Action, on Account of my Passion for his

Daughter. I learn'd by him that she was inconsolable, and that her Sorrow kept no Bounds. I understood her Temper and how delicate she was in her Reputation, well enough to know without being told, what she must feel by so dreadful an Adventure. Some Days after, I heard a Servant of *Belafire's* had a Message to me from her; I was in Transports at so dear a Name; I sent for him in, and he deliver'd me the following Letter.

Belafire's LETTER to *Alphonso*.

OUR Separation has made the World so insupportable to me, that I can no longer live in it with Pleasure; and this late Accident has wounded my Reputation so deeply, that I cannot continue in it with Honour. I am going to retire to a Place, where I shall not have the Shame of hearing the different Judgments which are pass'd upon me. It was the Opinion you entertain'd of me, which has occasion'd all my Sorrow. Yet I could not resolve to depart without bidding you adieu, and confessing to you, that I love you still, as unreasonable as you may be. The Affection I have for you, and the Remembrance of that you have had for me, will be all the Sacrifice I have to make to God in dedicating myself to his Service. The austere Life I am going to embrace, seems pleasant to me; for nothing can be hard, after having endur'd the Pain of rending myself from him who loves me, and whom I lov'd beyond all Things. I must acquaint you also, that the Resolution I have taken will be able to place me out of the Power of the Inclination I have for you; and that since our Parting, whenever you appear'd in that Place where you caus'd so much Confusion, I was prepar'd to have spoke to you, and told you I cou'd not live without you. And I don't know whether I shou'd not have told you of it that Evening you attack'd Don Manric, and gave new Proofs of those Suspicions which have produced all our Misfortunes. Adieu, *Alphonso*; think of me sometimes, and, for my Repose, wish I may never think of you.

THERE

THERE wanted nothing to finish my Distress, but to know *Belafire* lov'd me still; and perhaps wou'd have receiv'd me again, if it had not been for my last Extravagance; and that the same Accident which had drawn me to kill my best Friend, had lost me my Mistress, and forc'd her to make herself miserable for the Remainder of her Life.

I ask'd him, who brought me the Letter, where *Belafire* was; he told me she was conducted to a Monastery of a very severe Order, lately arriv'd from *France*; and when she went in, she gave him a Letter for her Father, and another for me. I ran directly to the Convent, and desir'd to see her; but in vain. I met the Count *de Guevarre* returning from thence; all his Authority, and all his Intreaties were unavailing to make her recal her Resolution; and soon after she took the Habit. As long as it was in her Power to quit the House, her Father and I employ'd all our Efforts with her to do it. I wou'd not leave *Navarre*, as I had design'd, 'till I had utterly lost the Hope of seeing *Belafire* again. But the Day I understood she was fix'd for ever, I retir'd without saying any thing. My Father was dead, and I had no body to detain me there. I went into *Catalonia*, with an Intention to embark, and go and conclude my Life in the Desarts of *Africk*. I happen'd to lodge at this House; I lik'd it; it was solitary, and exactly such as I desir'd. I purchas'd it, and have here these twenty Years led such a sorrowful Life, as he ought to do, who has kill'd his Friend, and made the most deserving Woman miserable, and by his own Fault lost the Happiness of having her in his Arms. Do you now think, Sir, that your Misfortunes can be compar'd with mine?

AT these Words *Alphonso* ceas'd, and seem'd so sunk with Sadness, at the recalling his Misfortunes afresh into his Mind, that *Gonsalvo* fear'd several times he wou'd expire. He said every thing which he thought might give him Comfort; and cou'd not forbear acknowledging in his

Heart, that the Calamities he had heard, might at least be oppos'd to those he himself had suffer'd.

NOTWITHSTANDING this, his Concern for the Loss of *Zayde* increas'd every Day; he told *Alphonso* he wou'd leave *Spain*, and serve under the Emperor in the War against the *Saracens*, who had possess'd themselves of *Sicily*, and invaded *Italy* with continual Incurfions. *Alphonso* was touch'd to the Quick with this Resolution, and did his utmost to dissuade him from it; but in vain.

THE Inquietude of Love wou'd not let *Gonsalvo* rest in this Solitude; and he was eager to depart, from a secret Hope, which he was not himself aware of, that he shou'd be able to find out *Zayde*. He resolv'd therefore to leave *Alphonso*. Never was a more melancholic Parting; they talk'd over all the Calamities of their Lives, among which they number'd this of their not seeing each other again; and having promis'd to keep a mutual Intelligence, *Alphonso* stay'd behind in his Desert, and *Gonsalvo* set forward to lye at *Tortosa*.

HE lodg'd by a House, whose Gardens were the greatest Ornament of the City. He walk'd out all the Evening, and part of the Night, upon the Banks of the *Eber*; and being weary sat down at the End of a Terrass belonging to those beautiful Gardens. The Terrass was so low, that he heard some Persons, who were taking the Air upon it, talk. This did not waken him out of his Musing; but at last he was rous'd by the Sound of a Voice, which he thought was very like *Zayde's*, and which, in spite of him, engag'd his Curiosity and Attention. He stood up to be as near the Head of the Terrass as he cou'd; but heard nothing, because they who were walking, being come to the End of the Path, were turn'd back and gone to Distance. He waited, to see whether they wou'd come forward again; it happen'd as he wish'd, and he heard the same Voice, as had before surpriz'd him. The Things upon which my Joy depends, said she, are too irreconcilable.

able. I can never hope to be happy; but I shou'd complain less, if I were able to make him know my Sentiments, and were assur'd of his. After these Words, *Gonsalvo* heard no more with Distinction, because she who spoke was walk'd away too far. She drew near a second time, still continuing her Discourse; It is true, said she, the Violence of first Impressions may excuse this which I have suffer'd to arise in my Heart; but what a strange Accident wou'd it be, if this Inclination, which at present seems so favour'd by my Destiny, shou'd one Day serve only to give me Pain. This was all *Gonsalvo* cou'd understand. The extraordinary Resemblance of the Voice to that of *Zayde* astonish'd him; and perhaps he wou'd have suspected it to be the same, if this Person had not spoke in *Spanish*; and tho' he perceiv'd she had a sort of Foreign Accent, he did not regard it, because they were upon the Borders of *Spain*; where the Pronunciation is different from that of *Castile*. He only pity'd her who spoke, and imagin'd by her Words there was something extraordinary in her Fortune.

THE next Day he left *Tortosa*, to go and take shipping; and having travell'd some time, he saw in the middle of the *Eber* a splendid Barge, with a magnificent Canopy drawn up on both the Sides, and several Women under it, among whom he distinguish'd *Zayde*. She was standing up, as for the Convenience of having a better Prospect of the River; and yet she seem'd in a deep Contemplation. One must, like *Gonsalvo*, have lost a Mistress without hoping ever to set Eyes on her again, to be able to express what he felt at the Sight of *Zayde*: His Surprize and Gladness were so great, that he knew not where he was, nor what he saw; he gaz'd heedfully on her, and examining all her Features, was afraid he was mistaken. He cou'd not conceive, that one whom he thought separated from him by an ample Sea, shou'd be parted only by a River. He wou'd fain have got up to her, and spoke, and have made her see him, but he was afraid to displease her, and did not dare to draw Observation upon himself, and

shew his Joy before those who were with her. A lucky Chance so unforeseen, and such a Swarm of different Thoughts, left it not in his Power to come to any Resolution; but after he was a little settled, and was convinced he was not deceiv'd, he determin'd not to discover himself to *Zayde*, but to follow the Barge to Land. He hop'd he shou'd find Means to speak to her alone, and expected to learn the Place of her Birth, and whither she was going, and even fancy'd that by viewing the Company in the Barge, he shou'd be able to discern whether the Rival, he suppos'd himself to be like, was with her; in a Word, that he shou'd put an End to all his Uncertainties, or at least demonstrate to *Zayde* the Love he had for her. He wish'd heartily she had turn'd her Eyes towards him; but she was musing so earnestly, that she look'd only upon the River.

IN the midst of his Joy, he call'd to Mind the Person he had overheard in the Garden at *Tortosa*; and tho' she spoke *Spanish*, the Foreign Accent he remark'd in it, and his seeing *Zayde* so near the same Place, made him believe it might be she herself. This Reflection disturb'd his Pleasure; he remember'd what that unknown Woman in the Terrass had said about a first Impression; and as willing as a Man is to flatter himself, he was too much persuaded *Zayde* had a Lover whom she admir'd, to suppose himself concern'd in that Impression. Yet the other Words she spoke, which he still retain'd, yielded him some Hope. He fancy'd it was not impossible, but there might be something in it to his Advantage; and then he fell to doubting whether it was *Zayde* he had overheard, and thought it very unlikely she shou'd have learn'd *Spanish* in so short a time.

AT last, the Trouble these Uncertainties occasion'd vanish'd, and he wholly resign'd himself to the Joy of finding *Zayde* again; and without considering whether she lov'd him or not, he thought of nothing but the Transport he shou'd have in being look'd upon by her enchanting Eyes.

Eyes. However, he followed the Barge along the River-side; and tho' he walk'd very fast, a Party of Horse who were at his Back got before him. He turn'd out of the Way to avoid being seen; but one of them happening to be by himself at a small Distance from the rest, his Curiosity to gain some Information concerning *Zayde*, made *Gonsalvo* neglect his Caution to conceal himself, and ask the Trooper if he knew who those Persons were in the Barge. They are People of Distinction, reply'd he, among the *Moors*, who have been at *Tortosa* a few Days, and came to hire a Vessel to carry them to their own Country. As he said this, he look'd stedfastly upon *Gonsalvo*, and rode with a full Gallop to overtake his Comrades.

GONSALVO was surpriz'd exceedingly at what he had heard, and no longer doubted, since *Zayde* had tarry'd in *Tortosa*, but it was she he had heard talking in the Garden. The winding of the River, and the rising of the Ground, made him lose Sight of *Zayde*. In the same Instant, the whole Body of Horse, who had pass'd him, came back to him; he concluded then they knew him, and wou'd have quitted the Road; but they surrounded him so, that he saw it was impossible to escape them. He perceiv'd, he who headed them was *Oliban*, a principal Officer of the Guard to the Prince of *Leon*, and was vex'd to the Soul to find himself known by him; but it touch'd him far deeper, when the Officer told him, he had been seeking him several Days, and had Orders from the Prince to bring him to Court.

WHAT, cry'd *Gonsalvo*, is not the Prince content to have us'd me as he has done, but will he also take away my Liberty! This is the only Good that was left me, and I will rather perish than suffer it to be ravish'd from me. At this he drew his Sword, and without considering the Number of those who enclos'd him, attack'd them so fiercely, that he kill'd two or three in an Instant. *Oliban* bid the Guards only endeavour to seize him, and secure his Life. It was with Difficulty they obey'd him, and *Gon-*

salvo ply'd them so furiously, that they cou'd not defend themselves without engaging him. In short, the Captain being astonish'd at his incredible Bravery, and fearing he shou'd not be able to execute his Prince's Instructions, dismounted, and kill'd *Gonsalvo's* Horse with his Sword. The Horse so encumber'd his Master in the Fall, that he cou'd not free himself; his Sword broke, and he was encompass'd at once. *Oliban* represented to him, with a world of Civility, the Multitude there was against him, and the Impossibility of resisting. *Gonsalvo* was too sensible of it, but he thought it such an infinite Misfortune to be carry'd back to *Leon*, that he cou'd not consent to it. To have found *Zayde*, and instantly to lose her again, render'd him absolutely desperate, and he seem'd to be in such a Confusion, that *Oliban* believ'd it was his Apprehension of the ill Treatment he shou'd receive from the Prince, which gave him this extream Aversion to return. Sir, said he, you must certainly be ignorant of what has pass'd at *Leon* some time since, or else you cou'd not be so afraid of going thither again. I am ignorant, answer'd *Gonsalvo*, of every Thing; I only know you wou'd do me a greater Pleasure to take away my Life, than to conduct me to the Prince. I wou'd inform you farther, reply'd *Oliban*, if the Prince had not expressly forbid me; I shall only add therefore, that you have nothing to fear. I am in hope, cry'd *Gonsalvo*, that my Anguish at being brought back to *Leon*, will prevent my being in a Condition, when I arrive there, to gratify the Prince's Cruelty.

AS he ended these Words, he look'd towards the Bark in which *Zayde* was sailing; but he cou'd not see her Face; for she sat upon the farther Side, and turn'd her Head away. Was ever Destiny like mine? said he to himself. I lose *Zayde* the very Moment I have found her. When I saw her first, and talk'd with her in *Alphonso's* House, she cou'd not understand me; and now when I have met with her at *Tortosa*, and cou'd have been understood by her, she did not know me; and tho' I see her, and know her,
and

and she cou'd understand me, I have it not in my Powe^r to speak to her, and have no Hope to see her again. He stood musing a while in these various Thoughts, and turning at once to those around him; I believe, said he, you are in no Fear of my escaping; I beg the Kindness of you therefore to let me go to the Brink of the River, and speak a few Words to the People in yonder Barge. I am extremely sorry, answer'd *Oliban*, that my Orders permit me not to grant what you desire; but I am forbid to let you speak to any one whomsoever, and you will suffer me to perform my Injunctions.

GONSALVO was struck so sensibly at this Refusal, that the Commapder, who observ'd his Resentment, and fear'd he shou'd call the Company in the Barge to assist him, order'd his Troop to have him off to Distance from the River. They obey'd immediately, and carried *Gonsalvo* to a Place where they cou'd have the most convenient Accommodations for the Night. The next Morning they took the Road to *Leon*, and march'd so speedily that they reach'd it in a few Days. *Oliban* dispatch'd one of his Men to advise the Prince of their Arrival, and waited for his Return a little Way off from the City. The Messenger came back with Orders to bring *Gonsalvo* to the Palace by a private Way, and to introduce him directly into the Prince's Closet. *Gonsalvo* was so dispirited that he resign'd himself to them, without so much as asking whither they were conveying him.

End of the First Part of Zayde.





Z A Y D E.

P A R T II.



WHEN *Gonsalvo* came into the Palace of *Leon*, the Sight of the Place where he had once been so happy brought the Ideas of his Fortune fresh into his Mind, and reviv'd his Hatred of *Don Garcia*. His Grief for losing *Zayde* gave way a few Moments to the impetuous Resentments of his Rage, and he was wholly taken up with an eager Desire to make the Prince understand he despis'd all the ill Usage he cou'd receive at his Hands.

WHILE he was in this Situation, he saw *Hermesfilda* enter the Room, accompany'd only with the Prince of *Leon*. The seeing these two Persons together in that particular Place, and at Midnight, so amaz'd him, that he cou'd not conceal his Surprise. He drew back several Steps, and his Astonishment discover'd so evidently in his Looks the Thoughts which crowd'd in upon his Imagination, that *Don Garcia* immediately began, Am I not deceiv'd, my dear *Gonsalvo*? Do you know the Changes which have happen'd in the Court? Are you in doubt whether *Hermesfilda*

Hermesilda is lawfully my own? She is; and there is nothing wanting to my Happiness, but to have you consent to it, and be a Witness of it. Thus saying he embraced him, and *Hermesilda* did the same; and both of them entreated him to forgive the Misfortunes which they had created him. It is I, Sir, answer'd *Gonsalvo*, throwing himself at the Prince's Feet, it is I, who ought to ask Pardon for letting those Suspicions appear, which I own I cou'd not avoid; but I hope you will forgive them to the first Violence of so extraordinary a Surprize, and the little Prospect I had of your doing my Sister so superlative a Grace. You may hope every thing, reply'd *Don Garcia*, from her Beauty and my Love; and I conjure you to forget what she has done without your Consciousness, in favour of a Prince whose Heart she perfectly understood. The Success, Sir, has justify'd her Conduct so well, answer'd *Gonsalvo*, that she has Reason to complain of the Hindrance I wou'd have given to her Happiness.

AFTER these Words, *Don Garcia* told *Hermesilda* it was late, and perhaps she might be willing to retire; and that he shou'd be glad to stay a little with *Gonsalvo*.

WHEN they were alone, he embraced him with the highest Signs of Affection; I cannot presume to hope, said he, you shou'd forget what has pass'd; I only beg you to remember the Friendship there has been between us, and to believe nothing has made me wanting in what I ow'd to you, but a Passion which always deprives those of their Reason whom it invades. I am so amaz'd, Sir, return'd *Gonsalvo*, that I cannot answer: I am in doubt of what I see; and cannot believe I am happy enough to find the same Kindness reviv'd in you, as I have formerly seen. But suffer me, Sir, to ask you, to whom I owe this fortunate Restoration. You ask me a great many Things, reply'd the Prince, and tho' I had need of a longer space of Time to inform you, I will answer you in a few Words, being unwilling to delay for a Moment that which will be able to justify me to you.

HE

HE was going then to relate the Beginning of his Passion for *Hermenefilda*, and the Part *Don Ramirez* had in it; but to shorten his Trouble, *Gonsalvo* told him, he had heard all that had pass'd to the Day of his leaving *Leop*, and he wanted to know only what had happen'd since.



The HISTORY of Don Garcia and Hermenefilda.



YOU went away, undoubtedly, said *Don Garcia*, upon discovering that I had the Weakness to consent to your Removal; and the Mistake *Nugna Bella* committed in sending you a Letter she writ to *Don Ramirez*, appris'd you of what had been kept secret from you with so much Care. *Don Ramirez* receiv'd the Letter which was writ to you, and made no Question but the other which was for him, had fallen into your Hands. He was extremely troubled, and I was not less; for our Faults were common, tho' with a Difference. Your Departure made him glad, as it did me also at first; but when I reflected upon the Condition you were in, and consider'd that I was the Cause of it, I thought I shou'd have dy'd with Grief. I was distracted, I perceiv'd, in having so studiously conceal'd from you my Love to *Hermenefilda*, and thought my Sentiments towards her were not of a Nature to be disapprov'd; I was several Times on the Point of sending after you, and had done so, if I had been alone in the Offence; but the Interest of *Nugna Bella* and *Don Ramirez*, was an invincible Obstacle to your Return.

Return. I did not let them know my Thoughts, and try'd, as much as was possible, to forget you. Your Departure made a Noise, and every one spoke of it according to his Fancy.

AS soon as I was no longer restrain'd by your Counsels, but follow'd those of *Ramirez*, who, for his own Service, wish'd to see the Government in my Hands, I embroil'd myself with the King entirely; who then saw he was mistaken in believing it was you who put me upon the Things he dislike'd. Our Misunderstanding increas'd; and the Queen, my Mother, employ'd her good Offices in vain; and Matters went so far, that it was not doubted but I design'd to put myself at the Head of a Party. I do not think, however, I shou'd have resolv'd upon it, if the Count, your Father (who understood, by those he had placed about her, the Love I had for his Daughter) had not offer'd me, in case I wou'd marry her, Troops, Places and Money, and whatever in short was necessary to oblige the King to admit me Partner in the Crown.

YOU know the Sway my Passions have over me, and in what a degree Love and Ambition reign'd in my Heart. These were both gratify'd by such an Offer; and my Virtue was too weak to resist, not having you with me to support it. I embraced the Overture with Joy: But before I engag'd absolutely, I wanted to discover who were in the Party of which I was making myself the Head. There were several Persons, I found, of Consideration: Among others, the Father of *Nugna Bella*, one of the Counts of *Castile*, who with *Nugnez Fernando* insisted that I shou'd acknowledge them for Sovereigns.

THIS Proposal surpriz'd me, and I was somewhat ashamed to do a Thing so prejudicial to the State, out of a precipitate Impatience to reign: But *Don Ramirez*, for his own Interest, assisted to determiné me. He promis'd those who negociated for the Counts, to prevail with me to grant what they desir'd, provided they assur'd him he shou'd have *Nugna Bella*. He oblig'd me also to ask her for him,

him, which I did very gladly. It was agreed on, and our Treaty was concluded shortly after.

I cou'd not bear to stay till the end of the War, to marry *Hermenesilda*; but sent *Nugnez Fernando* Word I was resolv'd to retire from Court, and carry her away with me. He consented; and I wanted now only to contrive the Means. *Don Ramirez* was as much concern'd in this as myself, because *Diego Porcellos* thought it proper that *Nugna Bella* shou'd accompany *Hermenesilda*. We pitch'd upon a Day, when the Queen shou'd go to take the Air out of the City, and agree to make him, who drove the Chariot in which *Nugna Bella* and *Hermenesilda* were, break Company with that of the Queen, and carry them to *Placentia*, which was under my Command, where *Nugnez Fernando* was to meet us.

THIS was all executed more happily than we had hop'd. I marry'd *Hermenesilda* the same Evening as we arriv'd; Decency and my Love requiring it; and it was necessary, in order to fix the Count of *Castile* entirely in my Interest. In the midst of the Joy we both possess'd, we talk'd of you with the deepest Sorrow. I confess'd to her the Cause of your Departure; and we lamented together our Unhappiness in not knowing to what Part of the World you were gone. I cou'd not be comforted for your Loss, and beheld *Don Ramirez* with Horror, as the Author of my Crime. His Marriage was put off; *Nugna Bella* chusing to wait for *Diego Porcellos* her Father, who was detain'd in *Castile* to assemble the Forces he had rais'd.

IN the mean time the greater Part of the Kingdom declar'd for me. The King neglected not to provide a considerable Army to oppose me. There were several Engagements, in one of the first of which *Don Ramirez* was kill'd upon the Spot. *Nugna Bella* was exceedingly griev'd; and your Sister, who was a Witness of her Affliction, took Pains to comfort her. In less than two Months I made such a Progress, that the Queen, finding it was impossible

possible to withstand me, brought the King to an Accommodation, having convinced him it was absolutely necessary. She came to the Place where I was, and told me the King was resolv'd to consult his Ease, that he resign'd the Crown in my Favour, and reserv'd to himself only the Sovereignty of *Zamora* to end his Days there, and that of *Oviedo* to bestow upon my Brother. It was difficult to refuse so advantageous an Offer; I accepted it; and every Thing necessary was perform'd, to put the Treaty in Execution. I went to *Leon*, and saw the King; he laid down his Crown, and set out the same Day for *Zamora*.

PERMIT me, Sir, interrupted *Gonsalvo*, to express my Astonishment. Restrain yourself, answer'd Don Garcia, till I have told you what relates to *Nugna Bella*. I don't know whether what I am going to say, will give you Joy or Sorrow, because I am ignorant what your present Sentiments are concerning her. Perfectly indifferent, return'd *Gonsalvo*. Then you will hear me without Uneasiness, reply'd the King; Immediately upon the Peace, she went to *Leon* with the Queen; I thought she wish'd for your Return; I spoke to her of you, and found she repented severely of her Unfaithfulness. We resolv'd to make Inquiry after you, tho' it was very difficult, it not being known whether you were withdrawn. If any one knew, she said, it was *Don Olmond*. I sent to him that Moment, and conjur'd him to give me some Information about you. He answer'd, that since my Marriage and *Ramirez's* Death, he was going several Times to mention you to me, rightly judging that the Reasons which caus'd your Removal were ceas'd; but not knowing where you were, he thought it wou'd signify nothing; that he had receiv'd a Letter from you, but you did not acquaint him with the Place of your Retirement, and only desir'd he wou'd write to you at *Tarragona*; which made him think you were not out of *Spain*.

I presently dispatch'd several Parties of my Guards to search for you, and judg'd by your Letter to *Don Olmond* that

that you were ignorant of the Changes which had happen'd. I enjoyn'd them to say nothing to you concerning the State of the Court, or my Sentiments; and I promis'd myself an infinite Pleasure in letting you know both, by my own Relation. A few Days after, *Don Olmond* also set out in Quest of you, believing he shou'd find you sooner than those I had employ'd. I thought *Nugna Bella* seem'd over-joy'd at the Hope of your coming back; but her Father, whom I had acknowledg'd for a Sovereign as well as yours, sent to ask leave of the Queen to recall her home. As unwilling as they were to part, *Nugna Bella* cou'd not avoid it; she went, and as soon as she was arriv'd in *Castile*, her Father marry'd her to a *German Prince*, whom his Devotion had brought into *Spain*. He imagin'd he saw in this Stranger an extraordinary Merit, and on that Account made choice of him for his Daughter; he has Sense, perhaps, and Valour; but his Humour and his Person are not agreeable; and *Nugna Bella* is very miserable.

THIS, said the King concluding his Discourse, is what has pass'd since your Departure: If you love *Nugna Bella* no more, and love me still, I have all I wish; for you will be as happy as ever, and I shall be perfectly so, by the Renovation of your Friendship. Your Goodness, Sir, answer'd *Gonsalvo*, confounds me; and I am afraid I cannot sufficiently express my Gratitude and Joy. But the habitual Sadness I have contracted by my Misfortunes, and by Solitude, leaves such an Impression on me as belies the Sentiments of my Heart.

AFTER these Words, *Don Garcia* withdrew, and *Gonsalvo* was conducted to an Apartment prepar'd for him in the Palace. When he was alone, and reflected on the little Joy he took in so advantageous a Change, what Reproaches did he not heap on himself for being so entirely abandon'd to Love!

IT is you alone, *Zayde*, cry'd he, who hinder my rejoicing at the Restoration of my Fortune, and of a Fortune which even exceeds that which I lost. My Father is

a SOVE-

a Sovereign, my Sister is Queen, and I am reveng'd of all those who betray'd me. Yet I am wretched; and wou'd give up all these Advantages for the Opportunity which is snatch'd from me, of following and beholding you.

THE next Day the whole Court knew of his Return. The King was continually shewing the Affection he had for him, and took Pains to give Publick Testimonies of it, by way of Reparation of what was pass'd. But so illustrious a Favour did not comfort this dejected Lover for the Loss of *Zayde*; he was not able to hide his Affliction: The King perceiv'd it, and press'd him so earnestly to declare the Cause, that *Gonsalvo* cou'd not refuse it. Having told him his Passion for *Zayde*, and all that had befallen him since his leaving *Leon*; See, Sir, said he, how I have been punish'd for daring to maintain against you, that one ought not to love till after a long Acquaintance. I have been deceiv'd by one whom I thought I knew; yet this Experience cou'd not protect me against *Zayde* whom I knew nor, and to whom I am still a Stranger; and who, notwithstanding, imbitters the happy Condition in which you have generously plac'd me.

THE King was too sensible of Love, and too much affected with what concern'd *Gonsalvo*, not to be mov'd at his Misfortune. He consider'd with him what cou'd be done to get News of *Zayde*; they agreed to send to *Tortosa*, to the House where *Gonsalvo* had over-heard her talking, and endeavour at least to gain some Intelligence concerning her Country and the Place whither she was gone. *Gonsalvo*, who was willing to apprise *Alphonso* of what had happen'd to him since his leaving his Solitude, improv'd this Opportunity to write to him, and renew the Assurances of his Friendship.

IN the mean Time, the *Moors*, making Advantage of these Disorders in *Leon*, had surpriz'd several Places, and without declaring War continued to enlarge their Borders. *Don Garcia*, impell'd by his natural Ambition, and assisted
by

by the Valour of *Gonsalvo*, resolv'd to enter their Country, and recover all they had usurp'd. *Don Ordequo* his Brother join'd him, and they brought a powerful Army into the Field. *Gonsalvo* was General, and in a short Time made a considerable Progress; he took some Towns, and succeeded in several Engagements, and finally besieged *Talavera*, a very important Place both by its Situation and Greatness. *Abderame* King of *Cordova*, *Abdala's* Successor, march'd in Person against the King of *Leon*. He advanced towards *Talavera* in Hope to raise the Siege. *Don Garcia*, with the Prince his Brother, detach'd the greater Part of the Army to fight him, leaving *Gonsalvo* with the Remainder to pursue the Siege. *Gonsalvo*, gladly accepted the Charge, and the Assurance either of Conquest or Death, made him fearless of the Event. He had receiv'd no Advice concerning *Zayde*; his Passion for her, and his Desire to see her again, tortur'd him more than ever; inso-much that in all his Fortune and his Glory, Life was so unpleasing, that he ardently embraced any Occasion to put an End to it. The King advanced against *Abderame*, and found him encamp'd in an advantageous Post of a Day's March from *Talavera*. Several Days pass'd before they came to Action; for the *Moors* wou'd not quit their Lines, and *Don Garcia* was not strong enough to attack them. *Gonsalvo*, in the mean while, judg'd it impossible to carry on the Siege, because not having Troops enough to enclose the Town on every Side, they cou'd receive Succours by Night, which might enable the Besieg'd to make Sallies which he cou'd not sustain. As he had made a considerable Breach he resolv'd to hazard a general Assault, and attempt by so daring an Enterprize to execute a Thing which he look'd upon as desperate. He perform'd what he design'd; and having given the necessary Orders, attack'd the Town before Break of Day; and with so much Courage and Persuasion of Victory, that he inspir'd his Soldiers with the same Sentiments. They did Actions beyond Belief; and in less than two Hours, *Gonsalvo* became Master

Master of the Town. He did all he cou'd to hinder the Pillage, but it was impossible to restrain the Troops who were animated with the Hope of Booty.

AS he walk'd thro' the Town to prevent Disorders, he saw a single Man who defended himself against several, and endeavour'd to get into a Fort which was not yet surrender'd. They who attack'd him press'd on fiercely, and were going to wound him in several Places, if *Gonsalvo* had not rush'd between and commanded them to retire. He reproach'd them for their ungenerous Conduct; but they excus'd themselves, by saying he whom they were engaging was Prince *Zulema*, who had kill'd an infinite Number of their Comrades, and was striving to throw himself into the Fort. The Name of this Prince was too celebrated, both for his Dignity and his general Command of the *Moorish* Armies, not to be known to *Gonsalvo*. He came up to him; and this brave Man, seeing he cou'd defend himself no longer, yielded his Sword with an Air so noble and intrepid, that *Gonsalvo* did not doubt his being worthy of the high Reputation he had acquir'd. He deliver'd him in Charge to his Officers, and proceeded to the Fort to summon it to surrender. Upon his promising those who were in it their Lives, the Gates were open'd; and as he enter'd he understood there were a great many *Arabian* Ladies within, who had retreated thither. He was conducted to their Apartment, which was very splendid, and adorn'd with all the Elegance of the *Moors*: And in it were several Women upon Cushions, who only shew'd their Grief at being made Captives, by a melancholic Silence. They were at a Distance, as by way of Respect; from one who was magnificently dress'd, and lying on a Couch. Her Head was lean'd upon one of her Hands, and she wip'd her Tears and hid her Face with the other, as if she were willing for a few Moments to keep off the Sight of her Enemies. But at the Noise of those who accompany'd *Gonsalvo*, she look'd up, and discover'd to him *Zayde*; but *Zayde* more beautiful than he had ever beheld her,

her, even in Despite of the Sorrow and Distress which appear'd in her Countenance.

GONSALVO was so surpriz'd, that he seem'd more troubled than *Zayde*; and *Zayde* seem'd to take Courage, and lose part of her Fears at the Sight of *Gonsalvo*.

THEY came forward to each other, and both beginning to speak, *Gonsalvo* us'd the *Greek* Tongue, to beg Pardon of her for appearing before her, as an Enemy. At the same Instant, *Zayde* told him in *Spanish*, she was no longer afraid of the Misfortunes she had apprehended, and that this was not the first Danger from which he had rescued her. They were so amaz'd at hearing each other speak their mutual Languages, and the Reasons which had engag'd them to learn them occur'd so readily to their Thoughts, that they blush'd, and remain'd for a while in a profound Silence. At length *Gonsalvo* began, and continuing to speak in *Greek*; I don't know, Madam, said he, whether I did well to wish so earnestly as I have, that you cou'd understand me; perhaps I shall not be less wretched by it; but whatever may happen, since I have the Joy to see you again, after I had so often despair'd of it, I shall complain of my Fortune no more. *Zayde* seem'd embarrass'd at what he said, and looking on him with her lovely Eyes which yet testify'd a Sadness; I am still uncertain, said she in her own Language, not caring to talk to him in *Spanish*, whether my Father has been able to escape the Dangers to which he has been expos'd in this Engagement; you will permit me therefore, instead of answering you, to enquire after him. *Gonsalvo* call'd in those who were at hand, to ask them concerning what she desir'd to know; and had the Pleasure to understand that the Prince whose Life he had sav'd, was the Father of *Zayde*; and she seem'd to be overjoy'd to find by what fortunate Accident her Father had been deliver'd from Death.

AFTER this, *Gonsalvo* was oblig'd to take Notice of all the other Ladies in the Fort; and was exceedingly surpriz'd to find *Don Olmond* there, who had not been heard

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of since he left *Leon* to go in search of him. Having paid his due Regards to so faithful a Friend, he return'd to *Zayde*. As he was beginning to speak to her, Advice was brought him, that there was such a Disorder in the Town that nothing but his Presence cou'd quiet it. He was forced to run where his Duty call'd him, and gave what Commands he thought were necessary to appease the Tumult, which was owing to the Avarice of the Soldiers, and the Terror of the Inhabitants. He dispatch'd an Express to the King, to apprise him of the taking of the Town, and return'd with Impatience to *Zayde*. All the Ladies who were with her, being withdrawn, he was willing to improve those Moments of conversing with her; but as his Design was to talk to her about his Passion, he was strangely troubled, and saw that to have it in his Power to be understood was not always sufficient to make him resolve to declare his Mind. He was afraid, however, to lose an Occasion he had wish'd for so much, and after he had wonder'd a little at the unusual Variety of their Fortune, in having been together so long without being known, and without speaking to each other; We are very far, said *Zayde*, from falling into the same Perplexity again, for I understand the *Spanish* Tongue, and you understand mine. It was such an Affliction to me, answer'd *Gonsalvo*, not to understand it, that I have learn'd it, even without the Hope of its being able ever to make me Amends for what I have suffer'd by not knowing it. For my Part, reply'd *Zayde* blushing, I have learn'd *Spanish*, because it is troublesome not to understand the Language of the Country where one is. I often understood you, Madam, answer'd *Gonsalvo*, and tho' I did not know your Language, I cou'd at several times have given an exact Account of your Thoughts, and am persuaded that you also saw mine better than I saw yours. I am less discerning, I assure you, return'd *Zayde*, than you imagine; and all I have been able to conclude, is, that you were frequently very dejected. I told you the Reason, said

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Gonsalvo; and I believe you did not fail to understand me, without knowing my Words. Do not deny it, Madam, you answer'd me without speaking, with a Severity as great as you can wish. But since I was able to know your Indifference, how shou'd you not know those Sentiments which appear more easily than Indifference, and shew themselves in despite of us? I own, notwithstanding, that I have sometimes seen your beautiful Eyes turn'd upon me in a manner which wou'd have given me Joy, if I had not believ'd I ow'd those favourable Regards to a Resemblance of some other Person. I will not deny, answer'd *Zayde*, that you resemble one: But you will have no Reason to complain, if I told you, I have often wish'd you cou'd be the Person whom you resemble. I don't know, cry'd *Gonsalvo*, whether what you have said is in my Favour, and cannot thank you, unless you explain it better. I have said too much to you, reply'd *Zayde*, to explain it; and my last Words allow me not to do it. I am destin'd to be so unhappy as not to understand you, return'd *Gonsalvo*, since even while you speak in *Spanish*, I don't know what it is you say: But, Madam, are you so cruel as to add further Uncertainties to those in which I have liv'd so long? I must die at your Feet, unless you tell me who it was you lamented in *Alphonso's* Desert; and who it is my ill or good Fortune will have me to resemble. My Curiosity wou'd undoubtedly go beyond these two Things, if my Respect to you did not restrain it; but I will wait 'till Time and your Goodness permit me to enquire farther.

AS *Zayde* was going to reply, the *Arabian* Women in the Fort ask'd to speak with *Gonsalvo*; and several others coming in at the same time, she took such Care to avoid entering into a separate Conversation with him, that it was impossible for him to get an Opportunity.

HE shut himself up in private, to reflect upon the Pleasure of having found *Zayde* again, and found her in a Place of which he was Master. He fancy'd also he remark'd

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in her Eyes a certain Joy at seeing him again ; he was pleas'd she had learn'd *Spanish* ; and she spoke it so readily, at soon as she saw him, that he flatter'd himself he had had some Share in the Pains she had taken to learn it. In a Word, the Sight of *Zayde*, and the Hope of not being hated by her, excited in *Gonsalvo* the most delightful Sensations which a Lover can feel, who is not assur'd of being lov'd.

DON OLMOND return'd from the Fort, whither he had been detach'd to bring up the Troops, and broke off his Contemplation. As *Gonsalvo* had met him in the same Place with *Zayde*, he thought he might know from him the Birth and Adventures of that beautiful Princess. He was apprehensive, however, of his being in Love with her; and the Dread of finding a Rival, in a Man whom he esteem'd his Friend, for a long time suspended his Curiosity, but he cou'd not command it. Having ask'd *Don Olmond* what Accident had brought him to *Talavera*, and learn'd that he was taken Prisoner as he was going to seek after him at *Tarragona*, he spoke to him about *Zulema*, in order to bring on the mention of *Zayde*.

YOU know, said *Don Olmond*, he is Nephew of *Calthip Osman*, and wou'd be in the Place of *Caimadan*, who now reigns, if he were as fortunate as he deserves. He holds a considerable Rank among the *Arabians*, and is come into *Spain* to command the Armies of the King of *Cordova*, and lives there with a Grandeur and Dignity which surpriz'd me. When I arriv'd here, I found a Court very agreeable, in which *Bellenia*, Prince *Osmim's* Lady, Brother of *Zulema*, was then present. That Princess is esteem'd no less for her Virtue than her Birth. She had with her the Princess *Felima*, her Daughter, whose Wit and Aspect are full of Charms, tho' attended with a great Melancholy and Languor. You have seen the incomparable Beauty of *Zayde*, and may easily suppose my Astonishment at finding so many extraordinary Persons in *Talavera*. *Zayde* is indeed, answer'd *Gonsalvo* th'

the most perfect Beauty I have seen, and no doubt she has there a Multitude of Lovers. *Alamir*, Prince of *Tarsus*, reply'd *Don Olmond*, loves her intensely, his Passion for her began in *Cyprus*, and he bore her Company when she left the Place: *Zulema* was shipwreck'd in the Voyage upon the Coast of *Catalonia*, and is since arriv'd in *Spain*, and *Alamir* is come to *Talavera* to look after *Zayde*.

DON OLMOND's Words gave *Gonsalvo* a mortal Wound; his Suspicions were confirm'd, and he saw at once that all he had imagin'd was true. The Hope of being mistaken, with which he flatter'd himself so often, forsook him entirely, and the Gladness he had receiv'd from his late Conversation with *Zayde*, serv'd only to augment his Grief. He no longer doubted that the Tears she shed at *Alphonso*'s were for *Alamir*; that He was the Person whom he resembled, and that it was on his Account she came to the Coast of *Catalonia*. These Thoughts so disorder'd him, that *Don Olmond* believ'd he was ill, and express'd a friendly Concern. *Gonsalvo* wou'd not acquaint him with the Cause of his Affliction, being asham'd to own he was again in Love, after having been so abus'd in his former Passion; he told him, he shou'd soon be better, and ask'd if *Alamir* were worthy of *Zayde*, and whether she lov'd him?

I never saw him, answer'd *Don Olmond*; he was march'd out to join *Abderame* before I was brought to this Town. He has a great Reputation: I can't tell whether *Zayde* loves him; but I think it is not easy for her to despise a Prince so amiable as I have heard *Alamir* represented; and he seems so extremely fond of her, that 'tis very improbable he shou'd be wholly dislik'd. The Princess *Felima*, with whom I had a particular Friendship, notwithstanding the reserv'd manner of Life which Persons of her Nation and Birth observe, has often spoke to me about *Alamir*; and by what she has said of him, there cannot be a more honourable Man, or one more in Love.

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GONSALVO wou'd gladly have put many more Questions to *Don Olmond*, but he was restrain'd by the Fear of discovering to him that which he desir'd to keep conceal'd. He only enquir'd concerning *Felima*: *Don Olmond* said, she had follow'd the Princess her Mother to *Oropeze*, where *Osmia* commanded a Division of the Army.

GONSALVO now withdrew under Pretence of going to Rest, but in Truth it was to be at Liberty to lament himself, and to reflect upon the Perverseness of his ill Fortune. Why did I find *Zayde* again, said he, before I knew that she loves *Alamir*? If I had known this when I lost her I shou'd have been less troubled at her Absence, nor shou'd I have rejoiced so at finding her, nor felt the cruel Sorrow of losing the Hopes she had just given me. What a Destiny is mine! that even the Kindness of *Zayde* serves only to render me unhappy! Why does she shew me she allows my Passion, if she approves that of *Alamir*? And what does she mean by wishing I cou'd be the Person whom I resemble?

THESE Reflections inflam'd his Grief. And the next Day (for which he ought to have waited with Impatience, and which ought to have been so welcome, because he was then assur'd of seeing *Zayde*, and talking with her) appear'd the most dismal he had ever known; when he imagin'd that he had nothing to expect by seeing her, but the Confirmation of his Misery.

ABOUT Midnight the Messenger, who went to carry the King the News of taking the Town, return'd, with Orders for *Gonsalvo* to leave it immediately, and join the Army with all the Cavalry. *Don Garcia* understood the *Moors* expected considerable Succours, and therefore he judg'd it proper to use the Advantage of *Gonsalvo*'s Victory, and assemble all his Troops to attack the Enemy before they were reinforced. As difficult as *Gonsalvo* found it to execute this Order of the King, on account of getting the Soldiers to march, who were fatigu'd with the

Labours of the preceding Night; his Desire to be in the Battel caus'd him to exert himself so vigorously, that in a little while he brought them into a marching Posture, and underwent the severe Violence of leaving *Zayde* without bidding her Adieu. He order'd *Zulema* to be conducted to the Fort where she was, and commanded the Officer who guarded her, to inform her of the Reasons which oblig'd him to leave *Talavera* with so much Precipitation.

AT Break of Day he mounted at the Head of his Troops, and set forward with a Sadness equal to the Occasion of it: When he drew near the Camp he met the King, who was come out to receive him; he alighted, and gave him an Account of the Action at *Talavera*; and having finish'd his Discourse about the War, he spoke to him concerning his Love: He told him he had found *Zayde*, but at the same time he had also found that Rival, the mere Idea of whom had given him such Uneasiness. The King shew'd him how deeply he was interested in every thing which affected him, and how highly he was pleas'd with his late Victory. *Gonsalvo* made his Troops encamp, and repose themselves for a few Moments, in order to prepare for the intended Fight. The Battel was not absolutely resolv'd on; for the advantageous Post of the Enemy, their Numbers, and the Road thro' which they must pass to get up to them, made it difficult to form such a Resolution, and hazardous to execute it. *Gonsalvo*, however, declar'd for it; and the Hope of meeting *Alamir* in the Engagement made him press his Opinion so warmly, that it was concluded to begin the Battel the next Day.

THE *Arabians* lay upon a Plain within Sight of *Almaras*; and their Camp being encompass'd by a large Wood, was accessible only by a narrow Passage, which seem'd too dangerous to be attempted. *Gonsalvo*, notwithstanding, led the Way thro' the Wood at the Head of the Horse, and shew'd himself upon the Plain with several Squadrons. The *Arabians*, being surpriz'd to see their
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Enemies so near, spent that Time in Resolving, which they ought to have employ'd in Fighting, and thereby gave the *Spaniards* Leisure to bring up all their Troops, and form themselves in Order of Battel. *Gonsalvo* march'd on directly with the Left Wing, and broke thro' the *Arabian* Horse, and put them to Flight. He did not trouble himself to pursue those who fled, but searching after the Prince of *Tarsus*, and pushing on to new Conquests, turn'd short upon the Infantry. The Right Wing in the mean while had not equal Success; the Infidels repuls'd them to the Body of Reserve, which was commanded by the King in Person; he put a Stop to their Victory, and drove them to the Gates of *Almaras*, so that there remain'd only the Foot under *Abderame*, which *Gonsalvo* was now going to attack. They stood still to receive him, and opening their Battalions the Archers made such a prodigious Discharge that the *Spanish* Horse cou'd not stand them. *Gonsalvo* rally'd his Men, and renew'd the Attack three times; at last he surrounded the *Moorish* Infantry on every Side, and being mov'd to see such brave Men perish, call'd out to them that he gave them Quarter. At this they all threw down their Arms, and running about him in Crouds, Yeem'd to express the highest Admiration of his Clemency, after they had experienced his Valour. In the same Moment the King of *Leon* join'd *Gonsalvo*, and bestow'd on him all the Praises his intrepid Conduct deserv'd. They understood that *Abderame* drew off in the last Onset, and retir'd to *Almaras*.

THE Glory *Gonsalvo* had acquir'd by this Action ought to have given him Joy; but he was wholly oppress'd with Grief, for having neither lost his Life, nor met with *Alamir*.

THE Prisoners inform'd him this Prince was not in the Army, but commanded the Succours they were expecting, and that it was the Hope of his Supplies which had made them endeavour to delay the Battel.

AS the *Arabians* had rally'd Part of their Army, and were reinforced by the Troops of *Alamir*, and had a large Town before them, which cou'd not be besieg'd in their Sight, the King cou'd expect no other Advantage from his Victory, than the Honour of having won it. *Abderame*, however, under Colour of burying the Dead, desir'd a Truce of some Days, with a Design to set on Foot a Negotiation for Peace.

DURING the Truce, as *Gonsalvo* was one Day visiting the Quarters, he saw upon a small Eminence two of the Enemy's Horse defending themselves against several of the *Spaniards*, who, in spite of their Resistance, were ready to oppress them by their Numbers. He was amaz'd to see this Combat in the Time of the Truce, and a Combat so very unequal; and dispatch'd some of his Men full speed to put an End to it, and learn the Cause. They brought Word that the two *Arabian* Horsemen wou'd have pass'd along by the advanced Guard, who stopp'd them with great Insolence, upon which they drew their Swords, and that the rest of the Cavalry on the Spot fell upon them. *Gonsalvo* order'd an Officer to go in his Name, and excuse it to the two *Arabians*, and conduct them a-cross to that Side of the Camp whither they wanted to go. After this he continu'd to walk the Round, and went on to the King's Quarter, and made it very late when he return'd to his own. The next Day, the Officer who had conducted the *Arabian* Cavaliers, waited on him; Sir, said he, one of those you sent us to safe-guard charg'd us to tell you, he is extremely sorry that an important Affair, which has no Relation to the War, hinder'd him from coming to give you Thanks; and that he is glad to inform you, it is Prince *Alamir* who is indebted to you for his Life.

WHEN *Gonsalvo* heard the Name of *Alamir*, and reflected that that Rival whom he was so impatient to hunt out over the whole World, even while he knew him not, neither his Name nor his Country, had pass'd through
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the Camp, and in his View, to go, undoubtedly, to *Zayde*; he stood like a Man thunder-struck, and had only Strength to ask what Road he had taken. When they answer'd, that of *Talavera*, he sent every body out of his Tent, and lay overwhelm'd in Despair; at not having known the Prince of *Tarsus*.

HE has not only, said he, escap'd my Vengeance, but I have also open'd to him the Path to *Zayde*. At the Time I am talking, he sees her; he is with her, and acquaints her with his Passage through the Camp; and it was only to insult me, that he chose to let me know he was *Alamir*. Perhaps he shall not sport himself long in my Misfortune, and I shall assuage my Grief by satiating my Revenge.

IN this Instant he resolv'd to steal out of the Army, and hasten to *Talavera*, and by his Presence disturb the Interview of *Alamir* and *Zayde*, and either take his Rival's Life, or die before her Eyes. As he was contriving the Means, a Message was brought him that the Enemy's Troops appear'd a few Leagues from the Camp, and that the King order'd him to go out and observe them; he was forced to obey, and to suspend his own Design. He mounted immediately, and having rode a while, just as he had made his Way through a Wood, he learn'd that the Troops which were discover'd, were only some *Arabians* returning from guarding a Convoy. At this he caus'd the Horse who were with him to turn back to the Camp, and being attended only with his own Servants, march'd slowly, on purpose to linger in the Wood, that he might take the Path to *Talavera*, when the Troops he had sent off were out of Sight. As he was in the middle of a spacious Road, he met an *Arabian* Horseman, of a handsome Mien, who was going the same Way in deep Dejection. They who accompany'd *Gonsalvo*, happen'd to pronounce his Name. At the Sound of *Gonsalvo*'s Name, the *Arabian* broke out of his Musing, and ask'd them if he who rode by himself was *Gonsalvo*; as soon as they reply'd, it was; I shou'd be very glad, said he, aloud, to see a Man of such extraordinary

Merit,

Merit, and to have it in my Power to thank him for the Favours he has done me. At this, he advanced to *Gonsalvo*, and put up his Hand to the Vizor of his Helmet to salute him; but when he saw his Face, O Heavens, cry'd he, is it possible this shou'd be *Gonsalvo*! and then viewing him heedfully, he stood without Motion, like a Man in a wild Surprise, and agitated with very different Thoughts. Having continu'd a while in this Condition, *Alamir*, cry'd he at once, ought not to suffer him to live, to whom *Zayde* is destin'd, or to whom she destines herself.

GONSALVO, who seem'd astonish'd at the Action and the first Words of this *Arabian* Cavalier, and had heard him thus far with Temper, was struck at this sudden Turn with the highest Surprise, upon mentioning the Names of *Zayde* and *Alamir*, and thought he had before him that formidable Rival, whom he was seeking after with such Hatred and Desire of Revenge. I don't know, answer'd he, whether *Zayde* is destin'd to me, but if you are the Prince of *Tarsus*, as you give me Ground to believe, hope not to become possess'd of her but by my Death. Nor shall you, reply'd *Alamir*, unless by mine; I see too well by your Expressions, that you are he who causes my Misfortune. *Gonsalvo* heard these Words imperfectly; he drew back a few Steps, and curb'd his Impatience which push'd him on to fight, till he had provided that their Combat might not be interrupted. He order'd his Followers to retire, and order'd them with so much Authority, that they did not dare to disobey; but they made Haste to bring back some of the principal Officers, who had just left *Gonsalvo*, and cou'd not be far off. At the same time *Gonsalvo* and *Alamir* began an Encounter, in which, Bravery and Valour shew'd all their Power. *Alamir* was wounded in so many Places, that his Strength began to fail; and tho' *Gonsalvo* was wounded too, the Prospect of Victory gave him such fresh Ardor, as made him Master of this unhappy Prince's Life. The King, who was near the Wood, being alarm'd by the Cries of the Soldiers *Gonsalvo* had dismiss'd, rush'd

in and parted the Combatants. He understood by *Alamir's* 'Squire, who came up at the Time, his Master's Name; and *Gonsalvo* seeing the Prince lose such Quantities of Blood, commanded them to help him.

I F the King had follow'd his own Inclination, he wou'd have given contrary Orders; however, he contented himself with directing to have the Prince secur'd, and turn'd all his Thoughts to the preserving his Favourite. He caus'd him to be carry'd to the Camp; but as *Alamir* was not able to bear such a Fatigue, they remov'd him to a Castle near at Hand. As soon as *Gonsalvo* was in the Camp, the King made his Surgeons give their Opinion of his Wounds. They assur'd him he need be in no Pain for his Life. *Don Garcia* cou'd not leave him 'till he had learn'd from his own Mouth the Occasion of the Duel. *Gonsalvo*, who conceal'd nothing from him, confess'd the Truth; and the King being afraid to prejudice his Health, by too long a Conversation, wou'd have left him to take his Rest; but *Gonsalvo* held him; Do not leave me, Sir, said he, to the Disorder and Confusion of my own Thoughts; but help to deliver me out of the new Perplexity, into which the Actions and Words of *Alamir* have thrown me. He met me without seeming to be seeking me; he accosted me at first like a Man going to make me some grateful Acknowledgements, and at once I saw him surpriz'd, troubled, and ready to lay his Hand on his Sword. What did he discover by seeing my Face, which shou'd make him change his Mind? Why does he imagine *Zayde* is destin'd to me, either by *Zulema*, or by her self? He cou'd know that I am his Rival, only from her; and if she has given him an Account of my Passion, it is not in a Manner which cou'd put him in fear of me. He must be sensible she is not destin'd to me by *Zulema*, who does not know me, and is ignorant of my Affection for his Daughter, and whose Religion is so opposite to mine. What Foundation, therefore, can there be for his Expressions? And for what Reason did my Looks provoke his Rage, rather than my Name?

IT is difficult, dear *Gonsalvo*, answer'd the King, to unravel this Affair. I have turn'd it in my Thoughts, but I find nothing to fix upon. Yet might it not be thus, cry'd he, suddenly, that *Alamir* has seen you in *Alphonso's* Solitude, while you went by the Name of *Theodoric*, and knew you to be his Rival only by your Looks? Ah! Sir, reply'd *Gonsalvo*, I have had the same Thought myself; but it was so afflicting, that I cou'd not dwell upon it. Cou'd it be possible *Alamir* shou'd lie conceal'd in that Desert? Cou'd it be possible, that the Joy I discern'd sometimes in *Zayde's* Eyes, and in which all my Happiness consisted, shou'd be only the Impressions which remain'd from seeing *Alamir*? But Sir, continu'd he, I was scarce ever parted from *Zayde*, and shou'd have seen this Prince, if he had been at *Alphonso's*; besides, she knows who I am; and as he has been to see her, it is not to be doubted but she has inform'd him; so that he might know *Gonsalvo* was *Zayde's* Lover, when he met me. Yet I can't comprehend what made him so forward to fight, and find an Impossibility in all the Conjectures I form. Are you well assur'd, said the King, that *Alamir* has seen *Zayde*? He went late yesterday through the Camp; and you met him this Morning. I think a Man cou'd hardly have been at *Talavera* and back again, in so short a time. But I can easily clear up this; two Officers of my Troops were saying they spent the Night in the same Place as this Prince, and we shall know by them where they met him. The King sent for the Officers immediately, and order'd them to declare the Place and Hour of their Meeting with *Alamir*.

SIR, answer'd one of the two, as we were coming back yesterday from *Arieisbe*, whither we had been sent, we pass'd the Evening in a spacious Wood, three or four Leagues from the Camp; we had not been long asleep, when I was wak'd by a Noise, and saw this *Arabian* Prince at a Distance between the Trees, talking with a Woman richly dress'd; after a long Conversation the Woman left him, and went and sat down with another near the Place

where

where I was. They talk'd loud enough, but I understood nothing they said, because they spoke a Language I did not know, and which is not that of the *Arabians*. They nam'd *Alamir* several times; and tho' they were placed so that I cou'd not see their Face, I thought she who talk'd to the Prince wept extreamly. At last they went away. I heard from the Side of *Talavera* the Sound of Chariots and a Number of Horses. I wak'd my Comrade; we travell'd on, and saw *Alamir* lying at the Foot of a Tree, as if he were not well. His 'Squire ask'd me if he cou'd reach the *Arabian* Camp by Day-light; I told him no, and they stay'd at Night in the same Town as we.

THE King repented he had examin'd the Officers; and as soon as they were withdrawn, You may perceive, Sir, said *Gonsalvo*, whether I was mistaken in believing *Alamir* had seen *Zayde*. But do you think it possible, reply'd the King, she shou'd get out of *Talavera*, when she is a Prisoner there? My ill Fortune, return'd *Gonsalvo*, does not let me want any thing which may annoy me. I left Orders at coming away, that *Zayde* shou'd have the Liberty of taking the Air out of the Town whenever she pleas'd; she waited for *Alamir* in that Wood, and he had Reason to send me Word that an important Affair, not relating to the War, hinder'd his staying in the Camp: He saw her yesterday; she wept after she left him; it is evident therefore, that *Zayde* loves *Alamir*, and I have no Uncertainty remaining. Leave me, Sir, to dye, and lay aside the Care of a Man who is too much persecuted by Fortune to deserve your Kindness; for I am asham'd to be lov'd by you, and be miserable.

DON GARCIA was sensibly affected with *Gonsalvo's* Condition, and endeavour'd to give him some Comfort, by the warm Tokens of his Friendship.

THE next Day it was known that the Prince of *Tar-fus* was wounded very dangerously; and some Days after he was seiz'd with so violent a Fever, that they almost despair'd of his Life. *Gonsalvo* imagin'd *Zayde* cou'd not un-

derstand this Prince's Danger, without sending to know how he was, and therefore directed a trusty Servant to go every Day to the Castle where *Alamir* was kept, and discover whether any body came thither to try to see him. He wou'd fain have been satisfy'd also concerning that Resemblance which had given him so much Curiosity; but in the Prince's present Indisposition, it was impossible to distinguish the Features in his Face.

THE Person employ'd on this Service perform'd it carefully, and appriz'd *Gonsalvo* that while *Alamir* lay ill, no one ask'd to speak with him; but some unknown People attended daily to enquire after his Health, without mentioning the Name of those who sent them. Tho' *Gonsalvo* did not doubt *Alamir's* being lov'd by *Zayde*, every thing which assur'd him of it gave him fresh Pain. As he was in the Throws of this pungent Affliction, the King came into the Tent, and fearing so many Vexations might bring his Life into Danger, he forbad all who visited him to speak of *Alamir* and the Princess *Zayde*.

IN the mean time, the Truce expir'd, and the two Armies did not lie idle. *Abderame* besieg'd a small Place, whose Weakness made him look to meet with no Resistance; yet it happen'd that the Prince of *Galicia*, a near Relation of *Don Garcia*, who was retir'd thither to be cur'd of some Wounds he receiv'd in the Battel, undertook to defend it with a Resolution which had more of Rashness in it than Courage. *Abderame* was so enrag'd at it, that when the Town was forced to surrender, he struck off his Head. This was not the first time that the *Moors* had abus'd their Victory, and treated the greatest Nobles of *Spain* with an Inhumanity beyond Example. *Don Garcia* was extremely provok'd at the Death of the Prince of *Galicia*; and the *Spanish* Troops were not less; they lov'd that Prince, and were out of Patience at so many Barbarities which had never been reveng'd, and assembling in a Tumult, demanded of the King that *Alamir* shou'd be us'd in the same Manner as the Prince of *Galicia*. It being dangerous to refuse the Soldiers who
were

were so inflam'd, the King comply'd, and sent the King of *Cordova* Notice that he wou'd behead the Prince of *Tarfus*, as soon as he was recover'd, and his Wounds wou'd permit him to be made a publick Spectacle, and the Execution cou'd be perform'd without seeming to be design'd only to hasten his Death.

GONSALVO, by the King's Order, knew nothing of what pass'd concerning the Prince. A few Days after, he was told that a 'Squire of *Don Olmond* desir'd to see him; he sent for him in, and after the Messenger had acquainted him that his Master was very sorry the King's Commands detain'd him at *Baragel*, and prevented his making him a Visit, he deliver'd him a couple of Letters. *Gonsalvo* open'd that which was directed to himself, and found it as follows.

Don Olmond's LETTER to Gonsalvo.

IF I did not know the great Delight you take in doing a generous Action, I shou'd not have sent you the Letter which accompanies this, and shou'd think it wou'd be in vain to solicit you in favour of your Enemy. But I understand you too well, to doubt that you will receive with Joy the Petition I am oblig'd to make to you. As just as it is to treat the Prince of *Tarfus*, as the Prince of *Galicie* was treated, it will be a Deed worthy of you, to save a Man of *Alamir's* Quality and Merit. I think also you ought to shew some Pity to a Passion to which you are no Stranger.

THE Name of *Alamir*, and the Conclusion of the Letter, gave *Gonsalvo* exceeding Trouble. He ask'd the Bearer to explain what his Master mention'd about the Prince of *Galicie*: Tho' the 'Squire cou'd not suppose he was ignorant of what had pass'd, he inform'd him in few Words; and then *Gonsalvo* read the other Letter, the Contents of which were these.

Felima's

Felima's LETTER to Don Olmond.

YO U can do any Thing with Gonfalvo: Get him to save Alamir from the Rage of the King of Leon. In preserving him from the Death, which is preparing for him, he will not preserve his Life; he will soon expire of his Wounds. Gonfalvo is sufficiently reveng'd already on that unhappy Prince, since we are oblig'd to have Recourse to him to deliver him. Exert your self, I conjure you, in this; for you will save more than one Life in saving that of Alamir.

AH! Zayde, cry'd Gonfalvo, Felima writes by your Order; and you enjoin me by this Letter to save you Alamir. What an Inhumanity is yours? and to what an Extremity do you reduce me? Is it not enough that I bear my Misfortunes? Must I also labour to deliver him who causes them? Ought I to oppose the King's Resolution? The Resolution is just; he has been constrain'd to take it; and I had no Part in it. I ought to leave Alamir to perish, if I did not know he was my Rival, and that Zayde loves him. But I know it; and this Reason, cruel as it is, does not allow me to consent to his Ruin. What extravagant Instance of Obedience, reply'd he, wou'd I impose upon my self? And what Generosity obliges me to preserve Alamir? Since I know he takes Zayde from me, must I save his Life? Can I desire that, to spare him at my Request, the King shou'd run the Hazard of making his Army revolt? Shall I abandon the Interest of Don Garcia, to deprive my self of the pleasing Hopes with which Alamir's Death flatters me? This Prince alone disputes Zayde with me; and as prejudiced as she is in his Favour, if she were never to see him again, I might assure myself of being happy.

AFTER these Words he kept Silence a long time, and seem'd perfectly mute; when rising up at once, tho' he was very weak, he caus'd himself to be carry'd to the King, who was extremely surpriz'd to see him, and was more so, when he knew what he was come to ask of him.

SIR, said *Gonsalvo*, if you have any Regard for me, you must grant me *Alamir's* Life; I cannot live, if you consent to his Death. What is it you say, *Gonsalvo*? reply'd the King; by what Accident is the Life of a Man, who produces your Unhappiness, become necessary to your Repose? *Zayde*, Sir, answer'd he, orders me to save it; and I must answer the good Opinion she has of me. She knows I adore her, and ought to hate this Prince; and yet she has such an Esteem of me, as to believe I am so far from consenting to his Death, that I will take Pains to secure him. She desires to hold her Lover's Life of me, and I beg it of you of all Grace. I must not listen, said the King, to Sentiments inspir'd by a blind Generosity, and a Love which interrupts your Reason. I must act according to my own Interest, and to yours. The Prince of *Tarsus* must die, to teach the King of *Cordova* to use the Rights of War better; and to appease my Troops, who are ready to revolt; and he must die, to leave you in Possession of *Zayde*, and disturb your Quiet no more.

AH! Sir, return'd *Gonsalvo*, can I find Quiet in seeing *Zayde* incens'd against me, and desperate for the Death of her Lover? I must no longer presume to dispute *Zayde* with *Alamir*, living or dead; nor render myself worthy of the ill Treatment of Fortune by an unreasonable Obstinacy. I wou'd have *Zayde* lament she did not love me, but I wou'd not have her able to despise or hate me. Take Time, said the King, to consider what you ask, and resolve with yourself, if you ought to desire it. No, Sir, answer'd *Gonsalvo*, I wou'd not have Leisure to change my Mind, and expose myself a second time to the false and flattering Hopes which the Thought of *Alamir's* Death has already given me. Nor wou'd I have *Zayde* believe, I am irresolute what Side I ought to embrace. I intreat the Favour of you to give out to-day, that you have granted me that Prince's Life. I promise to grant it you, answer'd the King; but it must not be made publick yet. You know the Enterprize which is concerted upon *Oropese*;
this

'his Night the Inhabitants are to open the Gates to us; if this Design takes Effect, the Joy of such a Success may perhaps put the Army into a Temper from which we shall have less to fear: *Felima* will be in our Hands; and you may know from her, whether *Alamir* is lov'd. Make your own Destiny clear, before you decide that of the Prince, and place yourself in a Condition of forming a Resolution of which you will not repent.

BUT, Sir, reply'd *Gonsalvo*, perhaps *Felima* will not discover the Sentiments of *Zayde*. To oblige her to it, answer'd the King, send *Don Olmond* Word, that you will not do what she desires, unless you know the true Reasons of her being so concern'd in the Preservation of *Alamir*. It is *Don Olmond* who is order'd to take Possession of *Oropese*, and you will learn by him all that you have occasion to know. I consent, Sir, said *Gonsalvo*, upon Condition you will permit me to make the Soldiers come to you to ask *Alamir's* Life themselves, at the same Instant that the taking of *Oropese* shall be known. As *Felima* will be a Prisoner, *Don Olmond* will have it in his Power to conceal from her the Favour you have granted me, 'till she has told him every thing relating to the Prince: *Zayde* will see I obey'd her Orders the very Moment I receiv'd them; and will judge by this blind Obedience, that if I resign my Pretensions to her Heart I was not unworthy to possess it.

THE King agreed to all *Gonsalvo* propos'd, but oblig'd him at the same Time to write *Don Olmond* an Account of the Manner in which they had fix'd the Affair. He staid Part of the Night with his Favourite, who sunk under the Violence he had done himself, and sacrific'd to a severe Generosity, from which he expected no Glory, all the Hopes of a Passion which powerfully inflam'd his Soul.

THE next Day *Don Garcia* receiv'd News of the Enterprize at *Oropese*, which had succeeded according to his Wishes. He communicated it to *Gonsalvo*, and acquainted him also that he was at Liberty to try to save *Alamir*.

Gonsalvo.

salvo, with the same Ardor as if by executing this Design he were assur'd of the Conquest of *Zayde*, made himself be carry'd into the Camp, and with the same Looks and Voice with which he animated the Soldiers on so many Occasions to follow him, he set before them the Shame they wou'd bring upon him in taking away the Prince of *Tarsus's* Life, who was under Confinement only for attacking him. He told them, that by his Death, which wou'd also be imputed to himself, they wou'd make him lose the Honour he had acquir'd with them in so many Engagements; that he wou'd at the same Minute lay down his Command, and go out of *Spain*: And it must be their Choice, either to see him take Leave of the King, or go with him immediately to beg the Prince's Life. The Soldiers scarcely suffer'd him to finish his Speech, and throwing themselves round him in Crowds, as if to prevent his leaving them, they followed him to *Don Garcia*, and were so spirited by their General's Words, that it had been as dangerous now to refuse them *Alamir's* Safety, as it wou'd have been a few Days before to deny them his Execution.

DON OLMOND in the mean while, amid all the Cares he had upon his Hands by becoming Master of the Town, did not neglect to consider *Gonsalvo's* Interest requir'd him to have a Conversation with *Felima*. He ask'd to be admitted to her with as much Respect as if the Right of War had not given him an absolute Liberty. He found her in a deep Sadness; what had pass'd during the late Action, and a troublesome Indisposition her Mother had been under for some Days, seem'd to be the Occasion of it.

AS soon as they cou'd speak without being over-heard, Well, *Don Olmond*, says she, have you solicited *Gonsalvo*? and will you save *Alamir*? That Prince's Destiny, answer'd he, Madam, is in your Hands. In my Hands! cry'd she; alas, how shou'd I be able to do any Thing for his Safety? I will be answerable to you for his Life, reply'd he;

he; but to enable me to keep my Word, I must know the Reasons why you interest yourself so warmly in his Preservation: I must know them with a punctual Truth, and every Thing also relating to *Alamir's* Adventures. Ah! *Don Olmond*, said *Felima*, what do you ask me? At these Words she stood silent for a time, and then breaking out at once, But don't you know he is Kinsman to *Osmin* and *Zulema*? that we have been long acquainted with him, and that his Merit is uncommon? And is not this enough to make one concern'd for his Life?

YOUR Concern for it, Madam, return'd *Don Olmond*, proceeds from more pressing Reasons; if it will cost you too dear to declare them, it lies with you not to do it; but you will also allow me then to revoke the Promise I made you. Ah! *Don Olmond*, cry'd she, is *Alamir's* Life to be purchas'd only at this Price? why is it you wou'd know what you ask of me? I am sorry, answer'd *Don Olmond*, that I cannot tell you. But, Madam, once more, I can do nothing unless upon this Condition, and you must make your Choice.

FELIMA stood a long Time with her Eyes turn'd down in so profound a Silence, that *Don Olmond* was surpriz'd; but presently resolving, I am going, said she, to do that very Thing which I least imagin'd I cou'd prevail on myself to do. The good Opinion I have of you, and my Confidence in your Friendship, undoubtedly assist to determine me to it, as well as the Preservation of *Alamir*. Keep the Secret, added she, inviolably, and hear with Patience the Story I am to relate, which will unavoidably be something tedious.

THE



*The HISTORY of Zayde and
Felima.*



C ID RAHIS, Brother of *Caliph Osmin*, who cou'd have disputed the Empire with him by Right of Birth, was so unfortunate, and so deserted of all those who gave him Hope of their declaring for him, that he was forced to renounce his Pretensions, and consent to be exil'd to *Cyprus*, under Pretence of going Commander of the Place. *Zulema* and *Osmin*, whom you know, were his Sons; they were young and handsome, and had given several Proofs of their Valour. They fell in Love with two Persons of extraordinary Beauty, and of great Quality; who were Sisters, and were descended from several Princes, who had govern'd that Island before it became subject to the *Arabians*. One of them was nam'd *Alasynthia*, and the other *Belenia*.

AS *Osmin* and *Zulema* knew the *Greek Language*, they easily made themselves understood by the Ladies, who were Christians; but the Difference of their Religion produced none in their Sentiments. They lov'd the two Brothers, and as soon as their Father's Death had left them at Liberty, *Zulema* marry'd *Alasynthia*, and *Osmin* marry'd *Belenia*. They allow'd them to bring up their Children in the Christian Religion, and gave them Hope that in a little Time they wou'd embrace it themselves. I was born of *Osmin* and *Belenia*, and *Zayde* of *Zulema* and *Alasynthia*.

ZULEMA's Passion and that of *Osmin* oblig'd them to pass several Years in *Cyprus*; but at length a Desire of finding

finding some favourable Juncture to revive their Father's Claim, call'd them thence to *Africa*. At first they had great Expectations, and, contrary to the Rules of State, the *Galiph* who succeeded *Osman* put them into such considerable Employments, that *Alasinthia* and *Belenia* cou'd not blame their Absence; But after it had lasted five or six Years, they began to be uneasy and complain. They knew indeed they had other Engagements, beside the War, and heard frequently from them; but as they did not return, they thought they had forsaken them. *Alasinthia* therefore had nothing upon her Mind but *Zayde*, who deserv'd all her Application; and *Belenia*'s Thoughts were wholly employ'd on educating me very carefully.

JUST as we were pass'd our Infancy, both our Mothers retir'd to a Castle near the Coast, where they led a Life agreeable to their Affliction, tho' their Regard to their Children oblig'd them to keep up a Grandeur and Magnificence which by their own Inclination perhaps they wou'd have omitted. Several young Persons of Quality resorted to us, and there was nothing wanting which might contribute to our Improvement, and to the Diversions which were consistent with the Privacy in which we were bred. *Zayde* and I were no less united by Friendship than by Blood; I was two Years elder than she; and there was some Difference also in our Tempers; mine was the less gay and spritely; this was easily perceiv'd by seeing us, as well as the Advantage *Zayde*'s Beauty had over mine.

NOT long before the Emperor *Leo* sent to attack the Island of *Cyprus*, we were one Day by the Shoar; the Sea was calm, and we begg'd our Mothers to give us Leave to go upon the Water in a Barge. We took several young Persons with us, and row'd towards the Ships which lay in the Road; as we drew near them, we saw some Sloops put off, and thought they were *Arabians* going on Shoar. The Sloops advanced towards us, as we made up to them. In the first were several Men magnificently habited; and among them one who by his noble Air and the Graceful-

ness

ness of his Person was distinguish'd from all about him. This Encounter surpriz'd us; we were sensible it became us to proceed no farther, nor give those who were in the Sloop room to think it was a Curiosity to view them which had brought us toward them. We stood off to the right, and the Sloop we endeavour'd to shun did the same, but the others steer'd directly to Land. That which follow'd us, came near enough for us to discern that the Man whom we had distinguish'd from the rest, look'd on us earnestly, and desir'd to make us observe, that he took a Pleasure in following us.

ZAYDE lik'd the Incident, and caus'd our Barge to tack about in order to try whether the other wou'd still keep us Company. For my Part, I was embarrass'd, I knew not why. I view'd him who appear'd to be the Master of the others in the Sloop with Attention, and at a nearer Sight, found something so fine and so agreeable in his Aspect, that I thought I had never beheld any one so engaging. I told Zayde we ought to return, and that undoubtedly when *Alasynthia* and *Belenia* allow'd us to go upon the Water, they did not imagine we shou'd have met with such an Adventure. She obey'd my Advice, and we made to Shoar; the Vessel which follow'd us pass'd on, and went to debark near the other Sloops which were arriv'd before.

WHEN we were come ashoar, the Person whom we had taken Notice of, accompany'd with a large Train of Attendants, came forward to give us his Hand, with an Air which made us believe he had learn'd who we were, of the People upon the Water. My Astonishment and Zayde's was past Expression; we were not us'd to see our selves address'd so freely, and especially by the *Arabians*, towards whom we were inspir'd with a strong Aversion. We expected the Gentleman wou'd be startled when he found we did not understand his Language, but were our selves confounded, to hear him speak ours with all the Politeness of ancient Greece.

I know,

I know, Madam, said he, applying himself to *Zayde* who walk'd foremost, an *Arabian* ought not to be so daring as to approach you, without having ask'd your Permission; but what wou'd be a Crime in another, I believe is pardonable in a Man who has the Honour to be related to the Princes *Zulema* and *Osmín*. Having a Desire to see the Rarities of *Greece*, I thought I cou'd not satisfy my Curiosity better than by beginning at the Island of *Cyprus*. And my good Fortune has presented to me at my Arrival, that which I shou'd have sought in vain in all other Parts of the World.

AS he spoke, he fix'd his Eyes sometimes upon *Zayde* and sometimes upon me; but with so many Marks of a sincere Admiration, that we cou'd scarcely doubt he thought what he said. I can't tell whether I was already touch'd, or whether the Solitude in which we liv'd render'd this Adventure the more agreeable, but I own I had never known any Thing so amusing. *Alasíntha* and *Belenia*, who were a pretty way off, advanced towards us, and sent to inquire the Name of the Stranger. They were inform'd he was *Alamir*, Prince of *Tarsus*, Son of that *Alamir* who held the Rank of *Caliph*, and whose Power was so formidable to the Christians; and knowing the Relation there was between him and *Zulema*, the Respect which was due to him for his Birth, added to their Impatience to hear some News concerning their own Affairs, made them receive him with less Repugnance than they commonly express'd towards the *Arabians*. *Alamir* also by his Words dispos'd them to give him a favourable Reception; he spoke to them of *Zulema* and *Osmín*, whom he had seen not long since, and blam'd them for being able to abandon two Persons so deserving of their Company.

THE Conversation upon the Shoar was so long, and *Alamir* seem'd so agreeable even in the Eyes of *Alasíntha* and *Belenia*, that, contrary to their Custom of shunning all Commerce, they cou'd not forbear offering him a Lodging in the Castle where they dwelt. *Alamir* let them see

he

he was sensible he ought in Civility to decline it; but shew'd them also he had not the Power to refuse it, for the pleasure of not being parted from a Company who had fill'd him with such Admiration. He went with us, and introduced to us likewise a Man of Quality, for whom he had an extraordinary Regard, call'd *Mulziman*. *Alamir* continu'd the same in the Evening, as we found him when we met him first. I was surpriz'd at all his Motions, and at the Charms of his Person and his Wit, and this Wonder seiz'd me so strongly, that from that Time I ought to have suspected there was something more in it than Surprise. I thought he ey'd me very attentively, and gave me to see by certain Praises he bestow'd on me, that my Person was as pleasing to him at least as that of *Zayde*.

INSTEAD of leaving us the next Day, as in Appearance he was to have done, he induced *Alasimsha* and *Belenia* to detain him. He sent for some beautiful Horses he had brought with him, and caus'd several of his People to ride them before us, and rode them himself with the Dexterity which is peculiar to those of his Nation. He found means to stay there three or four Days, and ingratiated himself so with our Mothers, that they consented to his visiting us while he continu'd in the Island. At going away, he let me understand that if his Presence had been troublesome to me, and if it shou'd prove so hereafter, I ought to accuse myself. His Looks, however, I observ'd were fix'd on *Zayde*; but I had also discern'd them frequently turn'd on myself in a manner which seem'd so natural and sincere, that joining the Language of his Eyes to several Things he had told me, I was persuaded I had made an Impression in his Heart. O Heavens! that which he made in mine was real.

AS soon as he was out of Sight, I felt a Sadness I did not understand. I left *Zayde*, and retir'd to think. My Thoughts, I found, were all confus'd, and I was weary of myself; I return'd to look for *Zayde*, and wanted her, I thought, to talk about *Alamir*. She was employ'd with her

her Women in making Festoons of Flowers, and seem'd not to remember she had seen the Prince. I was amaz'd to see her so busied about her Flowers, and had so little Heart to amuse myself with them, that I snatch'd them from her by Force. We walk'd out, and I spoke to her about *Alamir*: I told her I thought he had view'd her earnestly; she answer'd, she had not perceiv'd it. I try'd to discover whether she had observ'd the Tenderness he express'd towards me; but she seem'd not to have had the least Surmise of it, and I was so astonish'd and confounded at the Difference between what the Sight of *Alamir* had produced in *Zayde* and in me, that I heap'd Reproaches on myself which were but too just.

SOME Days after, *Alamir* made us a Visit; when he came, *Alasimtha* and *Belenia* were gone out to a Place, from whence they were not to return 'till the Evening. He appear'd to me more amiable than ever. As *Zayde* was not in the way, it was my ill Fortune to see him, when he had no other Object to engage his Attention but myself; he express'd so much Affection, that the Inclination I had for him made me firmly believe I pleas'd him as he did me. He went away before *Zayde* came in, and in a manner which gave me ground to flatter myself he did not desire to see her. A great while after, *Zayde* return'd, and I was amaz'd when she and *Alasimtha* said, they had found him very near our Castle, and that he brought them as far as the Gate. By the Time he had been gone, he must in all likelihood have been got a great Way off, when they came home, and cou'd never have met them, unless he had waited for them. This Thought made me uneasy; yet I fancy'd what I imagin'd might have happen'd only by Accident, and expected the next Visit of *Alamir* with an Impatience I had not experienced before. In a few Days he came to bring *Alasimtha* News of the War which the Emperor *Leu* intended to make in *Cyprus*. This News, which was so very important, furnish'd him with a Pretence to see us frequently; and still when he came,

came, he continu'd to express to me the same Sentiments he had at first declar'd. I stood in need of all my Reason not to let him see the Disposition I had to him; and my Reason perhaps wou'd have been ineffectual, if the Concern I perceiv'd in him sometimes for *Zayde*, had not assisted to restrain me. However I imputed all he did to please her, to his natural Politeness, and his artful Conduct hid from me that which wou'd have given me another Opinion.

WE were inform'd that the Emperor's Navy was near our Coast; upon which *Alamir* persuaded our Mothers to remove; and tho' our Religion made us apprehend nothing from the Imperial Troops, our Alliance to the *Arabians*, and the usual Disorders of War, prevail'd on us to follow his Counsel, and go to *Famagusta*. I rejoiced at it, because I expected to be in the same Place with *Alamir*, and that *Zayde* and I shou'd not be together in one Lodging. Her Beauty was so formidable to me, that I was extremely pleas'd *Alamir* had seen me without seeing her. I believ'd I shou'd now satisfy myself intirely concerning his Sentiments to me, and discover whether I ought to surrender myself to those which I had for him. But to dispose of my Heart had long been beyond my Power; However, I fancy if I had understood *Alamir's* Temper then, as well as I have done since, I should have been able to preserve myself from the Inclination I had to him; but as I was sensible only of his beautiful Qualities, and he seem'd to have a Tenderness for me, it was difficult to resist a Passion which was so violent and so natural.

THE Day we arriv'd at *Famagusta*, he came to us; *Zayde's* Charms shone out so illustriously, that she appear'd the same to *Alamir's* Eyes, as he appear'd to mine, that is, the only Object of Love. I perceiv'd the extraordinary Attention with which he look'd at her. *Alasimtha* and *Balenia* withdrew, and *Alamir* follow'd *Zayde*, without so much as framing a Pretence for leaving me. I was pierced thro' with a Grief till then unknown, the Violence of
which

which convinced me of the real Affection I had for that Prince. This Discovery augmented my Sorrow, and I had in View the dreadful Calamity, into which I was plung'd by my own Fault; but after I had lamented severely, some Ray of Hope broke in upon me; I flatter'd myself, like all Persons in Love, and suppos'd this pleasing Accident might arise from some Reasons of which I was not aware. This feeble Hope did not continue long; *Alamir* chose to let *Zayde* and me believe for a time that he lov'd us both, in order to determine himself according to the manner in which either of us treated him; but the Beauty of *Zayde*, unassisted by any Encouragement, master'd him entirely. He forgot now that he had affected to make me believe he had a Passion for me; I scarcely saw him after this, and he visited me only for the sake of visiting *Zayde*; he lov'd her ardently, and in short I saw him become the same to her, as I shou'd have been to him, if Decency wou'd have allow'd me to declare my Thoughts.

I don't know whether it is necessary to tell you what I suffer'd, and the different Motions which agitated my Heart. I cou'd not bear to see him with *Zayde*, and so deeply enamour'd; and on the other hand, I cou'd not live without him. I had rather therefore see him with her, than not see him at all. His Behaviour to her, instead of lessening my Affection, increas'd it. All his Words and Actions were so adapted to please me, that if I had been to instruct a Lover in his Conduct, I shou'd have prescrib'd him that of *Alamir* to *Zayde*. There is also such a Contagion in Love, that it is dangerous to see it, tho' it is not address'd to one's self. *Zayde* told me the Passion he had for her, and how far she was from returning it. Several times when she was talking of it, I was on the Point to open my Condition to her, in order to engage her thereby not to suffer the Prince to continue his Amour; but I was afraid of endearing him to her, by letting her see how well I lov'd him. However, it was my fix'd Reso-

lution

lution to do him no Disservice; and I was so sensible of the Misery of not being lov'd, that I wou'd not contribute to make him feel it, whom I lov'd so dearly. And the Coldness of *Zayde* toward him, perhaps might assist to support me in this Resolution.

THE Emperor's Troops were so strong, that it was not question'd but *Cyprus* wou'd soon fall into his Hands. Upon the Report of the Siege, *Zulema* and *Osmia* awaken'd out of the deep Oblivion in which they had lain so long. The Caliph began to fear them, and seem'd to have a Design to send them out of the Way. They agreed to prevent him, and ask'd to command the Succours which were to be sent to *Cyprus*; and arriv'd, when we least expected them. This was a sensible Joy to *Alasimtha* and *Belenia*; and wou'd have been to me, if I had been capable of it; but I was overwhelm'd with Grief, and *Zulema's* Arrival gave me new Trouble, lest he shou'd approve *Alamir's* Designs. What I apprehended happen'd; for *Zulema*, who by his residing in *Africk* was become more fix'd in his Religion than ever, was extremely desirous *Zayde* shou'd change hers; he left *Tunis* with an Intention to carry her thither, and marry her to the Prince of *Fez*, of the House of the *Idris's*; but the Prince of *Tarsus* seem'd so worthy of his Daughter, that he allow'd his Addresses. I then clearly perceiv'd, if I did not take Measures to prevent *Zayde* from loving him, the Thing I most dreaded wou'd befall me, to see him happy by possessing her.

HIS Passion proceeded to that Violence, that all who knew him cou'd not admire at it enough. *Mulziman*, whom I mention'd before, and whom I convers'd with sometimes, because he was *Alamir's* Friend, made me fancy, by the Amazement he express'd at it, that the Prince had never been subject to the like till now. *Alamir* acquainted *Zulema* with his Thoughts concerning *Zayde*; and *Zulema* let *Zayde* understand it was his Desire she shou'd marry him. She had been under some Apprehension of this, and the Moment she knew it, she told it me with the

VOL. I. H highest

highest Tokens of Uneasiness. I confess, I cou'd not see what Reason she had to be troubled, and thought it impossible it shou'd be such Affliction to be appointed to pass her Life with *Alamir*.

THIS Infidel had so perfectly forgot his Professions to me, that when *Zulema* inform'd him of the Aversion *Zayde* express'd for him, he came to me to complain, and to implore my Assistance. All my Reason and Constancy were ready to desert me, and I felt a Grief and Emotion, which he wou'd have easily discern'd, if he had not been himself assaulted with the same Passion as tortur'd me: After a Silence, which perhaps spoke but too much, I am extremely amaz'd, said I, at the Repugnance *Zayde* shews to *Zulema's* Choice, and am the unfittest Person in the World to try to change her Mind; for I shou'd speak against my own Judgment, and I know the Misfortune of being engag'd with one of your Nation so well, that I can never advise *Zayde* to run the Hazard. *Belenia* convinced me of the Misery of it, soon after I was born, and I believe *Alasintia* has set it before her Daughter so clearly, that it will be very difficult to bring her to consent to what you desire; and for my Part, I assure you once again, that I am more incapable of undertaking it than any one.

ALAMIR was highly troubled to find me so little dispos'd to serve him, and hop'd to prevail by shewing me all his Anguish, and the Fulness of his Passion for *Zayde*. What he said threw me into Despair, and yet I cou'd not forbear condoling him, through the Conformity of our Distresses: It was a perfect War in my Thoughts. *Zayde's* Dislike of him gave me a certain Joy from the Pleasure of Revenge, which I tasted very strongly; and it abash'd my Triumph, to see her despise a Man whom I ador'd.

I resolv'd to declare the Condition of my Heart to *Zayde*: Before I did it, I press'd her to consider, whether she shou'd be able always to resist *Zulema's* Intention of marrying her to *Alamir*. There was no Extremity, she told me, which

she

she wou'd not embrace, rather than consent to marry a Man whose Religion was so opposite to her own, and whose Law allow'd him to take as many Wives as he pleas'd; but she did not believe *Zulema* wou'd think of forcing her to it, and if he shou'd, her Mother wou'd find Means to prevent it. This Answer of *Zayde* fill'd me with all the Gladness I was capable of, and I began to have a Mind to acquaint her with what I design'd; but I found more Difficulty in it than I imagin'd; at length I surmounted all the Motives of Pride and Shame which stood in my Way, and with a Flood of Tears inform'd her of my Case. She was astonish'd, and seem'd as intimately touch'd with my unhappy State, as I cou'd wish. Why, said she, have you conceal'd your Sentiments so studiously from him who occasion'd them? I don't question if he had discover'd them at first, but he wou'd have placed his Affection upon you, and I am perswaded, if he knew any thing of the Matter, the Hope of being lov'd by you, and my Treatment of him, wou'd very soon induce him to relinquish me. Are you willing, added she, embracing me, that I shou'd endeavour to convince him he wou'd do better to address himself to you than to myself? Ah! *Zayde*, reply'd I, do not take from me the only Circumstance which prevents my dying of Grief: I shou'd not survive what I suffer, if *Alamir* were to know my Thoughts; I shou'd be inconsolable on Account of my Honour, and shou'd be more so for the sake of my Love. As I am, I can flatter myself that if he knew I lov'd him, he wou'd love me: I am sensible indeed, that one is not always lov'd for loving; yet it is a kind of Hope, and slender as it is, I wou'd not part with it, for it is all I have left me. I added also so many other Reasons, to shew her that I ought not to discover my Sentiments to *Alamir*, that she came into my Opinion; and I felt a great Relief by having unbosom'd myself to her, and made my Complaints.

IN the mean time the War proceeded, and it was plain that it cou'd not continue long. The flat Country

was all Conquer'd, and *Famagusta* was the only Town which was not surrender'd. *Alamir* expos'd himself perpetually with a Valour which border'd upon Despair. *Mulziman* spoke of it to me with extreme Concern: He so frequently testify'd his Surprise at the Prince's ardent Fondness of *Zayde*, that I cou'd not but ask him the Cause, and urge him to tell me, whether *Alamir* had ever been in Love, before he saw *Zayde*. He was very backward to own the Reason of his Wonder; but I conjur'd him so earnestly, that at last he related that Prince's Adventures. I will not give you the Particulars of them, because it wou'd be tedious. I will only apprise you of what is necessary to make you understand *Alamir*, and my Misfortune.



The HISTORY of Alamir Prince of Tarsus.



Have already told you this Prince's Birth; and what I have said of his Person, and my Sentiments concerning him, may satisfy you that he is as amiable as a Man can be. It was his Ambition also even from the first opening of his Youth, to make himself be lov'd; and tho' the manner in which the *Arabian* Women live admits not of Gallantry, *Alamir's* Address, and the Pleasure of surmounting Difficulties, made that easy to him which wou'd have been impossible to another. As this Prince is not marry'd, and his Religion permits him to have several Wives, there was not a young Woman at *Tarsus* who did not flatter herself with the
Hope

Hope of that Honour. This Hope readily dispos'd them to receive him favourably; but he was very far by his Temper from entering into an Engagement which he cou'd not break off. All he aim'd at was the Pleasure of being lov'd; as for that of loving, he knew it not. He never had any real Passion; but without feeling it, he understood the Art of feigning it so well, that he made all whom he thought worthy, believe he was sincerely smitten. It is true also that while he was striving to please, a Desire of procuring himself to be lov'd supply'd him with an Ardour which might easily be taken for a true Flame: But the Moment he had accomplish'd his Purpose, as his Wishes were fully answer'd, and he was not enamour'd enough to take any Delight in Love itself, separated from Difficulties and Amusements, his whole Care was to withdraw from her whom he had pursu'd, and apply his Courtship to another.

ONE of his Favourites, call'd *Selemin*, was the Confident of all his Amours, and was himself also concern'd in several as little in earnest as his Master's. The *Arabians* celebrate certain Festivals at different Seasons of the Year; this is the only Time in which the Women have any Liberty; they are permitted then to walk abroad in the Towns and Gardens; and are present, tho' always veil'd, at the publick Plays which are perform'd during those Days. *Alamir* and *Selemin* expected this Season impatiently. It never arriv'd, but they discover'd Beauties they had not known before, and found means to speak to them, and establish a sort of Intelligence with them.

AT one of these Feasts, *Alamir* saw a young Widow, call'd *Naria*, whose Beauty, Riches and Virtue were uncommon. By Accident he saw her unveil'd, as she was talking to one of her Slaves; the Charms of her Face surpriz'd him, and the Sight of the Prince discompos'd her, and she stood still a-while to look at him. He perceiv'd it; he follow'd her, and endeavour'd to make her observe that he did so; in a word, the seeing so fair a Person, and the

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having

having had a Look from her, was sufficient to inspire him both with Love and Hope. The Account he receiv'd of her Virtue and her Wit, heighten'd his Ambition to gain her Love, and see her again. He sought after her diligently, and was perpetually passing to and fro by her Lodging, but without perceiving her, tho' not without thinking she might see him; at last he met her as she was going to the Baths. He was so happy two or three times as to have a View of her Face, and every time he saw it, it appear'd so enchanting, that he was wounded, and believ'd *Naria* was destin'd to put an End to his Inconstancies.

SEVERAL Days pass'd without his receiving any Token, by which he cou'd judge that *Naria* approv'd his Love; and he began to have an Uneasiness, which disturb'd his usual Joy. However, he did not abandon his Design of soliciting the Affection of two or three others, and especially of *Zoromade*, who was very considerable by her Father's Quality, and by her Beauty. The Difficulties of seeing her exceed'd, if possible, those of seeing *Naria*; but he was certain *Zoromade* wou'd have surmounted them, if she had not been in the Power of a Mother, who watch'd her with the utmost Care. He was not therefore so eager to vanquish these Obstacles, as to conquer the Resistance of *Naria*, which proceeded wholly from herself. He had attempted several Times, in vain, to gain her Slaves, in order to know her Days of going out, and the Places where he might see her; but at length one of them, who had refus'd him the most obstinately, promis'd to inform him of all her Motions. Two Days after, he told the Prince she was going to a curious Garden she had out of the City, and that if he would walk round by the Garden-Wall, the rising Ground in some Places wou'd help him to a Sight of her. *Alamir* was not wanting to improve this Intelligence; he repair'd thither in Disguise, and stay'd all the Afternoon by the Garden.

TOWARD the Evening, just as he was ready to return, he saw a Door open, and the Slave, who was in his Interest, make him a Signal to approach. He fancy'd *Naria* was walking, and that he shou'd see her at the Door; he went up, and was brought into a noble Summer-House, which was furnish'd with the richest Ornaments; but nothing struck him like the Sight of *Naria*, who was sitting upon a Squab under a magnificent Canopy, like the Figure of the Goddess of Love, with two or three of her Women plac'd at the Corner of the Room. *Alamir* instantly threw himself at her Feet, with such an Air of Transport and Wonder, as increas'd the modest Confusion of this beautiful Woman.

I don't know, said she to him, causing him to rise, whether I ought to discover at once the Inclination I have had for you, after having conceal'd it so long. I believe I shou'd have hid it all my Life-time, if you had been less diligent to shew me that which you have for me. But I confess, I was not able to resist a Passion, which prevail'd on me so fiercely, tho' supported by so little Hope. You pleas'd me the first Moment I saw you, I have taken more Pains to see you without being seen, than you have us'd to meet with me: In brief, I have been desirous to know the Passion you have for me, and to be assur'd of it by your Words, as you have assur'd me of it by your Actions.

WHAT Assurances, O Heavens! did *Naria* expect from the Words of *Alamir*! She little understood this deceiving Charmer. He exceeded all the Hopes she had conceiv'd of his Love, and by his flattering and insinuating Wit took full Possession of her unwary Heart. She appointed him to meet her again in the same Place. He return'd to *Tarsus*, with the pleasing Reflection of being the most happy Man in the whole World, and almost brought *Mulziman* and *Selemia* into the same Opinion. He visited *Naria* often, who express'd the greatest Tenderness and most sincere Affection possible; but she also appris'd him that she knew

the Disposition he had of changing, and that she could not bear to divide his Heart with another, and therefore if he wou'd retain hers, he must regard that alone, and that she wou'd break with him upon the first Occasion of Jealousy he gave her. *Alamir* answer'd with so many Oaths and such Art, that *Naria* depended upon an eternal Fidelity. But the thought of such a strict Engagement troubled him, and as he had now no Difficulty nor Hindrance to see her, his Love began to cool. However, he always declar'd the same Fondness. As she had no other Intention than to marry him, she so little expected any Objection on his Part, since she lov'd him and he return'd her Love, that she began to talk to him about their Marriage. *Alamir* was surpriz'd at the Discourse, but had the Cunning to hide it, and *Naria* believ'd in a few Days it wou'd be accomplish'd.

AS his Love to *Naria* was declining, he doubled his Application to *Zoromade*, and by the Help of an Aunt of *Selemin*, who was engag'd by her Nephew to assist the Prince's Amours, he found means to write to her. The Impossibility to see her was still the same, and thereby his Flame was continually augmented.

ALL his Hope was in a Festival which was held at the Beginning of the Year; it was the Custom at that time to make magnificent Presents, and nothing is seen in the Streets but Slaves carrying along all sorts of Rarities. *Alamir* sent Presents to several; as *Naria* was haughty and stately she resolv'd not to receive any which were not of Value. He sent her Perfumes of *Arabia*, which were so rare, that no body had any of them beside himself, and accompany'd them with all the Decorations which cou'd make them pleasing.

NARIA's Passion for the Prince was never more inflam'd, and if she had pursu'd the Dictates of her Heart, she wou'd have kept at Home to think of him, and have forsaken all Diversions where he was not present. Yet as *Zoromade*'s Mother press'd her to come to an Entertainment

tainment at their House during the Festival, she cou'd not refuse her. She went, and as she enter'd the Room, w^{as} surpriz'd to smell the same Perfumes as *Alamir* had presented to her. She stopp'd with Astonishment to ask whence came that agreeable Scent. *Zoromade*, who was very young, and unpractis'd to conceal any thing, blush'd and stood confounded: Her Mother, seeing she made no Answer, took the Word, and said it was a Present to her Daughter from an Aunt of *Selemin*. This Reply put *Naria* out of Doubt that it came from the Prince. It had the same Ornaments, she saw, as attended hers, and even more. This Discovery so pierced her Heart, that she pretended herself ill, and went home as really disorder'd as she affected to seem to be. She was high-spirited and of quick Sense; the Thought of being deceiv'd by a Man whom she ador'd, made her extremely miserable; but before she resign'd herself to Despair, she resolv'd to have plain Demonstration of his Treachery.

SHE sent him Word she was ill, and cou'd not go to any of the publick Diversions during the Festival. *Alamir* came to see her, and assur'd her he wou'd be at none himself, since she shou'd not be there; and spoke so that she almost believ'd she had been unjust to suspect him. Notwithstanding as soon as he was gone, she rose, and disguis'd herself so, that it was impossible for him to know her. She went to the Places where she suppos'd he wou'd be; and the first Object she encounter'd was *Alamir* in Disguise; but he cou'd not disguise himself to her. She saw he follow'd *Zoromade*, and was inseparable from her while the Sports continu'd; the next Day she watch'd him again, and instead of seeing him attending on *Zoromade*, she found him in a different Disguise pursuing another Woman. At first she was not much griev'd, and took a Pleasure to think he might speak to *Zoromade* by Accident, or out of Amusement. She mix'd among the Women who accompany'd her whom he address'd, and came so near him, that as she pass'd by the Place where they

stood, she heard *Alamir* talk to her with the same Air and the same Expressions, as had so smoothly drawn herself to believe his Love. Judge now what a Condition *Naria* was in, and the cruel Torture she suffer'd. She wou'd have been happy at that Moment, if she cou'd have believ'd *Zoromade* was the only Person he admir'd; she might then have imagin'd, his Inclination for that beautiful Person was the Cause of his Change, and have flatter'd herself that he had lov'd her before he fancy'd *Zoromade*: But when she saw him capable of using the same Assiduity and the same Words to two or three at one time, she discern'd that she had engag'd his Wit, and not his Heart, and had only diverted him, without making herself happy.

THIS Discovery was so afflicting to one of her Temper, that she had not Strength to support it. She went Home over-whelm'd with Sorrow, and found there a Letter from *Alamir*, in which he protested he had not stirr'd abroad, and cou'd not bear to see any thing since he cou'd not see her. This Deceit made her understand what Price to set upon all his past Actions, and she was ready to die for Shame of having pleas'd herself so long in an Affair which was a mere Treachery. She presently concluded what to do; she writ to him in the pathetic Manner which Grief, Affection and Despair cou'd inspire, and without apprising him of her late Adventure, bid him farewell for ever. He was amaz'd at the Letter, and even troubled; for *Naria's* Wit and Beauty were so great, that they made the Inconstancy of *Alamir* himself regret his Loss.

HE related the Matter to *Mulziman*, who reproach'd him for his Conduct: You deceive yourself, said he, if you fancy the Manner in which you have treated the Women, is consistent with the Principles of true Honour. I desire, answer'd *Alamir* stung with the Reproof, to justify myself to you, and have too high an Esteem for you, to let you remain in so false an Opinion of me. Do you think I

was to blame in not loving faithfully one who lov'd me with Sincerity? But do you think, interrupted *Mulziman*, to justify yourself by accusing those you have lov'd? Has any of them deceived you? And did not *Naria* love you with an undissembled and real Passion? *Naria*, reply'd *Alamir*, thought she lov'd me, whereas she lov'd my Rank, and the Dignity to which I cou'd exalt her. I have found nothing but Vanity and Ambition in all the Women; they have lov'd the Prince, and not *Alamir*. A proud Desire to make a shining Conquest, to raise themselves, and escape from that uneasy State of Life to which they are subjected, has excited in them that which you call Love; as the Pleasure of being lov'd, and a Zeal to break thro' Difficulties, has produced that in me which in their Eyes seem'd a Passion.

I believe you wrong *Naria*, answer'd *Mulziman*, and that she truly lov'd your Person: *Naria* talk'd of marrying me, said *Alamir*, as well as the rest; but I don't know whether her Passion was more sincere. What, return'd *Mulziman*, you wou'd have a Woman love you then, and not think of marrying you? Yes, said *Alamir*, I wou'd not have them entertain such a Thought, since I am above those who pretend to such a Thing. I wou'd allow them to imagine it, if they did not know me for what I am, and thought it would be a Fault in them to marry me. But while they regard me as a Prince, who can bestow both Promotion and a Degree of Liberty, I shall never think myself much oblig'd to them for forming such a Design, nor take it for Love. You wou'd see, added he, I am not incapable of loving sincerely, if I cou'd find a Person who lov'd me, without knowing who I am. You require an impossible thing, reply'd *Mulziman*, in order to shew your Fidelity, and if you were capable of Constancy, you wou'd have it, without waiting for such an extraordinary Occasion.

ALAMIR's Impatience to know how Things stood with *Naria*, made him break off the Conversation; he
went

went to her House, and was told she was set out for *Mecca*, and it was uncertain what Road she had taken, or when she wou'd return. This was sufficient to cause him to forget *Naria*; he now thought only of *Zoromade*, who was guarded so strictly, that all his Invention was in a manner ineffectual. Being at a Loss how to procure a Sight of her, he resolv'd to run the Hazard of the most daring Attempt in the World, namely, to conceal himself in one of the Houses where the Women go to bathe.

THE Baths are very splendid Buildings; the Women resort thither three or four times in a Week; they pride themselves in shewing their Magnificence, and in having an infinite Number of Slaves walking before and behind, to carry the Things they have Occasion to use. The Men are forbidden to enter these Houses upon Peril of their Lives, and no Power can protect them, if they are caught. *Alamir's* Quality secur'd him from the ordinary Laws, but his Rank expos'd him to a Revolt and Sedition, which wou'd have cost him his Life and his Estate.

THESE important Reasons cou'd not restrain him; he wrote to *Zoromade*, and inform'd her what Hazard he was determin'd to run to see her, and begg'd her to instruct him what he shou'd do to speak with her. *Zoromade* cou'd hardly consent to his undertaking this dangerous Attempt, but at last being push'd on by the Passion she had for him, and forced to it by the insupportable Constraint in which the *Arabian* Women live, she sent him Word, That if he found Means to get into the Bathing-House, he shou'd take care to distinguish the Apartment she us'd, in which there was a Closet where he might conceal himself; that she wou'd not bathe, but that while her Mother was in the Bath, she wou'd talk with him. *Alamir* was overjoy'd at having so difficult an Enterprize to execute; he gain'd the Master of the Baths by noble Presents, and learn'd the Day when *Zoromade* wou'd be there; he went in by Night, and was led to the Apartment

partment with the Closet, and waited there for the Morning with all the Impatience of a Man truly in Love.

NEAR the Hour when *Zoromade* was to come, he heard a Noise in the Chamber of several Persons coming in; and in a little while the Noise abated, and some Body open'd the Closet-Door. He expected to see *Zoromade*, but instead of her, he saw a strange Woman, richly dress'd, and whose Beauty was in all the Flower and Simplicity of Youth. She was as surpriz'd at seeing *Alamir*, as he at seeing her. He was no less qualify'd than she, to create Wonder by the Amiability of his Person, and the Magnificence of his Habits; and it was such an extraordinary Thing to see a Man in that Place, that if he had not made a Sign to her not to speak, she had cry'd out, and brought in all the Company in the Chamber upon him. She went up to *Alamir*, who was charm'd with the Adventure, and ask'd him, by what Accident he came there. It wou'd be too long, he answer'd, to tell her; but he intreated her not to speak of it, nor ruin a Man who valu'd not the Danger he was in, since it had given him the View of the most beautiful Person in the whole World. She blush'd with an Air of Innocence and Modesty, sufficient to touch a Heart less sensible than that of *Alamir*. I shou'd be very sorry, answer'd she, to do any thing which may hurt you; but you have run a great Risque by coming in here, and I don't know how you will escapé. I know it, Madam, said he, but this is not the greatest Danger with which I am threaten'd To-day.

AFTER these Words, the Sense of which he well presum'd she understood, he begg'd her to tell him who she was, and how she happen'd to come to that Closet. My Name, said she, is *Elisiberi*; I am Daughter of the Governor of *Lemnos*; my Mother has been at *Tarsus* but two Days, and was never here before, no more than my self. She is now bathing; I chose not to bathe, and came to this Closet by chance. But I conjure you, added she, to inform me also who you are. *Alamir* was pleas'd to meet
a young

a young Woman who did not know him. He told her he was call'd *Selem*; (this was the Name which first occur'd to his Mind;) as he spoke, he heard a Noise; *Elfibi* went to the Closet-Door, to keep any one from entering; *Alamir* follow'd her a few Steps, not heeding the extreme Hazard he run by it. May not one hope, Madam, said he, to see you again? I can't tell, reply'd she in much Disturbance, but I think it is not impossible. Thus saying, she went out and shut the Door.

ALAMIR stood charm'd with this Adventure; he had never seen any thing so beautiful and enchanting as *Elfibi*; he believ'd he had not displeas'd her; she did not know him to be the Prince of *Tarsus*; in short, there was every Circumstance in her, which cou'd move him; and he staid in the Closet 'till Night, without reflecting that he came thither to see *Zoromade*, so full was he of the Idea of *Elfibi*.

ZOROMADE was not so easy; she lov'd *Alamir* entirely, and the Hazard to which she knew he was expos'd, and her not being able to improve that Opportunity, gave her the highest Vexation: For her Mother not being very well, did not care to bathe, and the Apartment she generally us'd was given to the Mother of *Elfibi*.

AT his Return *Alamir* found a Letter from *Zoromade*, which inform'd him of what I have told you, and acquainted him also, that there was a Talk of marrying her; but this she said gave her no Apprehensions, since he might hinder the Marriage by discovering his Intention concerning her to her Father. He shew'd the Letter to *Mulziman*, to convince him that all the Women were acted only by the Prospect of marrying him; he related the Adventure at the Bath, and magnify'd *Elfibi*'s Charms, and express'd his Joy to think that without knowing he was the Prince, she admir'd his Person. He assur'd him he had at last met with that which deserv'd to engage his Heart, and it shou'd now be seen whether he

had

had not a sincere Affection for *Elfiberi*. Finally, he resolv'd to forsake all Gallantries, and devote himself wholly to her. It was almost impossible for him to see her, especially since he wou'd not make himself known to be the Prince of *Tarsus*. The first thing he thought of therefore, was to conceal himself in the Bathing-House; but he heard *Elfiberi's* Mother was ill, and that her Daughter did not stir from her.

IN the mean time *Zoromade's* Marriage advanced, and the Despair to see herself deserted by the Prince, induced her to consent to it. As her Father was very considerable, and the Person she espoused was not less, it was agreed to celebrate the Nuptials in great Form. *Alamir* understood that *Elfiberi* was to be there. The manner in which a Wedding is perform'd among the *Arabians*, gave him no hope he shou'd be able to see her, the Women being placed a-part from the Men both at the Mosque and at the Feast. He resolv'd however to attempt a Thing as dangerous as what he had lately hazarded for *Zoromade*. He feign'd himself ill upon the Day, in order to excuse his assisting publickly at the Ceremony; and dressing in Women's Clothes with a large Veil over his Head, as they always wear when they go abroad, he went to the Mosque with *Selemin's* Aunt. He saw *Elfiberi* come in, and tho' she was veil'd, her Shape had something so particular, and her Habit was so different from the Habit of *Tarsus*, that he was confident he was not mistaken. He follow'd her just to the Place where the Marriage was perform'd, and stood so near *Zoromade*, that he cou'd not resist the sudden Impulse of his natural Temper, to discover himself, and tell her he had put on that Disguise only for the sake of seeing her. The Sight of him so discompos'd *Zoromade*, that she drew back, and turning toward *Alamir*, It is inhuman, said she, to trouble my Peace, by an Action which might persuade me you lov'd me, if I did not know the contrary too well; but I hope I shall not suffer the Evils you have plung'd me in, long. She cou'd
say

say no more, and *Alamir* cou'd not make her an Answer. The Rites were finish'd, and the Women withdrew to their Apartment,

ALAMIR minded not the Grief of *Zoromade*; all his Concern was how to speak to *Elfsiberi*. He kneel'd down by her, and began to make his Prayers aloud, after the Custom of the *Arabians*. Amidst the confus'd Murmurs of a Multitude of People who are all speaking at once, it is difficult to hear what any one says, unless one is close by. *Alamir* without turning his Head toward *Elfsiberi*, or changing his Prayer-tone, call'd to her several times; she turn'd that way, and when he discern'd that she look'd at him, he let fall a Book, and as he took it up, he open'd his Veil a little, and discover'd to her a Face whose Youth and Beauty did not ill-become the Habit he had on. His Disguise, he perceiv'd, did not prevent her knowing him; however, he ask'd her whether he was so happy as to be known; *Elfsiberi*, whose Veil was not brought quite over her Face, cast her Eyes toward him, and without moving her Head, I know you too well, said she, but I tremble at your Danger. There is nothing to which I wou'd not expose myself, answer'd he, rather than not see you. It was not to see me, said she, that you ventur'd into the Bathing-House, and perhaps it is not on my Account you are here. It is for you alone, Madam, reply'd he, and you shall see me run the same Hazard every Day, if you do not afford me the Means of speaking with you. To-morrow, said she, I go to the Caliph's Palace with my Mother, do you be there with the Prince; my Veil will be open, because it is the first time of my going. She said no more, lest she shou'd be heard by the Women who were near her.

ALAMIR was strangely embarrass'd at her appointing him that Place of Meeting. He knew very well, that the first time Women of Quality are had to the Caliph's Palace, if the Caliph, or the Princes his Children, enter the Room where they are, they do not let down their

Veils;

Veils ; but after that, they are veil'd whenever they go thither. Thus was *Alamir* certain of seeing *Elfibi*; but to see her he must discover himself to be the Prince of *Tarsus*, which was what he cou'd not be willing to do. The Pleasure to be lov'd for his Person alone, was so sensible, that he wou'd not quit it ; and yet it troubled him to lose an Opportunity of seeing *Elfibi*, and an Opportunity which she herself had given him. The Jealousy she had intimated at finding him in the Bath-House, since he was not there on her Account, oblig'd him also to neglect nothing which might convince her of the Truth of his Affection. This Embarrassment made him stand a long time without answering, at last he ask'd if he might not write to her. I dare not trust to any body, said she, but try if you can gain a Slave call'd *Zabelec*.

ALAMIR was satisfy'd with these Words ; the Company left the Temple, and he went to change his Habit, and consider what to do the next Day. As difficult as it seem'd to hide his Quality from *Elfibi*, and what Trouble soever it gave him, by obliging him to avoid her whom he had the greatest Desire to see ; he resolv'd to undertake it, and discover whether he was really lov'd, without the Recommendation of his Birth. Having determin'd in what manner to proceed, he wrote *Elfibi* the following Letter.

Alamir's LETTER to *Elfibi*.

*I*F I had any Merit to plead with you, or you had given me any Hope, I shou'd not perhaps request the Thing I am going to ask of you, tho' I think I shou'd have much more Reason to desire it. But, Madam, as you scarcely know me, I dare not flatter myself with having made any Impression in your Heart ; you are engaged to me neither by your Sentiments, nor your Words ; and you will go To-morrow to a Place, where you will see a Prince, who never beheld a Beauty which he did not love. What ought I not to fear, Madam,

from

from this Interview? I can have no Doubt of Alamir's loving you; and tho' it is fantastical, perhaps, to be afraid so much as I am, of your seeing the Prince, and of his being happy enough to please you, I cannot forbear intreating you not to see him. Why will you refuse it me, Madam? It is no Favour that I ask you; and it may be, I am the only Man who has ever su'd for such a thing. I am sensible it must seem very odd to you; but it seems more so to myself. Do not deny this Kindness to a Man who has expos'd even his Life, to be able merely to tell you he loves you.

HAVING writ this Letter, he put on a Disguise in order to go himself with some in whom he confided, to find out the Slave *Elfiberi* had mention'd. He watch'd about the Governor of *Lemnos's* House so sharply, that at last he met with an old Slave who undertook to bring *Zabelec* to him. He saw him coming at a Distance, and was surpriz'd at the fine Shape of the Youth, and the Sweetness of his Aspect. *Alamir* had planted himself privately in a blind Corner of a Portico, and *Zabelec* made up briskly to him, as if he had been one of his Acquaintance. When he drew near, the Prince, without shewing himself in the Light, began to speak to him about *Elfiberi*. The Slave hearing a Voice he did not know, chang'd Countenance at once, and having fetch'd a deep Sigh, cast down his Eyes, and stood silent, in so sorrowful a Posture, that *Alamir* cou'd not forbear asking him the Reason. I thought, answer'd he, I had known the Person who sent for me, and did not imagine it was somebody who wanted to talk to me about *Elfiberi*: But make an End; for whatever relates to *Elfiberi*, touches me nearly. *Alamir* was embarrass'd at the manner in which the Slave answer'd; however, he finish'd what he was going to say, and gave him a Letter, discovering himself to him only by the Name of *Selemin*. The Concern and Beauty of the Slave made the Prince fancy he was some Lover of *Elfiberi*, who was disguis'd in order to be near her

her Person. The Trouble he saw him in when he spoke of getting him to deliver a Letter, wou'd not let him doubt it; yet he thought if *Elfiberi* had known this Slave was her Lover, she wou'd not have chosen him to convey to her a Rival's Letter. In short, this Accident perplex'd him; and taking it in any View, this Slave appear'd too handsome, and had an Air too much above his Condition, for him to bear his being with *Elfiberi* without Uneasiness,

HE expected the next Day with Variety of restless Thoughts, and went early to the Apartment of the Princess his Mother; never had a Lover been so impatient to see his Mistress, as *Alamir* was now desirous not to see his, and never had a Lover so much Reason to wish not to see her. If *Elfiberi* did not come to the Palace, he concluded it was in Compliance with his Request, and that it was a Sign also she had receiv'd the Letter he had put into *Zabelec's* Hands; and that if the Slave had deliver'd it, he cou'd not be a Rival; and her not accompanying her Mother, wou'd shew he had fix'd a good Intelligence with her, and had no Rival, and might hope she lov'd him. He was full of these Thoughts, when Word was brought him that *Elfiberi's* Mother was arriv'd, and he had the Pleasure to see she was not attended by her Daughter. Never was Transport equal to his. He withdrew, not being willing his Mistress's Mother shou'd know his Face, and went Home to wait till the Hour came which he had appointed to speak with *Zabelec*.

THE handsome Slave return'd to meet him, with the same Sadness in his Aspect as he had shewn the Day before, and brought him *Elfiberi's* Answer. The Prince was charm'd with the Letter, which express'd a decent Modesty mingled with much Affection. She assur'd him she had the Complaisance for him not to see the Prince of *Tarsus*, and cou'd grant him such a Favour without any Reluctance; she pray'd him also to run no Risque to see her, because her natural Fearfulness, and the Manner in which she

she was guarded, wou'd render any thing he cou'd undertake ineffectual.

THO' *Alamir* was highly satisfy'd with the Letter, he cou'd not reconcile himself to the Beauty and Dejectedness of this Slave; he ask'd him several Questions concerning what Means he shou'd employ to see *Elfsberi*; but the Slave answer'd him very coldly. This increas'd the Prince's Suspicions; and as he found himself more touch'd with *Elfsberi's* Beauty, than he had ever been with any other, he was afraid of falling into the same Condition, as that into which he had brought all those whom he had lov'd, and of being engag'd with one who had an Inclination to another. However, he wrote to her every Day, and oblig'd her to inform him of the Places whither she went; and his Love made him so careful to avoid her in Publick where she might know him for the Prince, that he was studious to contrive Ways of seeing her in private. He view'd all the Avenues of the House where she lodg'd narrowly, and observ'd that at the Head of the Terrass there was a sort of Balcony over a little Street, which was so narrow that one might hold Discourse at the Balcony from a House on the other side of the Way. He easily possess'd himself of that House; and wrote to *Elfsberi*, conjuring her that she wou'd be upon the Terrass at Night, and acquainting her he shou'd be able to talk with her there. She came, and *Alamir* covers'd with her without being overheard, and it was not so dark, but he had the Pleasure to distinguish those Beauties which so inflam'd his Heart.

THEY enter'd into a long Conversation about their mutual Sentiments for each other. *Elfsberi* desir'd him to explain what Occasion had carry'd him to the Bathing-House. He confess'd the Truth to her, and told her all that had pass'd between *Zoromade* and himself. Young Persons are too much delighted with this sort of Treachery, to fear the Consequences of it themselves. *Elfsberi* had a passionate Inclination for *Alamir*, and this Conversation took intire Possession of her, and they agreed to meet again

in the same Place. Just as he was going away, he happen'd to turn his Head, and was strangely surpriz'd to see in a Corner of the Balcony that handsome Slave, who had already given him so much Disturbance.

HE cou'd not conceal his Uneasiness, and resuming the Discourse, If I express'd a Jealousy, said he to *Elfiberi*, the first time I wrote to you, shall I presume to shew it also, Madam, the first Time I talk with you? Persons of your Quality, I know, have always Slaves about them; but I think not of the Age and Air as he whom I saw with you. I own that what I know of *Zabelec's* Person and Wit, renders him as formidable to me as if he were the Prince of *Tarsus*. *Elfiberi* smil'd at his Words, and calling the handsome Slave, Come hither, *Zabelec*, said she, and cure *Selemin* of the Jealousy you give him; for I will not venture to do it without your Consent. I shou'd be glad, Madam, answer'd *Zabelec*, if you cou'd prevail on yourself to leave him under it. I do not wish it for my own Interest, but for yours, and for fear of those Misfortunes into which, I see clearly, you are plunging yourself. But, Sir, continu'd the Slave, addressing himself to the Prince, taking him only for *Selemin*, it is not just to leave you in a Suspicion of *Elfiberi's* Virtue.

I am an unhappy Woman, who came into her Service by Accident. I am a Christian, a *Greek*, and of a Birth far above the Condition in which you see me. My Beauty, such as it was, of which perhaps there are no Tokens remaining, procur'd me several Lovers in my Youth; but I found in them so little Sincerity, and so much Deceit, that I regarded them with Contempt. One more faithless than the rest, who yet understood to dissemble better, engag'd my Love. I broke off, for his Sake, a Marriage very advantageous for my Fortune; my Relations persecuted us; he was oblig'd to withdraw; he marry'd me, and I disguis'd myself in a Man's Habit, and follow'd him. We embark'd, and in the same Vessel was a very handsome Woman, whom some extraordinary Occasions oblig'd like-

wise

wife to go to *Asia*. My Husband fell in Love with her; we were attack'd by the *Arabians*, and taken; they divided the Slaves; and it was offer'd my Husband and one of his Relations, to be among the Slaves which fell to the Share of the Lieutenant of the Ship, or of the Captain. The Lot had given me to the last, and by an Ingratitude without Example, I saw him chuse to go with the Lieutenant, for the sake of accompanying the Woman whom he lov'd. Neither my Presence, nor my Tears, nor what I had done for him, nor the Condition in which he left me, was able to move him. You may imagine my Grief: I was brought hither; and my good Fortune put me into the Hands of *Elfiberi's* Father. Tho' I had seen my Husband's Faithfulness, I cou'd not quite lay aside the Hope of his returning, and it was this which caus'd those Alterations you observ'd in my Countenance, the first Day I talk'd with you. I was in hope it was he who sent for me; and as groundless as my Hope was, I was not able to lose it without Sorrow. I do not oppose the Inclination *Elfiberi* has for you, knowing by a bitter Experience how vain it is to contradict such sort of Sentiments; but I lament it, and foresee the sharp Trouble you will occasion her. She has never had a Passion, and is going to have for you an Affection as sincere and true, as any Man who has ever been lov'd, can deserve.

WHEN *Zabelec* had done, *Elfiberi* told *Alamir*, that her Father and Mother knew her Quality, her Sex and her Merit; but for Reasons which she had to keep herself unknown, they caus'd her to be treated in Appearance, as a Slave. The Prince was surpriz'd at *Zabelec's* Wit and Virtue; and was overjoy'd to understand his Jealousy was thus without Foundation. He perceiv'd also so many Charms, and such Sincerity in the Sentiments of *Elfiberi*, that he was persuaded she was the only Person who had lov'd him. She lov'd him with no other Design than to love him, and without thinking what wou'd be the End of her Passion. She did not inform herself of his Fortune or his Intention

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and put all to hazard to see him, and blindly did whatever he could wish. To another Person the Conduct he desir'd of her wou'd have been a Constraint; for as he design'd she shou'd still take him for *Selemin*, he was forced to hinder her being at some Publick Feasts, where he was oblig'd to appear as the Prince: but she thought nothing difficult to please him.

ALAMIR was happy for a Time in being lov'd merely for his own Sake; at last it came into his Mind that tho' *Elsiberi* had lov'd him without knowing he was the Prince of *Tarsus*, she wou'd not scruple perhaps to leave him for a Man who shou'd appear under that Quality. He resolv'd to put her Heart to this Tryal, and to make the true *Selemin* personate the Prince, and profess Love to her, and to see with his own Eyes after what Manner she wou'd treat him. He imparted his Intention to *Selemin*, and they concerted the proper Means to execute it. *Alamir* made a Horse-Race, and told *Elsiberi*, that in order to give her some Part of that Diversion, he wou'd get the Prince to pass along with the whole Troop before her Window; that they wou'd both have on the same Habit, and ride Side by Side, and tho' he was always apprehensive of her seeing *Alamir*, he thought himself too sure of her Heart to fear the Prince's drawing her Eyes, especially when he shou'd be near enough to share them with him.

ELSIBERI was persuaded hereby, that he whom she shou'd see with her Lover, was the Prince of *Tarsus*; and the next Day seeing the real *Selemin* with *Alamir*, she made no Question of his being the Prince: She discern'd also, that her Lover had abus'd her in representing *Alamir* as such a formidable Man, and thought he was not so agreeable as he whom she believ'd to be his Favourite. She did not forget to tell *Alamir* her Opinion; but this was not sufficient to satisfy him; and he resolv'd to try whether this sham Prince wou'd not win her Heart, if he seem'd to be in Love with her, and propos'd to marry her.

AT one of the Feasts of the *Arabians*, where the Prince was not oblig'd to appear in Publick; he told *Elfiberi* that *Alamir* wou'd disguise himself in order to come into her Company; he did so literally, and took *Selemin* with him. They drew near *Elfiberi*, and *Selemin* call'd to her twice or thrice. As she was thinking of *Alamir*, she concluded this was he, and taking a Time when no body minded her, she lift up her Veil, to let him see her, and to talk to him; but she was surpriz'd to find at her Elbow the Man who, she thought, was the Prince of *Tarsus*. *Selemin* appear'd extremely touch'd with her Beauty, and wou'd have spoke to her, but she wou'd not hear him; and made up close to her Mother in great Disturbance, so that *Selemin* cou'd not fall in with her again all that Day.

AT Night *Alamir* met her at the Terrass, and she told him all that had happen'd with so exact a Truth, and such a wonderful Fear lest he shou'd suspect she had contributed to it, that he ought to have been entirely easy. Nevertheless he was not contented; he engag'd the old Slave; whom he had found very obnoxious to Presents, to deliver her a Letter from the Prince. When the Slave wou'd have put it into her Hand, she rejected it, and reprimanded him severely. She gave *Alamir* an Account of it, who knew it before, and rejoic'd exceedingly in his Deceit. To finish what he had design'd, he brought *Selemin* to the Terrass, where he us'd to meet *Elfiberi*, and hid himself, so that she cou'd not see him, while he cou'd hear all they said. *Elfiberi's* Surprise was incredible, when she saw upon the Terrass him whom she believ'd to be the Prince. Her first Inclination was to retire, but a Suspicion that her Lover made a Sacrifice of her to the Prince, and a Desire to discover it, kept her there a few Moments. I will not say, Madam, cry'd *Selemin*, whether it is by my own Artifice, or the Consent of him whom you expected to find here, that I supply the Place appointed for him; nor will I say whether he is ignorant of the Sentiments I have for you, or not; you may judge of that by the Probability of it,

it, and by the Power which the Quality of the Prince is able to give me over him. I shall only say, that by one View alone you have done that in me which the longest Passions have not been able to effect. I was always against entering into any Engagements, and propose to myself no other Happiness at present than that of prevailing on you to accept the same Dignity I possess. You are the only Person to whom I will offer it. Consider it, Madam, before you refuse me; and think that in refusing the Prince of *Tarsus*, you refuse the only Thing which can deliver you from that eternal Captivity to which you are destin'd.

ELSIBERI did not hear all the imaginary Prince said to her; but as soon as he gave her Ground to believe her Lover had sacrificed her to his Ambition, without replying to what he had said, I don't know, Sir, cry'd she, what Accident brought you hither; but however it happen'd, I can converse with you no longer; and I desire you will not take it ill that I leave you. At this she quitted the Terras immediately, with *Zabelec*, who had attended her, and withdrew to her Chamber, not less disturb'd, than *Alamir* was delighted and pleas'd. He saw with Joy, that she despis'd the Offer of so exalted a Fortune, at the same Time as she had Reason to conclude he had deceiv'd her; and he cou'd no longer doubt she was Proof to the Impressions of Ambition which he had suspected. On the Morrow he attempted again to get a Letter deliver'd to her from the Prince, to see whether she had not alter'd her Mind, but the old Slave who went to give it her, was rebuff'd as smartly as before.

ELSIBERI pass'd the Night with inexpressible Grief; in all Appearance her Lover had betray'd her; nobody else cou'd have communicated their Intelligence, and the Places of their Meeting; yet the Tenderness she had for him, wou'd not suffer her to condemn him without a Hearing. She saw him the next Day, and he knew so well how to make her believe he had been betray'd by one of his Servants, and that the Caliph, at his Son's Desire, had detain'd

tain'd him Part of the Night to prevent his being at the Terrass, that he justify'd himself compleatly, and persuaded her he was extremely concern'd at the Prince's Passion. But the beautiful Slave was not satisfy'd so easily as *Elfiberi*; her Experience of the Deceitfulness of Men wou'd not let her give Credit to the Words of the pretended *Selemin*. She endeavour'd in vain to shew *Elfiberi* that he impos'd on her; but a little after, Chance furnish'd her with an Opportunity to accomplish it.

THE true *Selemin* was not so busy'd with the Prince's Amours, as to have none of his own. The Person with whom he was in Love, had for her Confident a young Female Slave, who was violently impassion'd of *Zabelec*, whom she took for a Man. She told *Zabelec* the Intrigue of *Selemin*, and her Mistress, and the Manner of their Interviews. *Zabelec*, who knew *Alamir* by no other Name than that of *Selemin*, inform'd herself by this Slave of all which might convince *Elfiberi* of her Lover's Unfaithfulness, and went to acquaint her with it the same Moment. No Affliction cou'd exceed that of *Elfiberi*; whose Grief, as pungent as it was, did not carry her into a Rage against him who caus'd it. *Zabelec* did all he cou'd, to make her see *Alamir* no more, and not listen to his Justifications, which wou'd be only so many new Delusions; and *Elfiberi* wou'd willingly have follow'd her Council, but she was not able.

ALAMIR met her the same Evening upon the Terrass, and was astonish'd when *Elfiberi* began their Conversation with a Torrent of Tears, and then with such tender Reproaches as wou'd have pierced even one who did not love her, to the Heart. He cou'd not conceive what she cou'd accuse him of, nor to what fantastical Accident it was owing, that as he had never been faithful unless to herself, she was almost the only Person who had tax'd him with Falshood. He defended himself with all the Force of Truth; but as much inclin'd as *Elfiberi* was to believe him innocent, she cou'd not trust his Words. He press'd her to name the Woman with whom she accus'd him of being

in Love. She did, and related the Circumstances of their Correspondence at large. *Alamir* was surpriz'd when he found it was only the Name of *Selemín* which made him appear culpable, and was exceedingly embarrass'd after what Manner to clear himself. He cou'd not resolve upon the Spot, and only affirm'd his Innocence with new Oaths, without entering into any other Excuses. His Perplexity, and such general Expressions, left *Elfíberi* fully persuaded of his Treachery.

IN the mean time the Prince went to report his Misfortune to *Selemín*, and consult the Measures with him to vindicate his Innocence. I wou'd for your sake, said *Selemín*, break off with the Person I love, if it wou'd do you any Service; but tho' I shou'd forbear to see her, *Elfíberi* will always believe you was once unfaithful, and will accordingly distrust you. If you wou'd cure her absolutely of her Suspicions, I am of Opinion, you must own to her who you are, and who I am. She has lov'd you, and your Quality has had no share in her Passion; she has believ'd me to be the Prince of *Tursus*, and has despis'd me for your Sake: and this, I think, is all that you desir'd. You are in the right, my dear *Selemín*, cry'd the Prince, but I know not how to declare my Birth to *Elfíberi*; I shall lose by it that which has charm'd me, and shall hazard the only real Pleasure I have ever had; and I can't tell whether the Passion I have for her will not entirely vanish. Consider also, Sir, reply'd *Selemín*, that by continuing to pass under my Name, you will lose *Elfíberi*'s Heart, and in losing that you will certainly lose all the Pleasure which your mistaken Imaginations make you idly fear you shall not know again.

SELEMIN spoke with so much Strength of Argument, that *Alamir* agreed to declare the Truth of the Case to *Elfíberi*. He inform'd her of it the same Evening; and never did any one pass in a Moment from a Condition so deplorable to one so happy; she perceiv'd the Marks of a very sincere and delicate Passion in all those Things which

had seem'd Deceits, and had the Pleasure to demonstrate she lov'd *Alamir* sincerely, without knowing he was the Prince; in a word, her Heart cou'd scarcely contain her Joy; She shew'd it all to *Alamir*; but he suspected it, and fancy'd the Prince of *Tarsus* had some Part in it, and that her Gladness to find she had him for her Lover, was what transported her so much. However he hid it from her, and visited her constantly. *Zabelec* was surpriz'd to see herself mistaken in distrusting the Love of Men, and envy'd *Elfiberi*'s good Fortune in meeting with one who was faithful.

SHE had not Reason to envy her long. It was impossible but such extraordinary Things as *Alamir* had done for *Elfiberi*, shou'd give a new Vivacity to her Passion: The Prince perceiv'd it; this Increase of Love appear'd fallacious to him, and occasion'd him the same Uneasiness as an Abatement of it would have done. In short, he was so persuaded that the Prince of *Tarsus* was better lov'd than *Alamir* had been under the Name of *Selemin*, that his Affection began to cool, tho' he had no new Object to divert it. He had been in so many Amours, and the present had at first something so engaging in it, as made him regardless of all others. *Elfiberi* insensibly put an End to his Love, and tho' she endeavour'd to deceive herself, she was not able to doubt of her Misfortune when she understood the Prince was going to travel over *Greece*, and heard of his Design before he told it her. The Disquiet he met with at *Tarsus* inspir'd him with this Resolution, nor cou'd the Intreaties and Tears of *Elfiberi* prevail on him not to execute it.

THE beautiful Slave now saw that her Destiny was not more unhappy than that of *Elfiberi*, and all the Consolation *Elfiberi* had was to mingle Complaints with her. *Zabelec* heard that her Husband was kill'd, and notwithstanding his horrible Falshood to her, she was heartily concern'd. As her Reasons for concealing herself ceas'd with his Death, she beg'd *Elfiberi*'s Father to give her the Freedom

he

he had offer'd her so often. He did, and she resolv'd to return, and pass the Remainder of her Life in her own Country, withdrawn from all Conversation with Men. She had talk'd several times to *Elfiberi* of the Christian Religion; and *Elfiberi* being mov'd with what she said, and with *Alamir's* Inconstancy, for which she expected no Relief, determin'd to become a Christian and follow *Zabelec*, and live with her in a profound Forgetfulness of all Earthly Passions. Accordingly she went away, giving her Relations no other Notice, than by a Letter which she left behind.

ALAMIR had begun his Travels, and understood by a Letter from *Selemin* what I have told you about *Elfiberi*. In what Place soever she is, it would perhaps be a Comfort to her to know how well she is reveng'd of *Alamir's* Treachery, by the violent Passion the Beauty of *Zayde* has given him.

HE arriv'd in *Cyprus*, and fell in Love with that Princess, as I told you, after he had been wavering for a while between her and me: He lov'd her with a Passion so different from any he experienced before, that he was beside himself. He had always declar'd his Love the very Moment it began, and was never in fear of offending by it those whom he address'd; but he scarcely dar'd to let *Zayde* even conjecture this which he had for her. This Alteration amaz'd him; but when the Vehemence of his Love forced him to own it to her, and he perceiv'd her Indifference serv'd only to enrage it, and saw this Treatment made him desperate, without extinguishing his Love, and that he had no Prospect it wou'd ever cease, he felt a Sorrow not to be describ'd.

LOVE, said he to *Mulziman*, never had any Power over me, farther than I allow'd it; and tho' it possess'd me entirely, it was constantly attended with Joy in every Instance; and now by the only Person in the World in whom I have met with Resistance, it Tyrannizes over me with so absolute a Dominion, that I cannot subdue it. I was

not able to love those who lov'd me ; *Zayde* despises me, and I adore her. Is it her admirable Beauty which produces this strange Effect, or is it possible that the only Way to entangle me was, not to love me ? Ah ! *Zayde*, will you never put me into a Condition to know it is not your Severity which engages my Heart ?

MULZIMAN was so surpriz'd at his Case, that he was at a Loss how to answer him ; he endeavour'd to comfort him, and soften his Inquietude. After *Zayde's* Father arriv'd, and she had so strongly declar'd her Resolution not to marry him, his Despair augmented, and put him upon seeking after Death with Joy.

THIS is the Sum, continu'd *Felima*, of what I learn'd from *Mulziman* : perhaps I have been too particular ; but you will forgive me, remembering the Pleasure which Persons in Love find in talking of those they love, tho' at the same time the Subject may be disagreeable. *Don Olmond* assur'd her she was so far from standing in need to excuse the Length of her Story, that he was under great Obligations to her for informing him of *Alamir's* Adventures ; and desiring her to proceed, she thus resum'd the Discourse.

YOU may believe that what I knew of the Actions and Temper of *Alamir* gave me no Hope, since I understood the only Way to be lov'd by him was not to love him. Yet I did not love him the less for it ; the Dangers to which he expos'd himself every Day, troubled me excessively ; I fancy'd every Blow wou'd fall upon his Head, and that no body was in Hazard but he. I was so overwhelm'd, that I thought my Miseries cou'd receive no Addition ; but Fortune overtook me with a Calamity more terrible than all I had already suffer'd.

SOME Days after *Mulziman* had told me *Alamir's* Adventures, I spoke of them to *Zayde*, and reflected so deeply on my wretched Destiny, that my Face was bath'd in Tears. One of *Zayde's* Women pass'd thro' the Room where we were, and, unperceiv'd by me, left the Door open.

open. I must own I am very unhappy, said I to *Zayde*, in being fond of a Man who is in all Respects so unworthy of the Sentiments I have for him. As I finish'd these Words, I heard some body in the Chamber, and thought it was the Woman who went thro'; but how was I surpriz'd and troubled when I saw it was *Alamir*, and he was so near me that I cou'd not doubt his overhearing my last Expressions! My Concern, and the Tears that ran down my Cheeks, depriv'd me of the Means of preventing his perceiving that what I had said was true. My Spirits fail'd me; I lost my Speech; I wish'd to dye, and was in a Disorder not to be utter'd. To compleat my Distress, the Princess *Alasimtha* enter'd the Room accompany'd with several Ladies, who all went up to *Zayde*, so that I was left alone with *Alamir*.

THE Prince look'd on me with an Air which shew'd he was afraid to increase the Confusion in which he saw me; I am very sorry, Madam, said he, that I came in at a Time when I believe you wou'd have been heard only by *Zayde*. But, Madam, since it has happen'd otherwise, suffer me to ask whether it is possible a Man who is happy enough not to displease you, can provoke you to say he is in all respects unworthy of the Kindness you have for him. I am very sensible, there is no Man who can deserve the least Degree of your Favour, but is there any one who can give you Reason to complain of his Sentiments? Be not displeas'd, Madam, that I have enter'd into some Part of your Confidence; you shall not find me unworthy of it; and as careful as you have been to conceal what I have now discover'd, I shall be highly thankful for a Thing which I owe wholly to Chance.

ALAMIR wou'd have spoke long enough, if he had waited till I had Strength to interrupt him; I was so beside myself, and so assail'd with the Fear of letting him know it was he of whom I complain'd, and with Grief to have him think I lov'd another, that it was impossible for me to answer him. You will believe, perhaps, that

having conceal'd my Passion from him so studiously, and seeing him so attach'd to *Zayde*, it must have been indifferent to me, if he judg'd it was any other Man who had gain'd my Heart; but it was such a Violence to my Love to cover itself thus far from the Person who caus'd it, that I cou'd not bear the cruel Pain of letting him suppose it was kindled by another. *Alamir* imputed all my Embarrassment to my Uneasiness at his imagining I was in Love. I see, Madam, reply'd he, that you are much concern'd at my being your Confident, but you do me Injustice. Can any one have more Respect for you than I have, or be more interest'd to please you? You have an absolute Power over the beautiful Princess, on whom my Destiny depends: Let me know, Madam, who he is you complain of; and if I have as much Influence over him, as you have over her I adore, you shall see whether I shall not make him understand his own Happiness, and render him worthy of your Goodness.

ALAMIR's Words heighten'd my Trouble and Disorder; he press'd me again to tell him of whom I complain'd; but all those Reasons which made him earnest to know it, made me think him very unworthy to be inform'd. At last, *Zayde*, who guess'd what a Perplexity I was in, came up and interrupted us, nor had I the Power to say so much as a single Word to *Alamir*. I went away without looking at him. My Body not being able to support the Agitation of my Spirit, I fell ill the same Night, and my Indisposition lasted a long Time.

AMONG the Number of Persons of Quality who dwelt in the Island, it cou'd scarcely be but some one had a Kindness for me, and was concern'd for my Life. I heard they inquir'd after me carefully; I consider'd the little Effect their Love had produced, and when I thought that if *Alamir* had known my Affection, it wou'd not have made a greater Impression upon him, than the Passion of my Lovers had done upon me, I rejoiced that he was ignorant of my Sentiments; but at the same time

I must

I must confess this was a Satisfaction which was relish'd only by my Reason, and in which my Heart had no Share. Tho' I began to be well enough to admit Company, I avoided as much as I cou'd all occasions of seeing *Alamir*; when I saw him, I perceiv'd he observ'd me strictly, to discover by my Actions who was the Person I spoke of. The more I saw he observ'd me, the worse I treated those who lov'd me. Tho' there were several whose Quality and Merit I ought not to have been asham'd of, there was not one whom my Vanity did not despise. I cou'd not bear that *Alamir* shou'd believe I lov'd without having my Love return'd, for by this I shou'd have seem'd less worthy of him.

THE Emperor's Troops press'd *Famagusta* so hard, that the *Arabians* were universally of Opinion they must abandon it. *Zulema* and *Osmin* resolv'd to put us on board with the Princesses *Alasinthia* and *Belenia*; *Alamir* also determin'd to leave *Cyprus*, both in order to follow *Zayde*, and to quit a Place where he cou'd be no longer serviceable. He had still a restless Curiosity to know who the Person was he heard me speak of, and when we were just ready to depart, and he saw my Concern did not increase, Tho' you forsake *Cyprus*, said he, without shewing new Marks, it is not impossible, Madam, but your Departure must affect you; do me the Favour then to acquaint me who it is you have at Heart. There is not a Man here whom I cannot easily engage to go to *Africk*, and you will have the Pleasure to see him, without his knowing that you have desir'd it. I have not been solicitous, answer'd I, to remove an Opinion which you embraced upon Appearances probable enough; but I assure you notwithstanding, that those Appearances are deceitful. I leave no Person behind me at *Famagusta* whom I regard; nor does this arise from any Change which has happen'd in my Heart. I understand you, Madam, reply'd *Alamir*, he who has been so happy as to please you, is not here; I shou'd in vain look for him among your Admirers; for he left *Cy-*

prus undoubtedly before I had the Honour to see you. It was neither before you saw me, nor since you came hither, answer'd I shortly, that any one has been happy enough to please me; and I beg you will speak to me no more about a Thing which offends me.

ALAMIR observing I answer'd him in Anger, said no more of it, and assur'd me he wou'd not mention it again; and I was very glad to put an End to a Conversation in which I was always in Danger of letting that be seen which I so ardently desir'd to conceal. We embark'd, and our Voyage was so prosperous at first, that we had no Reason to expect it wou'd end in a Wreck so unhappy as that which we suffer'd upon the Coast of *Spain*, as I shall tell you presently.

FELIMA was going on in her Story, when Word came that her Mother was worse than ordinary. Tho' I have much more to tell you, said she to *Don Olmond* at leaving him, I have told you enough to make you sensible that my Life is involv'd in *Alamir's*, and to engage you to keep the Promise you have given me. I will keep it exactly, Madam, reply'd he, but I desire you will remember also that you are to relate to me the rest of your Adventures.

THE next Day he went to the King; who the Moment he saw him, being willing to satisfy the Impatience and Uneasiness which appear'd in *Gonsalvo's* Face, took them both into his Closet, and order'd *Don Olmond* to say if he had seen *Felima*, and whether she had told him what Interest she had in saving *Alamir*. *Don Olmond*, without seeming to enter into the Reasons of the King's Curiosity after that Prince's Adventures, made an exact Recital of all he had learn'd by *Felima* of her Passion for *Alamir*, and of *Alamir's* for *Zayde*, and of what had befallen them till their leaving *Cyprus*. When he had done, he judg'd rightly that his Presence wou'd be a Constraint upon the Conversation between the King and *Gonsalvo*, and in order to leave them at Liberty, he pretended he was oblig'd to return to *Oropexo*. AS

A S soon as he was gone, the King looking on his Favourite with an Air which express'd the Sentiments he had for him, Do ye think now, said he, that *Zayde* loves *Alamir*, and that it was she who made *Felima* write? Don't you see how groundless your Fears were? No, Sir, answer'd *Gonsalvo* sorrowfully; all *Don Olmond* has related, does not satisfy me that I have not Reason to be afraid. *Zayde* perhaps did not love *Alamir* at first, or conceal'd it from *Felima*, seeing the Love she had for him; but whom shou'd she lament, when she was shipwreck'd on the Coast of *Spain*, unless it was *Alamir* who she believ'd was dead? Whom can I resemble, but this Prince? *Felima* has mention'd no other in her Story: *Zayde* has deceiv'd her, Sir, or has not own'd to her the Sentiments she had for him till since she was at *Alphonso's*. What I have heard does not change my former Opinion, and I am afraid what I have yet to hear will confirm it, rather than alter it.

I T was so late when *Gonsalvo* left the King, that he ought to have gone to Rest, but his Concern wou'd not permit him. *Felima's* Relation inflam'd his Curiosity, and left him still in that Uncertainty, under which he had been so long. Toward the Morning an Officer of the Army, who was come back from *Oropexe*, brought him a Letter from *Don Olmond*, which he open'd, and found as follows.

Don Olmond's LETTER to Gonsalvo.

FELIMA has kept her Word, and told me the rest of her Adventures. It is only her Love of *Alamir*, which has made her so anxious for his Life. *Zayde* does not interest herself in it; and if any one has an Interest in *Zayde*, *Alamir* is not the Man of whom he ought to be jealous.

THESE Lines threw *Gonsalvo* into a new Embarrassment, and made him think he was mistaken only in believing she lov'd *Alamir*, but not in judging that she was in Love. The Letter he saw her write at *Alphonso's*, and what

what he had heard her say at *Tortosa* concerning a first Inclination, and the Note he had now receiv'd from *Don Olmond*, wou'd not suffer him to doubt it; and since *Zayde's* Heart was engag'd, he thought he shou'd be equally unhappy; however, as he cou'd not conceive the Person, it gave him some Comfort, to learn it was not the Prince of *Tarsus*.

IN the mean time the *Moors* made Proposals of Peace, which were too advantageous to be rejected. Commissioners were nam'd on each Side to settle the Articles, and a Truce was granted. *Gonsalvo* had a Share in all the Counsels; yet as deeply employ'd as he was by the important Affairs which the King committed to his Care, his Mind ran more upon discovering who was this secret Rival whom he had never heard mention'd. He waited for *Don Olmond* with the most restless Impatience, and at last desir'd the King either to send for him to the Camp, or allow him to go to him at *Oropexe*. *Don Garcia*, who was curious to hear the Sequel of *Zayde's* Adventures, was willing to be present when *Don Olmond* made his Rehearſal, and sent him Orders to attend him immediately. When *Gonsalvo* saw him arrive, and consider'd him as a Man who was going to inform him of the true Sentiments of *Zayde*, he was almost on the Point of hindering him from speaking, so much afraid was he of the Certainty of his Misfortune, tho' he wish'd to be resolv'd. *Don Olmond*, with the same Prudence as he had observ'd before, not appearing to take Notice of *Gonsalvo's* Embarrassment, related, by the King's Direction, what he had learn'd of *Felima* in their last Conversation.





The Sequel of the HISTORY of
Felima and Zayde.



PRINCE *Zulema* and *Osmin* having left *Cyprus* with a Design to go to *Africk*, and land at *Tunis*; *Alamir* follow'd them. Their Voyage was smooth enough at first, when an impetuous Wind drove them toward *Alexandria*. *Zulema* seeing they were very near it, had a Mind to go on Shoar to see *Albumazar*, the great Astrologer so celebrated over all *Africk*, whom he had known long ago. The Princesses not being us'd to the Fatigues of the Sea, were glad to get to land and repose themselves; and the Wind continuing contrary, kept them long in Port.

ONE Day as *Zulema* was shewing *Albumazar* several Rarities he had collected in his Travels, *Zayde* spy'd in a Case a Picture of a young Man of extraordinary Beauty, and a very agreeable Air. The Habit, which was equal to that of the *Arabian* Princes, made her fancy it was the Picture of one of the *Caliph's* Sons. She ask'd her Father, whether she was mistaken; who answer'd he did not know whose Picture it was; that he had bought it of some Soldiers, and preserv'd it for its Beauty. *Zayde* seem'd surpriz'd at the Gracefulness of it, and *Albumazar* observing how earnestly she look'd at it, rally'd her, and told her he saw clearly that the Man who was like that Picture might promise himself to please her. As the *Greeks* have a wonderful Opinion of Astrology, and young People are fond

fond of knowing future Events, *Zayde* beg'd that famous Astrologer several Times to tell her something of her Destiny; but he always refus'd it: The little Time he spar'd out of his Study, he spent with *Zulema*, and seem'd to decline shewing his extraordinary Knowledge. At last, finding him one Day in the Chamber with her Father, she press'd him more strongly than usual, to consult the Stars about her Fortune. It is not necessary that I consult them, Madam, said he smiling, to assure you that you are destin'd to him whose Picture *Zulema* has shewn you. Few Princes in *Africk* can equal him: You will be happy if you marry him; take Care therefore you do not let another engage your Heart. *Zayde* took these Words of *Albumazar* only as reflecting upon the Attention with which she had view'd the Picture; but *Zulema*, told her with all the Authority of a Father, that she ought not to doubt of the Truth of the Prediction; that he did not doubt it himself, and by his Consent she shou'd marry no other than him for whom that Picture was drawn.

Zayde and *Felima* cou'd scarcely believe *Zulema* spoke his real Sentiments; but they were convinced of it, when he told his Daughter, he had no farther Thought of espousing her to the Prince of *Tarsus*. *Felima* felt no little Joy in finding *Zayde* was not destin'd to *Alamir*; she expected a wonderful Pleasure in telling him of it, and flatter'd herself that if he had no Hope of winning *Zayde*, he wou'd return to her. She pray'd *Zayde* to acquaint *Alamir* with *Albumazar's* Prediction, and *Zulema's* Intention. There was no Difficulty in getting her Permission; *Zayde* readily yielded to every Thing which might cure him of the Passion he had for her.

FELIMA sought an Opportunity of speaking to him, and without shewing how glad she was at what she had to tell him, she advis'd him to disengage himself from *Zayde*, since she was destin'd to another, and *Zulema* was against him. She inform'd him then of what had made *Zulema* change his Mind, and shew'd him the Picture,
which

which was to determine the Fortune of *Zayde*. *Alamir* seem'd overwhelm'd at *Felima's* Words, and being surpriz'd at the Beauty of the Picture, stood silent a long Time: At last lifting up his Eyes, with an Air which testify'd his Grief, I believe, Madam, said he, that he whom I see is destin'd for *Zayde*: He is worthy of her by his Beauty; but he shall never possess her, and I will have his Life sooner than he shall pretend to take her from me. If you undertake, answer'd *Felima*, to fight all who may resemble this Picture, you may fight a great many without meeting with him, whose it is. I shall not be so happy, said *Alamir*, as to have a Chance to be mistaken; the Beauty of it is so great and so particular, that there are very few who can be like it. But, added he, these agreeable Features may conceal a Temper so offensive, and Manners so opposite to those which will be pleasing to *Zayde*, that as handsome as this pretended Rival is, perhaps *Zayde* may not love him: And as much as she and Fortune and *Zulema* may be dispos'd to favour him, if he does not touch her Heart, I shall not be altogether miserable. I shall be less desperate to see her in the Arms of a Man she does not love, than to see her love another she can never possess. In the mean Time, Madam, continu'd he, tho' this Picture has made an Impression on my Mind, which will not be easily effaced, I conjure you to leave it with me a little, that I may consider it at Leisure. and imprint the Idea of it more strongly upon my Memory.

FELIMA was so troubled to see that what she had said cou'd not lessen *Alamir's* Hopes, that she let him take the Picture with him: And he restor'd it in a few Days, as desirous as he was to keep it from *Zayde's* Sight for ever.

AFTER some Stay in *Alexandria*, the Wind came fair for sailing. *Alamir* receiv'd News from his Father, which oblig'd him to turn to *Tarfus*; but as he believ'd he shou'd not have Occasion to tarry there many Days, he told *Zulema* he shou'd be at *Tunis* almost as soon as he.

Felima

Felima was as much concern'd at his going away, as if he had lov'd her. She had been accustom'd to all the Sorrows of Love, but was a Stranger to that of Absence; which wounded her so deeply, that she perceiv'd it was the Pleasure alone of seeing him she lov'd, which had given her Strength to support the Misfortune of not being lov'd again.

ALAMIR went to *Tarsus*, and *Zulema* and *Osmín* sail'd in different Ships to *Tunis*; *Zayde* and *Felima* did not care to separate, but went both on board *Zulema's* Vessel. After some Days sailing a terrible Storm arose, and scatter'd all the Ships; that in which *Zayde* was, lost the Main-Mast, and *Zulema* thought there was no Hope. As he knew they were near Land, he resolv'd to throw himself into the Boat; he made his Wife and Daughter and *Felima* get into it, and took with him what was of most Value; but as he was just going to get down to it himself, a Gust of Wind broke the Rope, which held it to the Ship, and the Boat was beat to Pieces by the Waves. *Zayde* was cast upon the Coast of *Catalonia* half dead; and *Felima*, who was supported upon a Plank, was driven upon the same Shore, after having seen the Princess *Alasynthia* perish. When *Zayde* came to her Senses, she was astonish'd to find herself among Persons she did not know, and whose Language she did not understand.

TWO *Spaniards*, who liv'd near the Coast, had found her in a Swoon, and carry'd her home; the Fishermen did the same by *Felima*. *Zayde* was overjoy'd to see her again, but was extremely griev'd when she acquainted her with the Death of the Princess her Mother. After she had shed a Flood of Tears at her Loss, she thought of leaving the Place where she was, and made Signs that she desir'd to go to *Tunis*, where she hop'd to find *Osmín* and *Belenia*.

AS she look'd at the youngest of the *Spaniards*, who was call'd *Theodoric*, she perceiv'd he resembled the Picture she was so fond of. This Resemblance surpriz'd her, and made

made her look at him with greater Attention. She search'd along the Beach for the Case, in which the Picture was, and which she believ'd she had taken with her in the Boat. Her Labour was in vain, and she was very much fretted that she cou'd not find it. In a few Days *Theodoric* seem'd to have a Passion for her; and tho' she cou'd not judge of it by his Words, he had such an Air in his Actions, as made her suspect it; and this Suspicion did not displease her.

SOME time after, she fancy'd she was mistaken; she saw him Melancholic without having given him any Cause for it, and he often left her to go and muse by himself; by which she imagin'd he had some other Love which render'd him unhappy. This gave her an Uneasiness, which made her as Melancholic as *Theodoric* appear'd to be. Tho' *Felima* was busy'd enough with Thoughts of her own, she knew Love too well not to perceive that which *Theodoric* had for *Zayde*, and the Inclination *Zayde* had for him. She often spoke to her of it, and as unwilling as she was to own it, she cou'd not avoid confessing it to *Felima*.

IT is true, said she, I have Sentiments for *Theodoric* which I cannot controul; but, *Felima*, is not he the Person *Albumazar* spoke of to me; and was not the Picture we had, drawn for him? There is no Appearance of it, answer'd *Felima*; *Theodoric*'s Fortune and Country have no Relation to *Albumazar*'s Words. Consider, Madam, you never believ'd this Prediction before, and are going to believe it, by imagining *Theodoric* may be he who is destin'd for you, and judge by that what are the Sentiments you have for him. I never took *Albumazar*'s Sayings, reply'd *Zayde*, for a true Prophecy 'till now; but since I have seen *Theodoric*, I own they begin to make an Impression upon my Mind. There is something extraordinary, I think, in finding a Man who resembles that Picture, and in feeling one's self have an Inclination for him. I am surpriz'd when I reflect that *Albumazar* forbid me to let my Heart be engag'd; he seems to have fore-

foreseen the Sentiments I have for *Theodoric*; and his Person pleases me so much, that if I am destin'd for another who is like him, that which ought to be the Happiness will be the Misfortune of my Life. My Inclination is deceiv'd by this Resemblance, which disposes me to him who is not to possess me, and perhaps thereby prevents me in such a manner, that I shall not be able to love him whom I ought to love. There is no way, continu'd she, to avoid all these Misfortunes, but to leave a Place where I am in so much Danger, and where Decency itself does not allow us to remain. We have it not in our Power to leave it, answer'd *Felima*; we are in a strange Country, where our Language is not understood. We must wait for Shipping, and remember, that as concern'd as you are to leave *Theodoric*, you will not easily efface the Impression he has made in your Heart. I see in you the same things which I felt when I began to love *Alamir*, and I wish to Heaven I had seen the same things in him, as you see in *Theodoric*. You are mistaken, said *Zayde*, in fancying he has an Inclination for me: he has one undoubtedly for another, and the Sadness I see him in, proceeds from a Passion of which I am not the Cause. Yet I have this Comfort in my Unhappiness, that the Impossibility of talking with him, keeps me from the Weakness of telling him I love him.

A few Days after this Conversation, *Zayde* saw *Theodoric* at a Distance, looking very attentively upon something he had in his Hands. Jealousy made her imagine it was a Picture. She resolv'd to know, and approach'd him as silently as possible: this cou'd not be done so quietly, but he heard a Noise, and looking behind him, conceal'd that which was in his Hand, so that she only saw some Jewels glitter. She made no doubt that it was a Picture-Case, and tho' she had suspected it before, the Certainty she believ'd there was of it now, so troubled her, that she cou'd not hide her Grief, nor look at *Theodoric*. She was pierced to the Heart at having so strong an Inclination for

for a Man who was fighting after another. By Chance, *Theodoric* dropp'd the Thing he had convey'd out of Sight, and she saw it was a Buckle of Diamonds which was fasten'd to a Bracelet of her Hair, which she had lost some Days ago. Her Joy at being mistaken, wou'd not suffer her to shew any Anger; she took the Bracelet, and gave *Theodoric* back the Jewels, who immediately threw them into the Sea, to let her understand, that he despis'd them when they were divided from her Hair. This Action convinced *Zayde* of the Love and Magnificence of the *Spaniard*, and had no little Effect upon her Heart.

AFTERWARDS, he inform'd her by means of a Picture, where he had caus'd a beautiful Woman to be drawn weeping over a dead Man, that he believ'd her Neglect of him proceeded from the Affection she had for another Man whom she lamented. This was a sensible Grief to *Zayde*, to see that *Theodoric* thought she lov'd another; she in a manner doubted of his Love no longer, and lov'd him with a Tenderness which she did not endeavour to overcome.

THE Time for her Departure drew near; and being at a Loss how to leave him without letting him know that she lov'd him, she told *Felima* she was resolv'd to put her whole Mind into Writing, and not to give him the Paper 'till the Moment when she embark'd. I will not apprise him, added she, of the Inclination I have for him, 'till I am certain not to see him again. It will be a Consolation to me, that he will know I thought only of him, when he imagin'd I was only calling another to Mind. There will be an infinite Pleasure in explaining to him all my Actions, and in telling him without Reserve how well I have lov'd him. I shall have this Pleasure without being wanting to my Duty: He does not know who I am; he will see me no more; and what signifies his knowing he has touch'd the Heart of the Stranger whom he sav'd from Shipwreck? You have forgot, said *Felima*, that *Theodoric* does not understand your Language, so that what you
write

write will be useless to him. Ah ! Madam, reply'd *Zayde*, if he has a Passion for me, he will find means at last to interpret what I write ; if he has not, I shall have the Comfort that he does not know I love him. I am resolv'd also to leave him with the Letter the Bracelet of my Hair, which I took from him so cruelly, and which he deserves but too well.

THE next Day *Zayde* began to write what she design'd to impart to *Theodoric*: He surpriz'd her as she was Writing, and she perceiv'd the Letter gave him Jealousy. If she had follow'd the Motions of her Heart, she had immediately made him sensible that she was writing only to himself; but her Prudence, and the little Knowledge she had of his Quality and Fortune, oblig'd her not to do any thing which he might construe as an Engagement, and to conceal from him that which she wish'd him to know when he shou'd see her no more.

A little before she was to depart, *Theodoric* left her, and gave her to understand he wou'd come back again the next Day. The Day following she went to take a Walk with *Felima* upon the Sea-Shoar, not without being impatient for *Theodoric's* Return. This Impatience made her more thoughtful than ordinary, so that seeing a Sloop approach the Shoar, instead of being curious to know who were in it, she turn'd her Steps another way, but was much surpriz'd when she heard herself call'd, and knew it was the Voice of the Prince her Father. She ran towards him with a great deal of Joy; and he was as much transported in meeting her. After she had inform'd him how she had escap'd the Wreck, he told her in few Words that his Ship was stranded on the Coast of *France*, from whence he had not been able to get away 'till within a few Days, and that he was come to *Tarragona* to wait for the Ships that were to sail for *Africk*. In the mean time he had determin'd to traverse the Coast where *Alasintba*, *Felima* and she had been shipwreck'd, to see if by chance some one of them might not have been sav'd. At the

Name

Name of *Alasinthia*. *Zayde* cou'd not forbear crying; her Tears gave *Zulema* to understand the Loss he had sustain'd; and after having employ'd some time in bewailing it, he commanded these young Princesses to go on board his Sloop in order to go with him to *Tarragona*. *Zayde* was very much embarrass'd how to persuade her Father not to take her away that Moment; she told him the Obligations she had to the *Spaniards* who had entertain'd her in their House, in order to get him to consent that she might first bid them adieu; but whatever Reasons she was able to use, he thought it was not proper to venture her in the Power of the *Spaniards* again, and made her go on board in spite of all her Resistance. She was so touch'd with the Opinion *Theodoric* wou'd have of her Ingratitude in leaving him, or to speak more justly, she was so touch'd with leaving him without Hope of seeing her again, that not being able to command her Grief, she was forced to say she was ill. The only Comfort she had in her Affliction was, to see her Father had saved from the Wreck the Picture she had so much fancy'd, and which prov'd to be that of her Lover. But this Consolation was not strong enough to enable her to bear *Theodoric's* Absence; she cou'd not support it, and fell dangerously ill, and *Zulema* was in fear a long time of seeing his lovely Daughter die in the early Bloom of her Youth and Beauty. At length her Life was out of Hazard; but she was too weak to bear yet a while the Fatigue of the Sea. She apply'd herself wholly to learn the *Spanish* Tongue, and as she had Interpreters, and saw none but *Spaniards*, she easily learn'd it during the Winter she stay'd in *Catalonia*. She wou'd needs have *Felima* understand it also, and took Pleasure in speaking no other Language.

IN the mean time the large Vessels sail'd from *Tarragona* to *Africk*; and tho' *Zulema* was ignorant of what had befallen *Osmin*, when the Tempest separated them, he had wrote to inform him of his Wreck, and other Reasons which detain'd him in *Catalonia*. The Ships were return'd

turn'd from *Africk* before *Zayde* had recover'd her Health. *Osmín* sent Word to the Prince, his Brother, that he was happily arriv'd at home, and found the Caliph was still in the Design of keeping them at a Distance, and that *Abderame*, King of *Cordova*, having sent to him for Generals, he had appointed them to go to *Spain*, and had dispatch'd Orders to the King accordingly. *Zulema* readily judg'd it would be dangerous not to obey the Caliph; he resolv'd to take a Brigantine to sail directly to *Valencia* and join the King, and as soon as the Princess his Daughter was better, he convey'd her to *Tortosa*. He stay'd there several Days to give her some Repose, but she was far from finding it. While she lay ill, and since she began to mend, a Desire to let *Theodoric* hear of her, and the Difficulty of doing it, had kept her very uneasy. She cou'd not forgive herself, that the Day she came away she had the Letter she writ for him about her, and had not left it in a Place where it might have happen'd to fall into his Hands. The Evening of her Departure from *Tortosa*, she cou'd not resist her Impatience to send it him; she trusted it to one of *Zulema*'s Squires, and made him apprehend the Place where *Theodoric* dwelt, by naming the Port which was near it. She enjoin'd him not to tell who had given him the Letter, and to take care that no-body follow'd him, and that he was not discover'd. Tho' she had no Hope of seeing *Theodoric*, she felt a fresh Grief in leaving the Country where he liv'd, and spent Part of the Night in the fine Gardens of the House where she lodg'd, in lamenting herself with *Felima*. The next Day as she was ready to embark, the Messenger, who had set out before Break of Day, came back, and told her he had been at the Place she describ'd, and heard *Theodoric* went thence the Day before, and wou'd not return. *Zayde* was sadly affected with this unhappy Accident, which depriv'd her of the only Consolation she had sought after, and her Lover of the only Favour she had ever done him. She went on board with the utmost Sorrow, and arriv'd at *Cordova* in a few Days.

Osmín

Osmín and *Belenia* waited for her there, and the Prince of *Tarsus* was there also; he had heard she was in *Spain*, and made use of the Pretence of the War to go in Search of her. *Felima* upon the Sight of *Alamir*, did not find that Absence had extinguish'd her Passion; *Alamir* perceiv'd his was increas'd by the Severities of *Zayde*, and *Zayde* perceiv'd her Aversion for him was doubled.

THE King of *Cordova* put into *Zulema's* Hands the General Command of his Troops, with the Government of *Talavera*, and that of *Oropeze* he gave to *Osmín*. Not long after, both those Princes had an Occasion of Complaint against *Abderame*, and not being willing to let their Repentment appear, they retir'd to their Governments under Colour of viewing the Fortifications. *Alamir* follow'd *Zulema* in order to be near *Zayde*, but the War soon call'd him back to *Abderame*. I set out at the same time to look after *Gonsalvo*; I was taken Prisoner by the *Arabians*, and was carried to *Talavera*. *Belenia* and *Felima* went to *Oropeze*, and *Zayde* refus'd to leave the Prince her Father.

AFTER *Gonsalvo* had taken *Talavera*, and while the last Truce was propos'd, *Alamir* inform'd *Zulema* he design'd to improve the Opportunity of the Truce to make him a Visit, and that he wou'd take *Oropeze* in his Way. *Zayde* hearing this from her Father, wrote *Felima* Word she had found *Theodoric*, and wou'd by no means have him think it was the Prince of *Tarsus*, whom he suspected she lamented at *Alphonso's*, and therefore she desir'd she wou'd from her forbid that Prince to come to *Talavera*.

FELIMA had no Reluctance to deliver this Injunction to *Alamir*. The next Day after the Truce, *Belenia*, who was indispos'd, was willing to use the Liberty then allow'd her of going out of the Town, and went to take the Air in a large Wood not far off. As she was walking there with *Osmín* and *Felima*, they met the Prince of *Tarsus*, and were over-joy'd to see him, and having talk'd together a long time, *Felima* found Means to speak with him apart.

I am very sorry, said she, I am to acquaint you with a thing which will prevent the Journey you intended; but *Zayde* desires you will not go to *Talavera*, and desires it in such a manner as amounts to a Command. By what an Excess of Cruelty, cry'd *Alamir*, wou'd *Zayde* take from me the only Joy her Severity had left me, which is to see her? I believe, said *Felima*, she is willing to put an End to the Passion you express for her. You know her Aversion to marry a Man of your Religion, and that she has ground also to believe she is not destin'd for you, and that *Zulema* has alter'd his Mind. All these Obstacles, reply'd *Alamir*, will not alter mine, no more than the Continuance of *Zayde's* Unkindness; and notwithstanding a Destiny, and the manner in which she treats me, I will never abandon the Hope of being lov'd by her. *Felima* was more than ordinarily mov'd at the Obstinacy of *Alamir's* Passion, and argu'd with him against it for a long time upon the Reasons he had to suppress it; but seeing all she offer'd was ineffectual, she fell into a Rage, and cou'd not at the first Heat command herself. If the Decrees of Heaven, and *Zayde's* Severities, said she, do not make you cease to hope, I know not what will. This, answer'd the Prince, to see that another had touch'd her Heart. Then you will hope no longer, return'd *Felima*; there is a Man who has the Happiness to please *Zayde*, and who loves her vehemently. Who is this fortunate Man, cry'd *Alamir*? A Spaniard, answer'd she, who resembles the Picture you have seen; he is not probably the Person it was drawn for, and whom *Albumazar* mention'd; but as you are afraid only of one who is able to please *Zayde*, and not of one who is to marry her, it is sufficient to tell you, that *Zayde* loves him, and that it is her Fear to give him Jealousy, which makes her refuse to see you. What you say, reply'd *Alamir*, is impossible; *Zayde's* Heart is not so easily touch'd. If any one had really touch'd it, you wou'd not have told me; *Zayde* wou'd have engaged you to Secrecy, and you have no Reasons which

cou'd

cou'd have oblig'd you to reveal it to me. I have too many, said *Felima*, hurry'd away by her Passion, and you ----- She was going to proceed, but recollected herself in an Instant: She reflected with Amazement on all she had said; she was troubled; and was sensible of it, and this increas'd her Confusion; she stood speechless for a while, and like one distracted; at last she cast her Eyes upon *Alamir*, and fancying she perceiv'd by his he had discover'd Part of the Truth, she exerted all her Power, and putting on a Countenance which shew'd more Tranquility than she had within, You are right, said she, to believe that if *Zayde* lov'd any one, I wou'd not tell it you; I only meant to frighten you. It is true we have met with a *Spaniard*, who is in Love with *Zayde*, and is like the Picture, and you have convinced me it was a Fault in me to let you know it, and I am exceedingly fretted lest *Zayde* shou'd take it amiss.

THERE was something so natural in what *Felima* said, that she imagin'd her Words had in some measure produced the Effect she wish'd; yet her Embarrassment had been so great, and what she had said was so remarkable, that there was nothing but the Trouble she saw *Alamir* was in, to encourage her to hope he had not found out her Sentiments. *Osmin* came up this Moment and broke off their Conversation; and *Felima*, not being able to restrain her Sighs and Tears, went into the Wood to hide her Sorrow, and relieve herself by relating it to one in whom she had an entire Confidence. The Princess her Mother sent to her to return; she did not dare to lift her Eyes upon *Alamir*, lest she shou'd see in him too great a Grief at what she had told him of *Zayde*, and too much Knowledge of what she had mention'd about herself: She observ'd however he took the Road to the Camp, and it was some Joy to her to think he did not go to visit *Zayde*.

HERE the King cou'd not forbear interrupting *Don Olmond*. I no longer wonder, said he to *Gonsalvo*, at the

Sadness you found *Alamir* in, when you met him after he had parted from *Felima*. It was she with whom the Horsemen saw him talking in the Wood; what she had said to him, made him know you, and now I understand his Words to you at drawing his Sword, which you thought so obscure, and which gave me so much Curiosity. *Gonsalvo* answer'd the King only with his Eyes, and *Don Olmond* thus pursu'd his Discourse.

IT is easy to judge in what a Condition *Felima* pass'd the Night, and with what Variety of Sorrow her Heart was divided. She consider'd she had betray'd *Zayde*, and was afraid she had thrown *Alamir* into Despair, and in spite of her Jealousy she was griev'd she had made him so miserable. She wish'd, notwithstanding, to have him know *Zayde's* Inclination was plac'd on another, and fear'd she had too well remov'd the Opinion she had first given him of it; and above all she was apprehensive she had discover'd her own Passion for him. The next Day a new Distress effaced all the former; she heard of *Alamir's* Duel with *Gonsalvo*, and was overwhelm'd with fear of losing him. She sent every Day to the Castle where he was, to enquire after him; and when she began to have some Hope of his Recovery, she understood the King had appointed his Execution, in Revenge of the Death of the Prince of *Galicia*. You have seen the Letter she wrote me some Days ago, to get me to try to save him; I have inform'd her of what *Gonsalvo* did at her Request; and have nothing more to add, but that I never saw in the same Person so much Love, so much Sense, and so much Sorrow.

DON OLMOND here finish'd his Story, and while it lasted, *Gonsalvo* felt that which cannot be express'd. To understand that *Zayde* lov'd him, and to find Marks of Tenderness in every Thing which he had constru'd as a Token of Indifference, was such an Excess of Happiness as put him beside himself, and made him taste in one Moment all the Pleasures which other Lovers enjoy by Interruption and at several Times.

THE

THE King was going to tell *Don Olmond* that *Gonsalvo* was *Theodoric*, when Word was brought that the Deputies who treated the Peace, desir'd Audience. He left the two Friends together, and *Don Olmond* began, I might complain with Justice, that I owe the Knowledge of *Theodoric* only to myself; since our Friendship made me capable of hoping I might have known him by you. I wonder you cou'd think it possible to conceal him, while you shew'd such an eager Curiosity about every Thing relating to *Zayde*. I perceiv'd you lov'd her the first Day you spoke to me about her, and was astonish'd that the first View, as I thought it, had produced in you a Passion which seem'd so violent. What I learn'd from *Felima*, convinced me that the Man she describ'd for *Theodoric*, cou'd be no other than *Gonsalvo*. All the Revenge I had a Mind to take on you for keeping this Secret from me, was only to write you the Letter I sent you, in order to ruffle you; my Vengeance is satisfy'd, and the Pleasure I have given you by my Story, makes me forget all that had offended me. But I wou'd not have you fuller of Joy than you ought to be, and must acquaint you that unless the last Sight of you has produced a great Alteration in *Zayde*'s Mind, she is resolv'd to resist the Inclination she has for you, and comply with her Father's Will.

GONSALVO was transported with too lively a Joy, to admit of Fear; and what *Don Olmond* said cou'd not startle him: After he had assur'd him that it was Shame alone which made him conceal his Amour from him, he withdrew to reflect upon all he had heard, and compare it with the Actions of *Zayde*. He was no longer at a Loss to comprehend what he had heard her say at *Tortosa* about the Oddness of her Destiny, and saw he ought in Reason to be satisfy'd with her having wish'd it were possible for him to be the Person he resembled.

THE Certainty of being lov'd, inspir'd him with so earnest a Desire to see *Zayde*, that he begg'd the King wou'd give him Leave to go to *Talavera*. *Don Garcia* gladly assen-

ted, and *Gonsalvo* set forward, in Expectation of having from the beautiful Eyes of *Zayde* a Confirmation of all he had heard from *Don Olmond*. When he arriv'd, he understood that *Zulema* was ill; *Zayde* met him at the Entrance of the Apartment of the Prince her Father, and acquainted him how concern'd he was at not being in a Condition to see him. *Gonsalvo* was so surpriz'd and entranc'd at her Charms, that he stood still, and cou'd not forbear shewing his Astonishment. She observ'd it, and blush'd, and was in a modest Confusion which brighten'd all her Graces. He led her home, and spoke to her of his Love with less Fear than in their first Conversation; but as he perceiv'd she answer'd him with a Prudence and Reserve which wou'd have conceal'd the Sentiments of her Soul, if he had not learn'd them by *Don Olmond*, he resolv'd to let her know he was partly appriz'd of them.

WILL you never explain to me, Madam, said he, the Reason which made you wish I cou'd be the Person I resemble? Don't you know, answer'd she, it is a Secret not in my Power to tell you? Is it possible, reply'd *Gonsalvo* looking upon her, that the Passion I have for you, and the Obstacles which you are sensible withstand my Happiness, do not make you pity me enough to let me see you are desirous at least that my Destiny were fortunate? It is only a mere Wish for my Repose which you conceal from me. Ah! Madam, is this too much for a Man who has ador'd you from the first Moment he saw you, to prefer him even by Wishes alone to some *African* whom you never saw?

ZAYDE was so surpriz'd at *Gonsalvo's* Discourse that she cou'd not answer. Do not be amaz'd, Madam, said he, fearing she shou'd accuse *Felima* of discovering her Sentiments, be not amaz'd, that I have happen'd to know what I have told you: I overheard you in the Garden the Evening before you left *Tortosa*, and understood from yourself that which you have the Cruelty to conceal. How, *Gonsalvo*? cry'd *Zayde*, did you overhear me in the Garden at *Tortosa*? you

were

were near me then, and never spoke to me. Ah! Madam answer'd *Gonsalvo*, throwing himself on his Knees, what a Joy do you give me by this Reproach! and what a Charm is it to me to see you forget my having overheard you, to call to Mind that I did not speak to you! Do not repent, Madam, added he, seeing how she was troubled at having let the Sentiments of her Heart appear, do not repent of having given me some Joy, and suffer me to believe that I am not altogether indifferent to you. But to justify myself from the Reproach you cast on me, I must acquaint you, that I overheard you at *Tortosa* without knowing it was you, and my Imagination was so full of being separated from you by whole Seas, that tho' I heard your Voice, as it was Night and I did not see you, and you spoke the *Spanish* Tongue, I never suspected I was so near you. I saw you the next Day in a Barge; but tho' I saw you, and knew you, I was not in a Condition to speak to you, for they whom the King had sent to search after me, had me in their Power. Since you overheard me, answer'd *Zayde*, it will be in vain to go to give my Words another Turn, but I beg you wou'd ask no more, and that you will allow me to leave you; for I own that the Shame of what you heard without my Knowledge, and of what I have told you without designing it, puts me into such a Confusion, that if I have any Interest in you, I conjure you to retire. *Gonsalvo* was so pleas'd with what had pass'd, that he wou'd not press her to make a more open Declaration of her Thoughts. He left her as she desir'd, and return'd to the Camp full of the Hope of inducing her very soon to change the Resolution she had taken.

DON GARCIA's Forces and the Valour of *Gonsalvo* were become so formidable, that the *Moors* agreed to all the Articles of Peace, as readily as the King cou'd wish. The Treaty was sign'd on either Side; and as some remote Places were to be given up, it was resolv'd that *Don Garcia* shou'd keep all the Prisoners who were in his Hands, for his Security, till the whole was executed. The King

in the mean Time chose to visit the Places he had conquer'd, and went to *Almaras*, which had been yielded to him by the *Moors*. The Queen, who lov'd her Husband passionately, had hardly left him since the War began; during the Siege of *Talavera*, she abode at a small Distance, and was detain'd there by a light Indisposition; but as she was to meet him very soon, *Gonsalvo*, who was impatient to see *Zayde*, begg'd the King to order the Queen to go to *Talavera*, under Pretence of viewing the new Conquest, and to take with her all the *Arabian* Ladies who were Prisoners. The Queen knew how much her Brother interest-ed himself in *Zayde*, and was very willing, by serving him in that Passion, to make him amends for the Disappointment she had occasion'd him with *Nugna Bella*. She went to *Talavera*, and the Ladies were all very well pleas'd to spend the Time they were to stay in *Spain*, with her. *Zulema*, who was Prisoner at *Talavera*, cou'd hardly agree to *Zayde's* leaving him, and the Rank he always held, gave him great Uneasiness to see the Princess his Daughter oblig'd to follow the Queen, like the other Women. However he consented, and *Gonsalvo* had the Joy to know he shou'd shortly behold that exquisite Beauty which had so inflam'd his Heart. The Day the Queen arriv'd, the King went out two Leagues to meet her; he found her on Horseback with all the Ladies of her Train. As soon as she was come near enough, she presented *Zayde* to him, whose Charms were augmented by the Care she had taken to adorn herself, which was owing perhaps to an Ambition of appearing in *Gonsalvo's* Eyes with all her Lustre. The Graces of her Person, the Agreeableness of her Wit, and her Modesty surpriz'd every one. She was treated as befitting a Princess of her Birth, Merit and Beauty, and in a few Days she became the Delight and Admiration of the Court of *Leon*. *Gonsalvo* look'd on her with Transport, and the Assurance of being lov'd made him forget all the Obstacles which oppos'd his Happiness. If he had lov'd her merely by seeing her Beauty, the Knowledge of her Wit and Vir-

ture fir'd him with higher Raptures. He sought an Opportunity of talking with her in private, as studiously as she avoided it. At last meeting her one Evening in the Queen's Closet, with hardly any Company, he conjur'd her so ardently and with so much Respect, to tell him the Sentiments she had for him, that she cou'd not refuse.

IF it were possible for me to conceal my Mind from you, said she, I wou'd do it, as much as I esteem you; and I wou'd spare myself the Shame of shewing an Inclination to a Man, to whom I am not destin'd. But since you have, in spite of me, discover'd my Thoughts, I am willing to own them, and explain to you that which you have known very confusedly. She told him then all he had learn'd from *Don Olmond* of the Prediction of *Albumazar*, and *Zulema's* Resolutions. You see, added she, that all I am able to do, is to lament you, and afflict myself; and you are too reasonable to ask me not to follow my Father's Will. Allow me, Madam, said he, at least to believe, that if he were capable of altering his Mind, you will not oppose it. I can't say, whether I shou'd oppose it, answer'd she, but I think I ought to do it, since it concerns the Happiness of my whole Life. If you believe, Madam, reply'd *Gonsalvo*, the making me happy will make you miserable, you do right to persist in the Resolution you have embraced; but I dare affirm, if you have those Sentiments for me, with which you permit me to flatter myself, there is nothing which can give you Cause to imagine you can be unhappy. You deceive yourself, Madam, when you think you have any good Will for me; and I deceiv'd myself at *Alphonso's*, when I imagin'd I saw in you a favourable Disposition towards me. Speak no more, answer'd *Zayde*, about what either of us had Ground to believe, while we were in that Solitude; and do not make me call to Mind those Things which afford me Reason to conclude, you were then possess'd with other Sorrows than those which cou'd arise from me. I have understood, since I saw you at *Talavera*, what it was which oblig'd you to

leave the Court; and I doubt not but you employ'd all the Time you were in my Company, in thinking on *Nugna Bella*.

GONSALVO was well enough pleas'd that *Zayde* gave him an Opportunity to satisfy all her Scruples about his Passion. He inform'd her of the real Condition his Heart was in, when he knew her first, and of all he had suffer'd by not understanding her Language, and of his whole Affliction. I was not altogether mistaken, added he, when I fancy'd I had a Rival, and have since been appriz'd of the Prince of *Tarsus's* Passion for you. It is true, said *Zayde*, *Alamir* has declar'd he loves me, and my Father had resolv'd to give me to him before he saw the Picture, so strongly is he perswaded that my Happiness depends upon my marrying him for whom that Picture was drawn. Very well, Madam, reply'd *Gonsalvo*, you are resolv'd to consent to it, and yield yourself to him whom I resemble. If you have in truth no Aversion to me, you ought to believe, you will have none for him: Thus, Madam, the Assurance I have that I do not displease you is a Demonstration to me, that you will marry my Rival without Reluctance. This is a sort of Misfortune no Man beside myself ever felt, and it is unaccountable my Condition does not provoke your Pity. Don't complain of me, said she; complain of your being a *Spaniard*. Tho' I were for you as much as you can desire, and tho' my Father were not prepossess'd, our Country wou'd always be an invincible Obstacle to your Wishes, and *Zulema* wou'd never consent to my being yours. At least permit me, Madam, said *Gonsalvo*, to declare my Mind to him. The Dislike you have express'd of *Alamir*, ought to make him lay down all Expectation of marrying you to a Person of his Religion; perhaps also he is not so devoted to *Albumazar's* Words, as you imagine. In short, Madam, allow me to try every Thing to compass a Happiness without which it is impossible for me to live. I consent to what you mention, answer'd *Zayde*, and wou'd also have you believe that I am afraid all your Attempts will be in vain.

GONSALVO

GONSALVO waited directly on the King, to intreat him to assist him in his Design to discover *Zulema's* Sentiments, and endeavour to engage him in his Favour. They resolv'd to give it in Commission to *Don Olmond*, whose Address and Friendship for *Gonsalvo* render'd him more capable of succeeding in it than any Man. The King writ by him to *Zulema*, and ask'd *Zayde* of him for *Gonsalvo*, in the same Manner as if he had ask'd her for himself. *Don Olmond's* Journey, and the King's Letter, were to no Purpose. *Zulema* answer'd, that the King did him too much Honour; that his Daughter was indeed in his Hands, and he was able to dispose of her; but by his Consent she shou'd never marry a Man of a Religion so contrary to his own. This Answer gave *Gonsalvo* the utmost Grief; as *Zayde* lov'd him, he wou'd not let her know it, as much as it troubled him, lest her being assur'd it was impossible for her to be his, might alter the Disposition she had express'd toward him: He only told her, he did not despair of gaining *Zulema*, and obtaining from him what he wish'd with so much Ardor.

THE Princess *Belenia*, *Felima's* Mother, was taken ill at *Oropeze*, and dy'd soon after the Peace. *Osmín* was sent to *Talavera* with *Zulema*, to stay till the Time came which was fix'd for releasing the Prisoners, and *Felima* was carried to Court. She did not appear there in the Perfection of her Charms; for the Indisposition of her Mind so affected her Body, that it impair'd her Beauty. But it was easy to perceive, that the bad State of her Health was the Cause of the Change. She was extremely surpriz'd to find that *Gonsalvo*, whom she did not think she knew, and whom she cou'd not hear nam'd without Anguish, because of the Condition into which he had brought the Prince of *Tarsus*, was that *Theodoríc* she had seen at *Alphonso's*, and whom *Zayde* admir'd. It inflam'd her Affliction to reflect that what she had told *Alamir* in the Wood at *Oropeze*, had made him know *Gonsalvo* so as to occasion their Duel.

THE Prince was carry'd to *Almaraz*; she had the Comfort of hearing from him every Day, and of giving Vent to her Sorrow, which was imputed to the Death of her Mother. *Alamir*, whose Youth had prolong'd his Life for a time, was at length so weak, that the Physicians despair'd of his Life. *Felima* was with *Zayde* and *Gonsalvo*, when News came that a Gentleman of this unhappy Prince desir'd to speak with *Zayde*. She blush'd, and after a short Confusion sent for him in, and ask'd him aloud what the Prince of *Tarsus* wanted. My Master, Madam, said he, is just expiring, and begs the Honour of seeing you before he dies, and hopes the Condition he is in will prevent your refusing him this Favour. *Zayde* was mov'd with his Words, and surpriz'd, and cou'd not presently make an Answer; when turning her Eyes toward *Gonsalvo*, as if to ask him what he wou'd have her do, and observing he was silent, and concluding by the Air of his Countenance, that he was against her seeing *Alamir*, I am exceeding sorry, said she to the Gentleman, that I cannot gratify your Master's Desire. If I thought my Presence cou'd contribute to his Cure, I wou'd visit him gladly; but as I am persuaded it will signify nothing, I beseech him not to take it ill that I do not see him, and conjure you to assure him, I am heartily griev'd at his Condition. At this the Messenger withdrew, and *Felima* stood overwhelm'd with a Consternation, which she testify'd only by her Silence. *Zayde* shar'd in her Sadness, and also pity'd the wretched Fortune of the poor Prince of *Tarsus*, and *Gonsalvo* was divided between his Joy to see the Regard *Zayde* had to his Sentiments tho' he had not declar'd them in Words, and his Grief in having depriv'd the unhappy *Alamir* of the Sight of her he so dearly lov'd.

AS the whole Company was engag'd with such different Thoughts, *Alamir's* Gentleman came back and told *Felima* that his Master desir'd to see her, and she had no Moments to lose, if she wou'd vouchsafe him that Favour. *Felima* rose up from the Place where she was sitting, and had

had just Life enough in her to walk. She gave the Gentleman her Hand, and went to the Prince of *Tarsus*, accompany'd by her Women. She sat down by his Bed-side, and saying Nothing, look'd at him without making the least Motion. I am very happy, Madam, said *Alamir*, that *Zayde's* Example has not taught you the Cruelty of denying me the Consolation of a Visit. This is the only Satisfaction I can hope for, since I am depriv'd of that which I presum'd to desire. I beg, Madam, you will be pleas'd to tell *Zayde*, that she has rightly judg'd me unworthy of the Honour *Zulema* wou'd have done me. My Heart has burnt with such various Flames, and been deprav'd with so many false Passions, that it did not deserve her Regard. But if an Inconstancy, to which the Sight of her immediately put an End, may be repair'd by a Passion which has made me perfectly another Man, and by an Affection which is attended with the greatest Veneration that ever was, I believe, Madam, I have aton'd for all my former Crimes. Assure her, I conjure you, that I die not so much by the Wounds I receiv'd by *Gonsalvo*, as by the Sorrow of knowing she loves him. You told me the Truth in the Wood at *Oropeze*, when you inform'd me that her Heart was touch'd. I believ'd it too well, tho' at first I told you I did not believe it. I had just parted from you, and was full of the Idea of that happy *Spaniard*, when I met *Gonsalvo*. His Resemblance of the Picture I had seen, and what you had then told me, struck me presently, and I made no Hesitation to conclude he was the Person you spoke of. I gave him to understand I was *Alamir*. He attack'd me with the Fierceness of one who knew I was his Rival. I have understood since, that I was not mistaken in believing him to be the Man who had been so successful as to please *Zayde*; he deserves her Favour; and I envy him his Happiness, without thinking him unworthy of it. I die overwhelm'd with my Misfortunes, and do not murmur; if I did, I shou'd complain only of the Inhumanity of *Zayde* in refusing a
Sight

Sight of herself to a Man who is going to lose her for ever.

IT is easy to imagine with what mortal Sorrow *Alamir's* Words wounded the Heart of *Felima*; twice or thrice she went to speak to him, and was hinder'd by her Sobbing and her Tears; at last, transported by her Tenderness which she cou'd not command, Believe me, said she with a Voice interrupted by Sighs, if I had been in *Zayde's* Place, no other Man wou'd have been preferr'd to the Prince of *Tarsus*. Notwithstanding her Grief, she was sensible of the Force of these Words, and turn'd her Head away, to hide the Abundance of her Tears, and avoid *Alamir's* Eyes. Alas, Madam, reply'd the expiring Prince, is it possible, that what you intimate is true! I own that the Day I talk'd with you in the Wood, I believ'd Part of what I presume to believe at present; but I was so troubled, and you had the Skill to put another Sense upon your Words so dextrously, that they made but a light Impression on me. Forgive me, Madam, what I dare to think, and pardon my having been the Cause of a Misfortune, which has been heavier to me than to you. I did not deserve to be happy; I shou'd have been so too much, if----

HIS Weakness wou'd not let him proceed; he lost his Speech, and turning his Eyes toward *Felima*, as if to bid her Adieu, he clos'd them for ever, and expir'd almost in a Moment. *Felima's* Tears were stopp'd, she was Thunder-struck with Sorrow, and look'd on *Alamir* as he expir'd with immoveable Eyes. Her Women seeing her keep fix'd in the Place where she sat, led her out of a Room where there were only Objects of Death. She let them remove her, without pronouncing a Word; but when she came into her own Chamber, the Sight of *Zayde* inrag'd her Grief, and gave her Power to speak. You are satisfy'd, Madam, said she with a very feeble Voice, *Alamir* is dead. *Alamir* is dead, continu'd she, as if she were telling it to herself; then I shall never see him more. I have lost for ever the Hope of being lov'd by him. It is

not

not in the Power of Love to make him like me: My Eyes shall meet his no more: His Presence, which sweeten'd all my Sufferings, is a Blessing I cannot enjoy again. Ah! Madam, said she to *Zayde*, is it possible any one shou'd be able to please you, and that *Alamir* did not do it? What an Inhumanity was yours? Why did you not love him? He ador'd you: What was wanting in him to make him amiable? But you know, answer'd *Zayde* very gently, I shou'd have increas'd your Trouble, if I had lov'd him; and that it was the Thing you most dreaded. It is true, Madam, reply'd she, it is true, I was unwilling you shou'd make him happy, but I did not desire you shou'd take away his Life. Ah wherefore did I so cautiously conceal my Passion from him? Perhaps he wou'd have been touch'd by it; perhaps it might have given some Diversion to the fatal Love he had for you. What did I fear? Why was I unwilling he shou'd know that I ador'd him? The only Comfort which is left me, is that he conjectur'd something of it. Yet if he had known it, he wou'd only have feign'd to love me, and wou'd have deceiv'd me: And what if he had deceiv'd me, as he did at the Beginning? those precious Moments in which he affected to let me imagine he lov'd me, are still dear to my Memory. Is it possible, that after so many Evils as I have suffer'd, there shou'd yet remain such severe ones for me to endure? I hope at least my Grief will be so great, that I shall not have Strength to bear it.

AS she was thus speaking, *Gonsalvo* shew'd himself at her Chamber-Door: He thought she was in another Room, and came to enquire in what Condition she had found *Alamir*. He stepp'd back immediately, that he might not intrude her Sorrow by his Presence; but he was not nimble enough to prevent her perceiving him; she shriek'd out so piteously at the Sight of him, as wou'd have pierced the hardest Hearts. Dear Madam, said she to *Zayde*, take care I may not see *Gonsalvo*. I cannot bear to look upon a Man from whose Hand *Alamir* has receiv'd his Death,
and

and who has depriv'd him of what he valu'd beyond his Life.

THE Violence of her Grief took away both her Speech and Understanding, and as her Health was already extremely broken, she was evidently in very great Danger. The King and Queen hearing of her Illness, came to see her, and procur'd her all the Assistance they cou'd. After she had lain in a kind of Lethargy for five or six Hours, the Force of Medicines brought her to her Senses: But she knew no Object about her but *Zayde*, who wept over her with the utmost Anguish. Do not grieve for me, said she to her, with so low a Voice that she cou'd scarcely be heard, I shou'd have been worthy of your Friendship no longer, for I cou'd never have lov'd one who had caus'd the Death of *Alamir*. She cou'd speak no more, but relaps'd into her Fits; and the next Day at the same Hour as she saw the Prince of *Tarsus* expire, she finish'd a Life which was made miserable by Love.

THE Death of two Persons of such extraordinary Merit, drew such Compassion, that the whole Court of *Leon* was afflicted. *Zayde* was overwhelm'd; she lov'd *Felima* tenderly, and the Manner in which she dy'd, added to her Sorrow. Several Days pass'd, before the Care and Intreaties of *Gonsalvo* were able to moderate her Grief: At last the Fear of going from *Spain*, and leaving *Gonsalvo*, made her put some Stop to her Tears, and gave her a Concern of another Kind. The King return'd to *Leon*, and there was so little wanting to the full Execution of the Peace, that, in all Appearance, *Zulema* wou'd very shortly pass over to *Africk*. However he was not in a Condition to travel; he was dangerously ill at the Time of *Felima's* Death, and they had conceal'd the Hazard of his Case from *Zayde*, that she might not be oppress'd with two many Distresses at once. *Gonsalvo* was inexpressibly uneasy, and consider'd nothing, but how to bring *Zulema* to consent to his Happiness, or induce *Zayde* to continue in *Spain* with the Queen, since Decency did not permit her to follow a Fa-

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ther, who seem'd resolv'd to make her change her Religion. Some Days after their Arrival at *Leon*, *Gonsalvo* went one Evening into the Queen's Closet; *Zayde* was there, but so engag'd in looking upon a Picture of *Gonsalvo*, that she did not see him come in. I may well be destin'd, Madam, said he, to be jealous of a Picture, since I am so of my own, and envy the Attention with which you view it. Your Picture? answer'd *Zayde*, in the highest Astonishment: Yes, Madam, reply'd *Gonsalvo*, my Picture; I perceive you can scarcely believe me, because of its Beauty, but I assure you, this was painted for me. *Gonsalvo*, said she, was there not another done for you like this I have? Ah! Madam, cry'd he, with the Trouble which arises from uncertain Joy, can I believe that which you give me Ground to imagine, and which I dare not presume to mention to you? Yes, other Pictures like this you look on, have been drawn for me; but I dare not venture to believe what I am sensible you really think, and what I shou'd myself have thought long since, if I had suppos'd myself worthy of the Prediction which was made you, and if you had not always told me that the Picture I resembled was an *African's*. I judg'd so, answer'd *Zayde*, by the Habit, and *Albumazar's* Words confirm'd me in the Opinion. You know, how much I wish'd you cou'd be the Person you resembled; but what amazes me is, that having wish'd it so much, my Prepossession has hinder'd me from believing it. I spoke of it to *Felima*, as soon as I saw you at *Alphonso's*: When I saw you again at *Talavera*, and knew your Birth, the same Thought reviv'd in my Mind, and I esteem'd it merely as the Effect of my own Wishes. But how difficult will it be, added she, sighing, to persuade my Father of the Truth of this! And how am I afraid that those Predictions which have appear'd true to him when he thought they belong'd to a Man of his own Religion, will seem false when they relate to a *Spaniard*!

AS she was speaking the Queen came into the Closet; *Gonsalvo* imparted his Joy to her, and she would not delay a Moment to declare it to the King. She went to tell him this Discovery, and the King came the same Instant to know of *Gonsalvo* what remained to perfect his Happiness. After having consulted a long time in what Manner *Zulema* might be gain'd, they resolv'd to send for him to *Leon*. An Express was immediately dispatch'd to *Talavera*, to acquaint him the King desir'd he wou'd appear at Court; and as his Health was perfectly recover'd, he arriv'd there very soon. The King receiv'd him with the greatest Marks of Esteem, and led him into his Closet. You have not been willing, said he, to grant me *Zayde*, for the Man whom I most value; but, I hope, you will not refuse her to him who owns this Picture, and to whom, I know, she is destin'd by *Albumazar's* Prediction.

AT these Words, he shew'd him the Picture of *Gonsalvo*, and presented to him *Gonsalvo* himself, who was at a small Distance. *Zulema* look'd upon one and the other, and seem'd in a profound Trance. The King thought his Silence proceeded from his Uncertainty. If you are not satisfy'd, said he, by the Likeness, that this Picture is *Gonsalvo's*, I will give you so many other Proofs of it, that you shall not be able to doubt it. The Picture which you have, and which is just such an one as this, must have fallen into your Hands, since the Battel which *Nugnez Fernando*, the Father of *Gonsalvo*, lost against the *Moors*. He had it done by an eminent Painter, who had travell'd over all the World, and fancy'd the *African* Habits made such a handsome Appearance, that he drew all his Pictures in them. It is true, Sir, reply'd *Zulema*, I met with that Picture after the Time you mention; and by what you say, and by the exact Resemblance, I cannot doubt its being *Gonsalvo's*; but this is not what causes my Silence and Amazement. I admire the Decrees of Heaven, and the Effects of its Providence. I never had any Prediction made me, and the Words of *Albumazar*, which I see you have

have heard mention'd, have been taken by my Daughter in another Sense than they ought. But since you have the Goodness to interest yourself in her Fortune, suffer me, Sir, to inform you of what you can know only by myself, and to acquaint you with the Beginning of a Life, the Happiness of which at present depends upon you alone.

THE just Pretensions of my Father to the Caliph's Empire, occasion'd him to be banish'd to *Cyprus*. I went thither with him; and fell in Love with *Alasinthia*, and marry'd her. She was a Christian, and I resolv'd to embrace her Religion, which I esteem'd the only one which ought to be follow'd; but the Austerity of it frighten'd me, and delay'd the Execution of my Design. I return'd to *Africk*, where Pleasures and Dissoluteness of Manners fix'd me more than ever in my own Religion, and gave me a new Aversion to the Christians. I forgot *Alasinthia* for several Years; but having a Desire at last to see her again, and *Zayde*, whom I had left in her Infancy, I resolv'd to go and look after her in *Cyprus*, in order to make *Zayde* change her Religion, and marry her to the Prince of *Fez* of the House of the *Idris*. He had heard of her, and had a Passion for her, and his Father had an intimate Friendship for me. The War in *Cyprus* oblig'd me to hasten my Design. When I arriv'd, I found the Prince of *Tarsus* in Love with *Zayde*; I thought him handsome, and did not doubt but she lik'd him, and believ'd she wou'd readily agree to marry him. I was not absolutely engag'd to the Prince of *Fez*. Her Mother being a Christian, I was afraid she wou'd be a Hindrance of my Intention to make *Zayde* change her Religion. I consented therefore to *Alamir's* Addresses, but was greatly surpriz'd at the Aversion she express'd to me for him, and while the Siege of *Famagusta* lasted, all the the Endeavours I us'd cou'd not prevail on her to accept of him for her Husband. I did not care to undertake to conquer an Aversion which seem'd to be in-born, and resolv'd to give her to the Prince of *Fez*, as soon as we were in *Africk*. He wrote to me after I was
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in *Cyprus*; and I understood his Mother was dead; so that there was nothing to delay the Marriage. We left *Famagusta*, and landed at *Alexandria*, where I found *Albumazar*, whom I had known a long Time. He observ'd that my Daughter look'd with great Attention and Pleasure upon a Picture, the Fellow of this before us. The next Day I was speaking to him of her Aversion to *Alamir*, and the Resolution I had to marry her to the Prince of *Fez*, how much soever she might be against it.

I fancy she has no Prejudice against his Person, said *Albumazar*; the Picture she seems so pleas'd with, is so like that Prince, that I believe it was drawn for him: I can make no Judgment of it, said I, because I have never seen him. It is not impossible but it may be his; but I don't know whom it was done for, and obtain'd it by Accident. I wish *Zayde* may fancy him, and tho' she shou'd not, I shall not shew her the same Complaisance, as I did with respect to the Prince of *Tarsus*.

A few Days after, my Daughter begg'd *Albumazar* to inform her about her Fortune. As he knew my Intention, and believ'd that Picture was the Prince of *Fez*'s, he told her, without any Design of making his Words pass for a Prediction, that she was destin'd for the Man whose Picture she had seen. I pretended to believe that *Albumazar* spoke by a particular Knowledge of Futurity, and have always seem'd to *Zayde* to be of the same Opinion. When I left *Alexandria*, *Albumazar* assur'd me I shou'd not succeed in my Design relating to my Daughter; yet I cou'd not despair of it. During my late Illness, the Thought I once had of embracing the true Religion, came back so strongly upon my Mind, that it has been my whole Application since my Recovery, to confirm myself in that Resolution. I freely own this pious Intention was not so firm as it ought to have been; but I resign myself to what Heaven has done in my Favour; which by the same Means as I employ'd to marry my Daughter to a Man of my Religion, leads me to marry her to one of her own.

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Albumazar's Words, which were spoken without Design, and concerning a Resemblance in which he was mistaken, have prov'd a real Prediction; and this Prediction is fulfill'd by my Daughter's Happiness in marrying a Man who is the Admiration of his Age. It only remains, Sir, that I ask the Grace of you to receive me into the Number of your Subjects, and permit me to end my Days in your Kingdom.

THE King and *Gonsalvo* were so surpriz'd, and mov'd with *Zulema's* Discourse, that they embraced him without saying any Thing, not being able to find Words to utter their Thoughts. After they had express'd their Joy, they wonder'd for a long Time at all the Circumstances of so strange an Adventure. *Gonsalvo* however was not so much surpriz'd that *Albumazar* was deceiv'd by the Resemblance of the Prince of *Fez*; several Persons, he knew, had committed the same Mistake, and he inform'd *Zulema* that the Mother of that Prince was Sister to *Nugnez Fernando*, his Father, who was taken Prisoner in an Irruption of the *Moors*, and carry'd into *Africk*, where her Beauty rais'd her to be lawful Wife to the Prince of *Fez*.

ZULEMA went to give his Daughter an Account of what had pass'd; and by the Manner in which she receiv'd the News, it was easy to judge she was not insensible of *Gonsalvo's* Merit. A few Days after, *Zulema* embraced the Christian Religion publickly; and the Preparations were hasten'd for the Nuptials, which were celebrated with all the Gallantry of the *Moors*, and all the Politeness of *Spain*.

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THE
MARRIAGE
OF
BELPHEGOR.

Translated from the *Italian* Original of

NICOLAS MACHIAVEL.



LONDON: MDCCXXIX.

MARRIAGE

ALPH HEGOR

Testimony from the Original of

ALPH HEGOR

NOV 20 1891



THE Marriage of *Belphegor*.



THE ancient Chronicles of *Florence* relate, that a Man, who was celebrated in his Time for Sanctity of Life, being in an Ecstasy one Day at Prayers, saw a Train of unhappy Souls descending in Multitudes to Hell; who, with one Voice, complain'd they were brought to that miserable Place only by their Wives. *Minos* and *Radamanthus*, and the other Infernal Judges who heard the lamentable Clamours, were surpriz'd extremely, and thought such a terrible Accusation of the Female Sex must be an invidious Slander; but the Outcry continually increasing, and filling *Pluto's* Ears from every Quarter, he resolv'd to examine into it carefully with his whole Council, and consider of proper Measures for discovering the Truth. A Council was call'd accordingly, and *Pluto* spoke to this Effect;

THO' I possess this Empire of mine by the irreversible Appointment of the Fates, and am thereby subject to no other Jurisdiction, either Celestial or Earthly; yet as it is most prudent to proceed according to reasonable Laws, and to take the Advice of others, I am willing to consult you how it becomes me to conduct my self in a certain

VOL. I.

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Affair,

Affair, which threatens our Government with much Dishonour. Being inform'd that all the Men whose Souls arrive in our tremendous Dominions, charge their Ruin on their Wives, and impute their fatal Miscarriage to them; and this seeming an incredible Thing, we are in Doubt whether if we give Judgment according to the Tenor of this Report, we may not be reproach'd as too precipitate and severe; and if we do not, as too gentle, and negligent of Justice; an Imputation on either Hand which we wou'd carefully avoid: But being uncertain of the Method, we have assembled you here, to assist us with your Thoughts, that as our Reign has been hitherto unblemish'd, it may continue without a Stain in Time to come.

THE Council unanimously joyn'd with their Sovereign, that it was a Case of the highest Importance, and ought to be determin'd without Delay, tho' they cou'd not agree about the Means; for one Member was of Opinion that a single Emiffary shou'd be dispatch'd, and another, that several shou'd be sent to the World above, to assume a Human Form, and from their Personal Knowledge inform themselves certainly of the Fact; and others believ'd the Thing might be done with less Trouble, by forcing a Confession from some of the Mens Souls who made the Complaint, by Torture; but the greater Part inclining to the first Proposal, that Expedient prevail'd; and since no one voluntarily offer'd himself for the Service, it was resolv'd the Choice shou'd be decided by Lots. The Election fell upon *Belphegor*, a Principal Demon, who was very unwilling to undertake the Commission, but being over-rul'd by *Pluto's* Imperial Command, he prepar'd to execute the Resolution of the Board, and submitted to the Conditions they had thought fit to enjoin him; which were, That he shou'd be immediately furnish'd with a hundred thousand Ducats, and repairing to the Earth, shou'd there personate a Man, and marry a Wife, and live with her ten Years; after which, pretending to dye, he shou'd return home, and from his own Experience inform his Superiors concerning the

the Point in Debate, and make an impartial Report of the Hardships and the Conveniences of Matrimony. They told him also, that during this Time he shou'd be liable to all the Misfortunes and Calamities of Human Life, as Poverty, Imprisonment and Sicknefs, unless he cou'd preserve himself from them by his own Cunning and Wit.

BELPHEGOR humbly accepted the Terms, and having receiv'd his Ducats, and provided a Retinue out of the Demons who were under his Command, he set forward, and arriv'd in mighty State at *Florence*. He pitch'd upon that Town to reside in, as being most convenient for his Design of improving his Money by Usury. He took the Name of *Roderigo of Castile*, and hir'd a House in one of the chief Streets of the City; and, to conceal his Condition, gave out that he had made a Voyage very young into *Syria*, and got his Estate at *Aleppo*, from whence he was now come into *Italy*, to chuse him a Wife in the most civiliz'd Country of the World, and whose Manners were most agreeable to his own. He was extremely handsome, and seem'd to be about thirty Years old, and having in few Days given publick Demonstration of his Riches, and his Liberality and obliging Behaviour, he had Proposals of Marriage in Abundance from several noble Citizens, who had Plenty of Daughters, and little Money; among all who were offer'd him, *Roderigo* fix'd upon a very beautiful young Lady, call'd *Honest*, the Daughter of *Amerigo Donati*, who had three other Daughters, and as many Sons, all grown up and marriagable. The Family was one of the noblest and best esteem'd in *Florence*, but reduced to low Circumstances, by a large Number of Children, and the Expences of their Quality. *Roderigo* made a splendid and magnificent Wedding, omitting nothing which was usual upon such Occasions, it being one of the Conditions impos'd on him, to be subject to all Human Passions. Accordingly he began to take Pleasure in Worldly Honours and Glory. and to love the Praises and Applause of Men; tho' his new Pleasures quickly cost

him dear. Besides, he had not liv'd long with his dear Wife *Honest*, when he became inamour'd of her to Extravagance; and if he saw her sad at any Time, or out of Temper, was just ready to expire; and she, on her Part, beside Nobility and Beauty, brought her Husband such an invaluable Portion of Pride, that *Lucifer* himself had not more; and *Roderigo*, who had made Tryal of both, absolutely gave his Wife's the Preference. She was not wanting to exert this Virtue, as soon as she perceiv'd *Roderigo's* Fondness; and imagining she might Lord it over him, as she pleas'd, she exercis'd her Supremacy without Compassion or Shame; and if he had the Weakness to refuse her any Demand, she instructed him with all the gracious Eloquence of scurrilous and taunting Expressions. So that poor *Roderigo* was in the utmost Distress, and knew not what to do. But his Father-in-Law, his Wife's Brothers and Relations, and his Matrimonial Vow, held him in due Obedience, and above all, the inexpressible Affection he bore her, enabled him to take it patiently. I pass over the immeasurable Cost he was at to furnish his good Lady with a convenient Ward-robe of decent Apparel, and supply her in new Fashions, which, according to the laudable Custom of *Florence*, were changing continually; and how he was likewise oblig'd to purchase his Peace, by assisting his Father-in-law to marry off his other Daughters, which amounted to a considerable Sum. Beside all this, he was forced to make fair Weather with his Domestick Accommodation, by fitting out one of her Brothers for the *Levant* with a Cargo of Cloth, and another for the *West-Indies* with Silks, and to set up another in a Goldsmith's Shop in *Florence*; by which reasonable Contributions his Ducats were melted down a-pace, and above half his Estate wasted.

I N the Time of the *Carnevall* also, and the Festival of *St. John*, when the whole City, according to antient Custom, was feasting and revelling, and several Citizens of Quality and Fortune gave splendid Entertainments, Madam

onest

Honest, that she might not be inferior to the other Ladies, begg'd her Husband to be generous, and exceed them all in his Treats. *Roderigo* comply'd with every thing she ask'd, and as insupportable as it was, wou'd have thought himself happy, if by these means he cou'd have liv'd tolerably easy 'till his ten Years expir'd. But this was a Blessing not to be obtain'd; for beside the Profusion of Expences, his Wife's invincible Insolence afflicted him beyond Imagination, and there was not a Male or Female Servant in the House, who cou'd bear it for a few Days. This was an infinite Addition to his Misfortunes, that he cou'd not keep one Servant about him who was in his Interest, not even his own Demons whom he had brought along with him under that Character, for they chose rather to go back to Hell and endure the Flames, than live under this Female Reign. In this wretched Condition, his Stock being totally exhausted, *Roderigo* comforted himself with the Hope of the Returns he expected from Foreign Parts; and as his Credit was good, he borrow'd Money in the mean time to keep up his Figure; and as he had frequent Recourse to this Expedient, he was soon known by the Creatures who practise that sort of Traffick. He was now upon his last Legs, when suddenly there came News from abroad, that one of *Honest*'s Brothers had lost all his Effects at Gaming, and the other had shipp'd his Goods on board a Vessel without insuring them, and was cast away with his whole Freight and drown'd. The first Moment this was divulg'd, his Creditors met, and concluded him a gone Man; but the Day of Payment not being yet come, they made no Noise, and resolv'd to watch him narrowly, lest if he discover'd their Design, he shou'd get the Start of them, and take his Flight. *Roderigo*, on the other Hand, finding his Case desperate, and remembering the Laws his infernal Masters had set him, was not asleep, but prepar'd to make his Escape, and getting on Horseback one Morning, stole out at the Back-door of his House, which open'd into the Fields. The Instant he was sally'd, the Report

was carry'd to his Creditors Ears, who ran immediately to the Magistrates for Help, and not only detach'd a Band of Apparitors after him, but pursu'd him also themselves in a full Body. Poor *Roderigo* was scarcely got a Mile from the Town when the Hue and Cry was rais'd at his Heels, and seeing himself under Chace, he left the Road and scour'd a-cross the Fields, in order to fly more privately. But being stopp'd by the Ditches, he quitted his Horse, and took to his Feet, rambling from Meadow to Meadow, under Covert of the Vines and Bushes, which were very thick in those Places, and arriv'd at last at *Peretola*, at the House of *John Mattheo del Brica*, a Labourer to *John del Bene*.

MATTHEO was going to fodder his Cattle ; when *Roderigo*, sweating and out of Breath, begg'd his Protection, promising if he wou'd secure him from the Hands of his Enemies, who pursu'd him to lock him up to rot in a Jail, he wou'd make his Fortune for ever, and give him such Proofs of it before he left him as shou'd convince him ; and if he fail'd, he wou'd be content to be deliver'd over to his Creditors Mercy. *Mattheo*, tho' a Clown, had Brains enough in his Head, and considering he cou'd lose nothing by undertaking to save him, he agreed to the Bargain, and carrying *Roderigo* to a Dunghil before his House, cover'd him over with some Rushes and Faggoting which he had pil'd up there to burn. *Roderigo* was hardly hidden, when his Pursuers came up, and question'd *Mattheo* about him very roundly, but the Fellow was bluff, and with all their Threats cou'd not be brought to own he had seen any such Man. They left him therefore and pass'd on, and having in vain inquir'd from Place to Place, return'd heartily tir'd to *Florence*.

WHEN the Coast was clear, and all Things quiet, *Mattheo* releas'd *Roderigo* from his Confinement, and claim'd his Promise ; Friend, said *Roderigo*, the Obligation you have laid on me is very great, and I will satisfy you to the full ; and that you may believe I am able to do it, I
will

will let you know who and what I am: Upon which he told him the whole Story of his Expedition from Hell; and of his Marriage; and acquainted him farther, by what Method he wou'd help him to grow rich; which in short was this; If you hear, says the *Demon*, of any Lady's being possess'd, depend upon it, it is by me; nor will I leave her 'till you come, and order me to depart; by which means you may have your own Price of her Relations, and get what Money you will: and having said this, he disappear'd.

IN a few Days it was spread all over *Florence*, that the Daughter of Signior *Ambrogio Amedei*, who was married to *Buonajuto Tebalducci*, was possess'd. Her Parents neglected no Remedies usual upon such an Occasion; they apply'd to her the Head of St. *Zanobi*, and St. *John Gualberto's* Mantle; all which were turn'd to Ridicule by *Roderigo*. And to shew it was a real Possession, and no Illusion of Fancy, the Lady spoke *Latin* fluently, and disputed in Philosophy like a Professor, and discover'd several People's Sins; and among others, the Transgressions of a Fryar, who had kept a Woman comfortably four Years with him in his Cloysters in the Habit of a Brother Franciscan; insomuch that every one was amaz'd. *Ambrogio*, the Father, was extremely troubled, and having try'd every Expedient to no purpose, began to despair of Relief, when *Mattheo* waited on him, and provided he wou'd give him five hundred Florens to purchase him a Farm at *Peretola*, undertook to cure his Daughter, *Ambrogio* accepted the Offer, and *Mattheo* having first caused some Masses to be said, and several Ceremonies to be perform'd, to set the better Grace upon the Matter, went up to the young Woman, and whispering in her Ear; *Roderigo*, says he, I am come to see how you will keep the Promise you made me: Very well, answer'd the *Demon*; but since this will not be sufficient to enrich you, as soon as I am gone hence, I will enter into the Daughter of *Charles* King of *Naples*, and not stir out of her 'till I hear from you. Make what Demands then

you please, and do your Business at once, but remember you never offer to dislodge me more. The very Moment he said this, he quitted the Possess'd, to the Joy and Wonder of the whole City.

BELPHEGOR was not worse than his Word; for in a little while the News fled about that the King of Naples's Daughter was in the same unhappy Condition; and the Fryars with their Remedies and Relicks having no Success, the King, upon Information of *Mattheo's* Abilities, sent after him to *Florence*. He came to *Naples*, as desir'd; and after a Preparation of fictitious Rites, perform'd the Cure. But before he took his Flight from the Lady, *Mattheo*, says *Roderigo* to him privately, you see I have kept my Promise to enrich you, and having thus answer'd my Engagement, I am under no farther Obligation to serve you. Be satisfy'd therefore, and presume not to insult me again; for as I have done you Good hitherto, I will now do you all the Mischief I can. *Mattheo* return'd to *Florence* with above fifty thousand Ducats in his Pocket, which he receiv'd of the King, and design'd to enjoy the Riches he had got, and spend the Remainder of his Days in Peace; and as he intended honestly to obey *Roderigo's* Injunction, he did not suppose the other wou'd have the Wickedness to do him an Injury.

BUT his Pleasure was soon marr'd, by Advice that the Daughter of *Lewis* the Seventh of *France* was troubled with an evil Spirit. This Report alarm'd *Mattheo*, he expected to be summon'd, and consider'd the King's Authority, and *Roderigo's* farewell Words, and apprehending the Danger on either Hand, was very uneasy. As he fear'd, it happen'd; for the King finding all Applications ineffectual, and having heard of *Mattheo*, sent a Messenger to fetch him; but *Mattheo* pretending himself indispos'd and unable to travel, the King was oblig'd to demand him of the Magistrates, who forced him to comply. *Mattheo* set out to *Paris* with a heavy Heart, and being arriv'd, told his Majesty, that it was true indeed, he had formerly cur'd a certain *Demoniac*, but

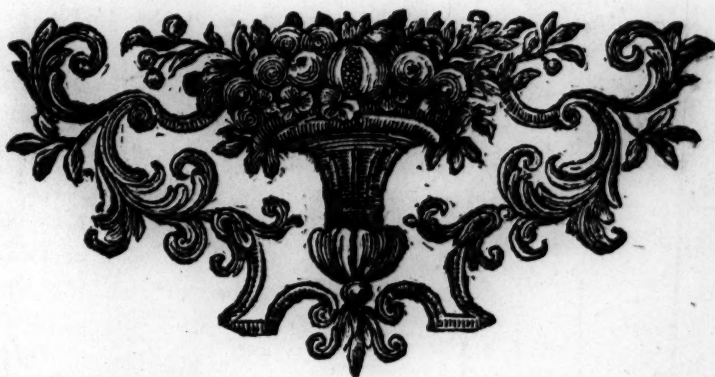
but this had not given him either the Skill or the Power to relieve all; for some *Demons* were of so turbulent a Nature, that they valu'd no Threats, nor Devotion, nor Charms; however he was ready to do his Duty, and hop'd his Majesty wou'd forgive him if he fail'd. To which the King answer'd very short, that unless he cur'd his Daughter, he wou'd hang him. This put *Mattheo* into a mortal Fright, but taking Heart at a Plunge, he caus'd the Lady to be brought before him, and laying his Mouth to her Ear, very humbly besought *Roderigo* to pity him; reminding him of the Service he had done him; and how ungrateful it wou'd be to abandon him in this his Necessity. Why thou unreasonable Rascal, cry'd *Roderigo*, hast thou the Impudence to follow me again? Do you think I will let you boast of Wealth you owe to my Assistance, and to no Cunning of your own? No; I will make you and every one know, I can give and take away at my Pleasure; and beside, before you leave the Place, for your Comfort, I will get you fairly hang'd. *Mattheo* seeing there was no Good to be done this Way, bethought himself of another Invention, and desiring the possess'd Person might be remov'd out of the Room; Sir, says he to the King, some *Demons*, as I told your Majesty, are so inveterate, that no ordinary Methods will prevail, and such is this we are concern'd with: Yet I will try one Experiment more; if it succeeds, your Majesty and I shall have our Design, and if it fails, I am in your Power; and your Majesty, I trust, will shew that Compassion to me which my Innocence deserves. I desire therefore a large Scaffold may be erected in the Church-Yard of *Notre Dame*, sufficient to hold all the Barons, and the whole Clergy of the City, let it be cover'd with Silk and Cloth of Gold, and let an Altar be rais'd in the Middle: And next Sunday Morning I desire your Majesty with the Clergy and all the Princes and Barons will assemble there in the Pomp of State, and the richest and most magnificent Habits, and after a solemn Mass is perform'd, let the Princess be brought upon the Stage. Farther, I wou'd have twenty Persons at

least, plac'd at the Corner of the Scaffold, with Trumpets, Hautboys, Drums, Bag-pipes and Cymbals and other Instruments, who when I throw up my Cap, may immediately begin playing, and advance towards the Place. These Solemnities, together with some secret Remedies I shall use, I believe, will vanquish this refractory Spirit, and force him to withdraw. The King gave Orders instantly for every Thing; the Morning came, and the Stage and Church-Yard was fill'd with People, and Mass being celebrated, the Princess appear'd, led on by two Bishops, and follow'd by a Train of Lords behind. At the Sight of such an enormous Crowd, and the splendid Preparations, *Roderigo* stood amaz'd; What, says he to himself, does this Villain mean to do with all this Clutter? Does he think to chace me away with his Shew? Does not he know I have been us'd to the Poms of Heaven, and the Uproars of Hell; and *Mattheo* stepping up and begging him to depart, An admirable Device! cry'd *Belphegor*; you are to persuade me to it, I suppose, by your Procession; and this Stratagem is to save you from my Power and the Anger of the King? No, Rascal, Scoundrel, Vagabond, I will make you swing for it still. *Mattheo* intreated him over and over, and the other thundering out the same hideous Language, the Peasant thought there was no more Time to be lost, and giving the Signal with his Hat, the Instruments struck up in full Chorus, and with a Bellowing Heaven-high march'd on towards the Scaffold. *Roderigo* erected his Ears at the Noise, and not knowing what it was, seem'd perfectly amaz'd, and ask'd *Mattheo* hastily what was the Matter. The Matter, said *Mattheo* in a Hurry, why, my good Friend, it is your Wife come to look after you in *Paris*. The Alteration the very mention of his Wife made in poor *Roderigo*, is scarcely to be imagin'd; he never staid to consider whether she was really there, or not; but without replying a Word, slunk out of the Princess in a Consternation, and ventur'd rather to go back to Hell before the Time,

and

and give an Account of his Errand, than to bear the Matrimonial State again with such Vexations, Insults and Danger. At his Return, *Belphegor* confirm'd the Husbands Complaint, and convinced the Infernal Council of the Mischiefs a Woman occasions in a Family; and the Peasant, who had craftily out-witted the Devil, went home in Triumph.

The E N D.



T H E



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THE
ADVENTURES
OF
MELESICTHON.

Written Originally in *French*, by the Author of

The Adventures of TELEMACHUS.



L O N D O N : M D C C X X I X .

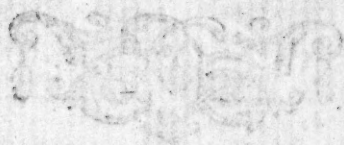
THE
ADVENTURES

OF

RELESTICHOV.

Written Originally in French, by the Author of

The Adventures of T. ALPHONSE.



LONDON: MDCCCXXI.



THE Adventures of *Melesicthon*.

MELESICTHON, descended of an Illustrious Family among the *Greeks* at *Megara*, wholly turned his Thoughts in his Youth to copy the Military Achievements of his Ancestors. He distinguished himself by his Courage and Conduct in several Expeditions; and, as his Genius was entirely magnificent, he made so shining a Figure in the Army, as in a short time ruin'd him. He was obliged to retire to a Country-House by the Sea-Shore, where he lived in a profound Solitude, with his Wife *Proxinoë*. She was a Woman of Wit, Courage, and Dignity of Mind. Persons of much larger Fortunes than *Melesicthon*, won by her Birth and Beauty, had made their Addresses to her; but she preferr'd him before all others, on the sole Account of his Merit.

THESE Two, who by their Affection and Virtues had made themselves mutually happy for many Years, now began to be render'd mutually miserable by sympathizing with one another. *Melesicthon* could have borne his Misfortunes with more Resolution, if he might have suffered them singly, and without the Partnership of one who

who was so dear to him: And *Proxinoë* was sensible, that her Sorrows aggravated the Affliction of *Melesicthon*. However, they comforted themselves, as well as they could, by Two endearing Pledges of their Love, who seemed molded by the Hands of the *Graces*: The Son was call'd *Melibæus*, and the Daughter *Poëmenis*.

MELIBOEUS, in his tender Age, already display'd the Dawnings of Strength, Agility and Courage. He excelled the Children of the Neighbourhood in Wrestling, Running, and other Exercises. He would plunge into the Depths of the Forests; and his Arrows were as unerring as those of *Apollo*: Yet he still copied that God more in the Sciences and Polite Arts, than in Bodily Exercises. *Melesicthon* taught him, in his Retirement, every thing that can adorn and cultivate the Mind; every thing proper to make Virtue amiable, and regulate the Manners. *Melibæus* had an open, sweet and ingenuous Aspect; but noble, resolute, and bold. His Father's Eyes wou'd swim with Tears as often as he gazed upon him.

POEMENIS was instructed by her Mother in all the delicate Arts with which *Minerva* has enriched Mankind. She was exquisite at the Needle; sung melodiously; and touched the Harp more enchantingly than *Orpheus*. Whoever had beheld her, would have imagin'd she was the young *Diana*, newly arrived from the floating Island where she was born. Her Flaxen Hair was gathered in a Knot, and negligently tied behind; while some stragling Locks waved on her Neck, at the Pleasure of the Winds. She wore only a light Robe, which was gently restrained by a Girdle, that she might be the fitter for Motion. Without Ornament, she eclipsed the most beautiful Object; and knew it not: She never once thought of viewing her Face on the Borders of Fountains. She saw no Body, beside the Family; and regarded nothing, but her Work.

THE Father, in the mean time, depressed with Grief, and looking on his Affairs as desperate, abandon'd himself to Solitude. His Wife and Children heighten'd his Anguish.

guish. He often walked on the Sea-Shore, at the Foot of a large Rock full of desolate Caverns. There he bewailed his Misfortunes. He would afterwards roam into a deep Valley, which a thick Wood covered with a Gloom at Mid-Day. Here he was wont to sit down on the Turfy border of a limpid Fountain, while all the most melancholy Thoughts came crowding into his Mind. Refreshing Slumbers forsook his Eyes; he never spoke without Sighing; and Care furrowed his Cheeks with Wrinkles, without the Help of Age. He even forgot all the Necessaries of Life, and sunk beneath his pressing Sorrows.

ONE Day, as he sat in this lonely Valley, he fell asleep thro' Weariness and Loss of Spirits. Then, in a Dream, he saw the Goddess *Ceres*, crown'd with Golden Ears of Corn, who presented herself to him with a sweet and majestick Countenance. Wherefore, said she, (accosting him by his Name,) dost thou suffer thyself to despond under the Rigours of Fortune? Alas, reply'd he, my Friends have forsaken me! my Estate is gone! and I have nothing left but Law-Suits and Creditors! My Birth is the Height of my Misfortune; for I cannot submit to work like a Slave, to gain a Livelihood.

CERES then made Answer; Does Nobility consist in Riches? Is it not rather to imitate the Virtues of thy Ancestors? None are Noble, but they who are Just! Live on a Little; gain that Little by thy Labour; be a Burden to no Body; and thou shalt be the most Noble of all Men. Mankind make themselves miserable by Effeminacy and False Glory. If you want Things necessary, why will you owe them to others, rather than to yourself? Dar'st thou not give them to thyself by a Laborious Life?

SHE said: And immediately presented him with a Golden Plough, and a Horn of Plenty. Then *Bacchus* appear'd, crown'd with Ivy, and holding a wreathed Javelin in his Hand. He was followed by *Pan* playing on a Flute; to the Melody of which the *Fauns* and *Satyrs* tripp'd around. *Pomona* came also, loaded with Fruits; and *Flora*, adorn'd

adorn'd with the most lively and fragrant Flowers. The whole Choir of Rural Deities cast a favourable Look on *Melesithon*.

HE awoke with a perfect Sense of the Force and Meaning of this Divine Vision impressed on his Mind; and found himself cheared, and inspired with a lively Relish for all the Labours of a Country Life. He imparted his Dream to *Proxinoë*; and she agreed with him in all his Sentiments. The next Day, they discharged their useless Servants; and no longer retain'd any about them, whose Employment was only to attend on their Persons. They parted with their Chariot, and dismissed the Driver.

PROXINOË and *Poëmenis* spun as they led their Sheep to Pasture. They wove their own Linnen and Stuffs; and made Apparel for themselves and the Family. Instead of Works of Silk, of Silver and of Gold, which they were wont to finish with the delicate Skill of *Minerva*, their Fingers were now exercised at the Spindle, or in such-like Labours. They prepar'd with their own Hands the Pulse, which they gather'd in their Garden, for the Use of all the Family. The Milk of their Flocks, which they themselves pressed from the Udder, compleated the Plenty of the House. They bought nothing, but had all things at hand, and without Difficulty. Every thing was good, plain and natural; and season'd by a poignant Appetite, the inseparable Companion of Temperance and Labour.

IN this so Rural a Life, every thing about them was neat and convenient: The Tapestry-Hangings indeed were taken down and sold; but the Walls of the House were kept of a pure White: Nothing was Dirty or out Order: The Goods were never cover'd with Dust: The Beds were of coarse Stuffs, but clean and decent. The very Kitchen had a Neatness, which is not to be met with in great Houses; and the whole Furniture of it was regularly ranged and shining.

PROXI-

PROXINOE made delicious Cakes, to feast the Family on solemn Days. She had Bees, whose Honey was sweeter than that which dropp'd from the Trunks of hollow Oaks in the Golden Age. The Cows came of their own accord to offer Rivulets of Milk. This diligent Woman had in her Garden all manner of Plants proper to nourish Mankind; and her Fruits and Pulse were always the first ripe in every Season. She had likewise Plenty of Flowers; Part of which she sold, and employ'd Part to adorn her House.

THE Daughter assisted her Mother, and relish'd no Pleasure, beside that of Singing at her Work, or as she led the Sheep to graze. No Flock flourish'd like hers; the Murrain and the Wolves never approach'd them. Her tender Lambkins bounded on the Green-sward to the Musick of her Voice, and the neighbouring Echoes all around seem'd to delight in repeating her Songs.

MELESICTHON himself till'd his Ground, drove his own Plough, and sow'd and reap'd. He found the Toils of Husbandry less difficult, more innocent and more useful, than those of War. Almost as soon as he had mowed the tender Grass upon his Meadows, he hasten'd to cut down the ripen'd Corn, the Gift of *Ceres*, who blessed him with an hundred-fold Increase. Then *Bacchus* pour'd out for him flowing *Nectar*, worthy the Table of the Gods. *Minerva* likewise yielded him the Fruit of her Tree, so useful to Mankind. The Winter was the Time of Rest, when all the Family being assembled together, tasted an innocent Joy, and thanked the Gods for undeceiving them of their false Notions of Pleasure. They eat no Flesh but at the Sacrifices; and their Flocks never bled, but at the Altar.

MELIBOEUS scarce shew'd any of the Affections of Youth: He drove the large Cattle to Pasture, and hew'd down huge Oaks in the Forests: He dug Trenches to water the Meadows, and was indefatigable to relieve his Father. His Diversions, when he was at Leisure, were either
Hunting,

Hunting, Running-Matches with his youthful Companions, or Reading, for which his Father had given him a Relish.

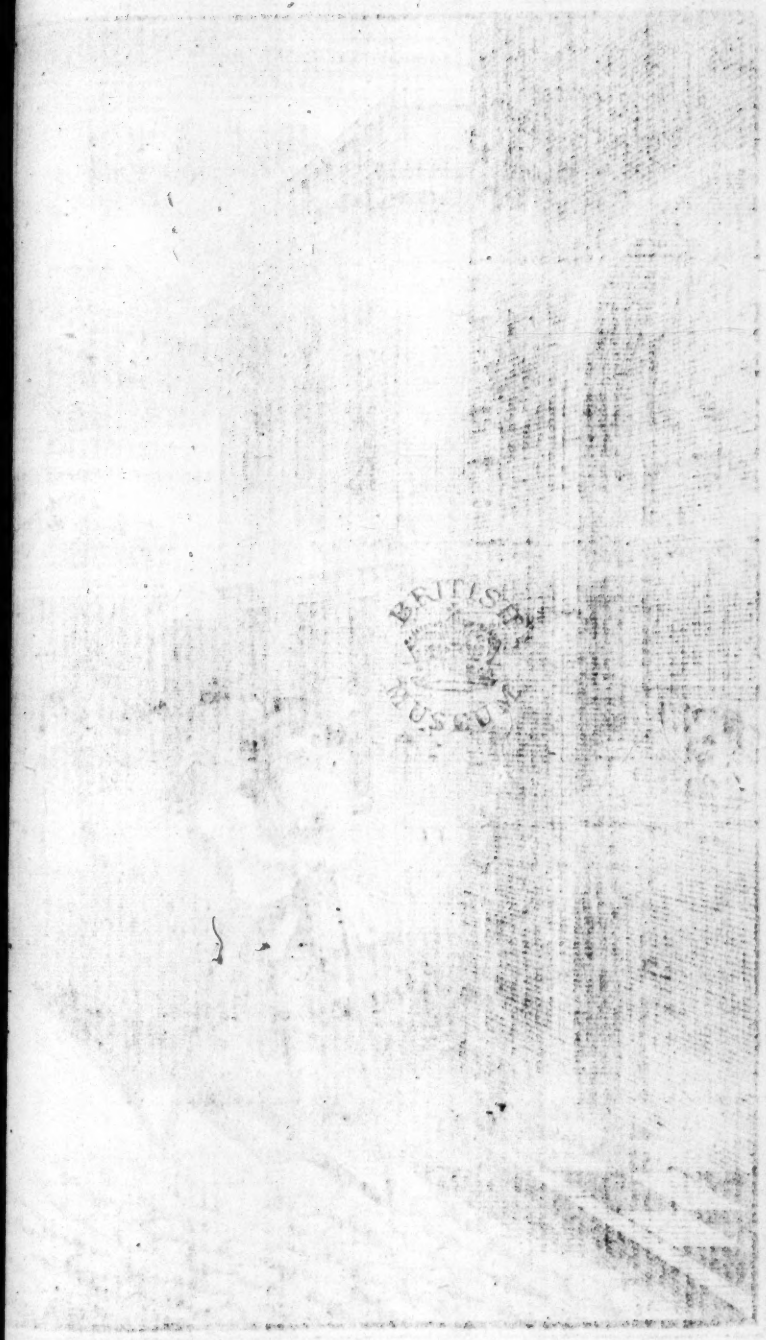
MELESICTHON, by confining himself to this Simplicity of Life, saw his Wealth increase in a short time beyond what he had known before. He had indeed only Things necessary, but all those he possess'd in Abundance. He conversed almost wholly with his own Family; they all lov'd one another, and mutually contributed to each other's Happiness; they liv'd far from the Palaces of Kings, and those deceitful Pleasures which are so dearly purchas'd. Their Delights were all innocent, sweet, easy to be obtain'd, and without any dangerous Consequence. Thus were *Melibœus* and *Pœmenis* educated with a Relish for Rural Labours. They no more thought of their Birth, unless it were to inspire them with Courage to support Poverty.

PLENTY, upon her Return to this House, did not bring along *Pride* in her Train. The whole Family were always plain and diligent. Every Body said to *Melesicthon*, Riches flow in upon Thee; it is time to resume thy former Splendor. To whom he reply'd; Which, think ye, that I ought to embrace; Pride, which had ruin'd me, or a simple and laborious Life, which has made me Rich and Happy?

AT last, when he was one Day in the same solemn Wood where *Ceres* had instructed him by so useful a Dream, he laid himself down on the flowery Herb, with a Heart as much overflowing with Joy as it had before been depressed by Sorrow. He fell asleep; and the Goddess revealing herself to him again, utter'd these Words: True Nobility consists in doing Good to Others, and in being Beholden to no One. Receive then Nothing, but from the fertile Womb of the Earth, and thy own Industry. Be well aware, never to forsake, thro' Effeminacy and False Glory, that which is the natural and inexhaustible Source of all good Things.

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BRITISH
MUSEUM



THE
JEALOUS
ESTREMADURAN.

Translated from the *Spanish* Original of

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.



L O N D O N : M D C C X X I X .

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T H E

JEALOUS *Estremaduran*.

NOT many Years ago, a Gentleman of honourable Parentage in a Village of *Estremadura* made an Excursion, and, like another Prodigal, rambled over several Parts of *Spain*, *Italy* and *Flanders*, wantonly wasting his Age and his Estate together. After various Travels, his Parents being dead, and his Patrimony handsomely consum'd, he came to settle in the great City of *Seville*, where he soon found convenient Opportunities to squander away the little which remain'd. Seeing himself therefore exhausted of Money, and as destitute of Friends, he had Recourse to the Remedy to which the Wretches of ruin'd Fortunes in that noble City usually apply, a Voyage to the *Indies*, the Refuge and Protection of the *Desperado's* in *Spain*, the Sanctuary of Debtors, the Passport of Murderers, the Shelter of ingenious Gamesters, vulgarly styl'd Sharpers, the Lure of Ladies of Pleasure, the general Deception of many, and the particular Relief but of few. In a Word, arriving just at the Time when a Fleet was putting off for *Pern*, he agreed with the Admiral, and furnishing himself with Provision and other Necessaries,

VOL. I. M 2

cessaries, went on Board at *Cadiz*, and bid adieu to *Spain*. The Fleet weigh'd Anchor, and with a general Joy spread out their Sails to the Wind, which blew a buxsome Gale, and in a few Hours lost Sight of Land, and enter'd on the wide and ample Plain of the great Father of the Waters, the mighty Ocean.

OUR Passenger fell now into a pensive Mood, revolving in his Thoughts the Variety of Dangers he had gone through in the many Years of his Wandrings, and the ill Conduct he had been guilty of in Times past; and summing up the melancholly Account, made a firm Resolution to change his Manner of Life, and if God shou'd send him any Riches again, to use them after another Fashion, and avoid his former Extravagancies with the Women. The Fleet was almost becalm'd, when *Philip de Carrizales*, the Gentleman who is the Subject of our Story, suffer'd these Agonies in his Mind; at length the Wind having, as it were, recover'd Breath, blew out amain, and push'd on the Ships with such Violence, that not a Man on Board cou'd keep his Seat; this rous'd *Carrizales*, and forced him to lay aside his Musing, and attend only to the common Dangers of the Voyage, which was so prosperous that without any Delays, they arriv'd safe at the Port of *Cartagena*.

TO omit whatever is foreign to our Purpose; *Philip* was eight and forty Years old when he went to the *Indies*, and in the twenty Years Time he continu'd there, by his Industry and Diligence, became Master of a hundred and fifty thousand Pieces of Eight. Having possess'd himself of so noble a Fortune, he was touch'd with the natural Desire which all Men feel in them after their native Country, and rejecting the fair Prospect of extraordinary Advantages which he had before him, he left *Peru*, where he had acquir'd all this Treasure, and having put it into Bars of Gold and Silver, and register'd it, to avoid Inconveniences, he embark'd for *Spain*, and landing at *St. Lucar's*, arriv'd at *Seville* full of Years and Riches. His Cargo was deliver'd him by the Officers without any Stop or Trouble; and enquiring after

ter his Friends he found they were all dead, upon which he resolv'd to return to the Town where he was born, tho' he had already receiv'd News that not one of his Relations was living. If when he went to the *Indies* necessitous and poor, he was distracted with Multitudes of Imaginations, which wou'd not let him rest a Moment in the midst of the Sea, he was no less disturb'd with them now on S^t ear, tho' on a different Account; for then he cou'd not sleep for Poverty, and now his Riches robb'd him of his Rest; Wealth being as much a Burden to him, who is not accusom'd to it, nor knows how to use it, as Poverty is to one who is always oppress'd by it. Gold brings Cares with it, and Cares attend the Want of it; but the last are prevented by having a moderate Quantity, whereas the other are increas'd by having too much.

CARRIZALES's Thoughts ran incessantly on his charming Ingots, not from the wretched Principle of a Miser, for the few Years he had been a Soldier had taught him to be liberal; but his Concern was what to do with them: To keep them as they were, was of no Profit, and to hoard them in his House wou'd be a Bait for the Covetous, and a continual Invitation to Thieves. He had no Inclination to resume the busy Employment of Trading, and since, considering his Years, he had more than enough to supply him while he shou'd live, he was thinking to carry it down to the Place of his Nativity, and put it out to Interest, and pass his old Age there in Ease and Quiet, giving to God all he cou'd, since he had already given more than he ought to the World. On the other Hand, he reflected that the Country round about him was extremely naked, the People very poor, and to settle there, wou'd be making himself the Mark of the Applications with which the Poor generally importune a rich Man who becomes their Neighbour; especially when there is no other on the Spot for them to resort to in their Distresses. He was very desirous also of having some Body to whom he might leave his Riches at his Death; and with this Design he

examin'd the State of his bodily Health and Constitution, and fancy'd himself yet able to sustain the Weight of Matrimony; but the Instant he thought of it, a violent Fear assai'd him, which startled him cruelly, and puff'd aside his new Project like a Cloud before the Wind; for by his Temper he was the most jealous Man in the World, and tho' he was yet unmarried, the Imagination of it alone began to alarm him terribly, and tortur'd him with such hideous Apprehensions that he was more and more determin'd not to marry.

HAVING resolv'd thus far, but not being fix'd what Course of Life to pursue, it was his Fortune that as he was going along the Street one Day, he lifted up his Eyes and saw a young Creature at a Window, who seem'd to be about thirteen or fourteen Years old, of so agreeable an Aspect, and so beautiful, that not being able to defend himself, honest o'd *Carrizales* gave up the Weakness of his numerous Years to the budding Youth of *Leonora*, which was the Name of this lovely Maid. Immediately he fell into a Train of Discourse with himself very eagerly. This Girl, says he, is handsome; and by what the House she is in promises by its Looks, she cannot be rich; she is a Child, and her tender Years may prevent all uneasy Suspicions. I will marry her, and shut her up, and form her to my Hand; by which Means she will know no other Way of living than what I teach her. I am not so old neither, as to despair of having an Heir. Whether she has a Fortune or not, it signifies nothing, since Heaven has given me enough of my own for us both. A Man of Riches shou'd not marry for Riches, but to please himself, for this helps to add to his Life; whereas Discontent, matrimonial Vexation and Dislike shorten it. In a Word, the Dye is thrown, and this is the Lot which Heaven has put into my Hands.

IF he repeated this Soliloquy once, he repeated it a hundred Times; and some Days after he talk'd with *Le-*

Leonora's Parents, and understanding by them, that though they were poor, they were of an honourable Family; he acquainted them with his Intention, and with his Quality and Estate, and desir'd their Consent to his having their Daughter. They only ask'd a little Time to inform themselves of what he had said, and that he wou'd also inquire into the Truth of what they had told him concerning their Family. And thus they parted, and having made their mutual Inquiries, found Things to be as each Side had represented them. Upon which *Leonora* was espoused to *Carrizales*, who first settled a thousand Ducats on her for a Dowry, so inflam'd was the Heart of this jealous old Man with the Passion of Love. He had scarcely made her his own, when a Swarm of furious Suspicions rush'd on him at once, and tho' no Occasion was offer'd, he began to tremble every Joint, and felt more Anxiety and Care than he had ever experienced before.

THE first Token he gave of his jealous Disposition was, that he wou'd suffer no Man-Taylor to measure *Leonora* for the several Changes of Clothes he design'd to present her, but look'd out for some young Woman who was pretty near her Shape and Stature; and meeting at last with a poor Girl, who seem'd to be much of the same Size, he took the Measure of her Waste himself with a String, and comparing it with his Spouse's, found it answer'd tolerably well. By this Girl were the Cloaths cut out and fashion'd, and the Suits were so many and so rich, that *Leonora's* Parents thought themselves very happy in having such a Son-in-Law, both for their own Sakes, and for their Daughter's. *Leonora* herself was amaz'd at her Finery, having never been us'd to any thing but a Serge Petticoat and a common Jacket of Taffety.

THE next Sign of Suspicion which broke from him was, that he wou'd not bed with his Wife, till he had fitted up a House of his own to receive her, which he

248 *The Jealous Estremaduran.*

did in the following Manner. He purchas'd a House for twelve thousand Ducats in one of the principal Quarters of the City, which had a handsome Fountain belonging to it, and an Orange-Garden well planted and flourishing: all the Windows which look'd into the Street he block'd up, and made Sky-Lights only to every Room. In the Court-Yard he built a Stable for a single Mule, and over it a Hay-Loft, and a Lodging for his Servant who look'd after the Mule, who was a Negro both old and an Eunuch. He also rais'd the Terras-Wall so high, that it was impossible for those who came in to see any thing but the naked Sky in a direct Line over their Heads. And there was a * Wheel at the Gate, to take things in from the Street. The House itself he furnish'd very richly, so that for Tapestries, † *Estrado's*, and stately Canopies, he seem'd a Lord of the first Rank. He likewise bought four white Female Slaves, whom he mark'd with a branding Iron upon the Forehead, and two Negro's who cou'd speak no Language but their own. He contracted with a Purveyor to supply him with Provisions of all sorts, but upon Condition not to sleep in the House, nor come any nearer than the Wheel, by which he was to deliver in what he had bought. After this he put out part of his Money to Interest, in several Hands and upon good Security; and some of it he sent to the Bank, and some he kept by him for any Occasions. He had also a Master-Key made for the whole House, under which he lock'd up the Stores of every Kind which he bought in by the Great and in the Season, to serve the Family thro' the Year.

THINGS being thus duly dispos'd, he went to his Father-in-Law's and demanded his Wife; her Parents de-

* Spanish; Torno, a hollow Wheel or Box, which turns upon a Pin, by which the Nuns take in things from the Street.

† A Part of the Floor rais'd higher than the rest, upon which the Women of Fashion in Spain generally sit.

liver'd her to him with Floods of Tears, as if they were sending her out to her Grave; the tender *Leonora*, who knew not yet what had befallen her, mingling Tears with her Parents, ask'd their Blessing, and took her Leave of them; and was led home by her Husband attended by her Slaves and Women. As soon as they enter'd the Door, *Carrizales* made a Speech to them, recommending *Leonora* to their Charge very strictly; and enjoying them upon no Account, nor under any Pretence whatever, to suffer any one to come within the inner Gate, no not even the Negro-Eunuch who look'd to the Mule. She to whom he chiefly entrusted the Guard and Entertainment of *Leonora*, was a venerable *Duenna* of much Prudence and Gravity, whose Office was to be a Governess for his Wife, and an Overseer of the whole Family, and to command the Slaves, and the young Girls whom he kept for Companions to his Wife, as being of an equal Age. He promis'd to use them all so well, that they shou'd not be sensible of their Confinement, and that on Festival Days they shou'd constantly go out to hear Mass; but whenever he ventur'd them abroad, it was so early in the Morning, that the Light cou'd scarcely peep upon them when they went. On the other hand, the Slaves and Servants vow'd the utmost Fidelity, and to submit to all his Orders without the least Reluctance; and his new Spouse, shrinking up her Shoulders, and bowing down her Head, told him, she had no Will but that of her Lord and Husband, to which she shou'd ever pay a chearful Obedience.

THIS wary Regulation being fix'd, and the good *Estremaduran* thus happily settled in his House, he began to enjoy, as well as he was able, the Fruits of Matrimony, which to *Leonora*, who had never experienced any other, were neither pleasing nor offensive. She pass'd her Time with the *Duenna*, the Damsels and the Slaves: and they, to make it run off the merrier, were always junketing and sporting, and not a Day went over their

Heads, but they feasted themselves with a thousand Sorts of Sweet-Meats; for honest *Carrizales* had provided them Honey and Sugar in great Plenty. They wanted for nothing: they abounded, and their Master was willing they shou'd, imagining that by his liberal Indulgence he shou'd keep them easy and busied, and leave them no room to think of their Imprisonment.

LEONORA did as they did, and was one among them in all their Games; and such was her Simplicity, that she even fell to making Babies and other Toys, which shew'd the Innocence of her Disposition and the Greenness of her Years. All which gave her Jealous Husband infinite Satisfaction, who thought he had chosen the happiest Life that any'd be contriv'd, and that it was impossible for the Industry or Malice of Man by any way to violate his Repose. He was continually bringing home Barriers of one Sort or another to his Wife, and begging her to let him know any thing she had a Mind to, and she should have it immediately.

THE Days she went out to Mass, which, as I said, was at the first Blast of Dawn, her Parents met her at the Church, and talk'd with her there before her Husband, who heap'd his Gifts on them so generously, that tho' they paid their Daughter for the severe Restraint in which she liv'd, the valuable Presents *Carrizales* was continually making them, moderated their Sorrow.

HIS Custom was to rise very early, and wait till the Purveyor came, who had a Note left for him in the Wheel, of what Things he shou'd bring for the next Day. As soon as the Purveyor was gone, *Carrizales* went out, generally on Foot, locking the Street-Door and the Middle-Gate after him, between which the Negro had his Station. As he had but little Business, he soon dispatch'd it, and return'd in an Instant, and fastening up both the Gates, diverted himself in dallying with his Wife, and making merry with his Servants, who lov'd him at their Hearts, for his mild and familiar Temper.

per, and especially for his Generosity. Having accomplish'd a Year of Probation in this Course of Life, they were determin'd to continue in it all their Days; and would have done so, if the cunning Disturber of Mankind had not prevented them, as you shall now hear.

TELL me, he who thinks himself the most discreet and wary of Men, what greater Precautions cou'd ancient *Philip* have us'd? No Male-Creature was admitted within the Walls; not so much as a He-Cat to chase the Mice, nor a Dog to scare the Thief, but these Domestic Animals were all of the Feminine-Gender: In the Day, the good old Man was continually plodding and keeping his Wits at Work, and in the Night he scarcely slept; he was the diligent Centinel of his own House, and the quicksey'd *Argus*, who incessantly watch'd this darling Treasure of his Soul. The Thing call'd a Man, never shew'd his Head in the Place, no not even within the outer Door. He talk'd with his Friends in the open Street; and the Figures in the Hangings in the Halls and Chambers, were only Women and harmless Flowers and Groves. The whole House smelt of Honesty, Retirement and Circumspection; and in the Stories which the Servants told by the Fire-side in the long Winter Evenings, because he was present, nothing Lascivious or Immodest was ever mention'd.

AS the first Love of Virgins makes an Impression in their tender Hearts, like a Seal in Wax, the Silver Hairs of *Cardinal* seem'd to *Leonora's* Eyes like burnish'd Gold; and his excessive Watchfulness of her appear'd a prudent Security. She thought, and verily believ'd, that all new-marry'd Women liv'd in the same Manner; and never was uneasy to go abroad; nor did her Inclination pursue any Thing, but what her Husband approv'd. She saw the Streets only on those Days when she went to Mass, which was so early, that, unless at her Coming back, there was not Light enough to distinguish them. No Monastery was kept so close, nor were any Nuns

or Golden Apples so severely guarded; yet with all this unutterable Vigilance and Care, the unfortunate *Carrizales* cou'd not possibly prevent his falling into the Mischief he dreaded, or at least believing it had caught him.

THERE is in *Seville* an idle dissolute Generation of spruce Fellows, commonly call'd Men of the Town, well-dress'd, useless, frivolous, and perfum'd; they abound in every Quarter, every Neighbourhood is infested with them, especially the Dwellings of the Rich; concerning which trivial Species of Animals, their Habits, Fashion of Life, and the Rules of laudable Conduct they observe among themselves, much might be said; but for sober Reasons I omit it. One of these pretty Gentlemen, who went among his Companions by the Name of *Smart*, a Libertine young Bachelor, (which is a dangerous Creature to new-marry'd Folks) cast his Eyes upon *Carrizales's* House, and observing it to be always shut up, had a strange Desire to know who liv'd there; his Curiosity push'd him on so eagerly, that he enquir'd incessantly, and by Degrees discover'd the whole Affair; and learn'd the old Man's Humour, his Wife's Beauty, and how scrupulously he watch'd her. All this set him on Fire, to try whether it were not possible by Force or Cunning to win a Fortress so cautiously defended. He imparted his Design to two or three of his Comrades, who agreed to lend him their Assistance; for in Enterprizes of this Nature, Advisers and Aiders are never wanting. They were at a Loss by what Method to execute so difficult an Undertaking, but after holding frequent Consultations, they fix'd upon this:

LOAYSA, so was this fine Gentleman call'd, under Pretence of going out of Town for a few Days, was to absent himself from his Acquaintance and publick View, which he did accordingly, and then equip'd himself for his Expedition; he put on a Pair of white Linnen Drawers, and a lovely *Holland* Shirt, and over them such a patch'd and tatter'd Suit, that no Alms-Man in the whole City had

had one so shabby, he cut off Part of his Beard, and stuck a huge Patch over one Eye, ty'd up one Leg in a String, and resting on a Couple of Crutches, transform'd himself so compleatly into a Cripple, that no one really halt and lame cou'd exceed him. In this Condition he placed himself every Night to beg at *Garrizales's* Gate, which was always fast, and in the Court-yard between the two Gates was *Lewis* the Negro shut out upon Duty, *Loaysa* having taken his Post there one Evening, pull'd out a small greasy Guittar, which wanted several Strings, and as he was something of a Musician, began to play a Set of merry Tunes, and sing, altering the Tone of his Voice to avoid being known. After this he sung some facetious Ballads about the Moors and the Moorish Women, in so pleasant a Manner, and with so good a Grace, that all who were passing along the Street stopp'd to hear him, and the Boys and Girls flock'd about him in Crowds.

THE Negro prick'd up his Ears, and list'ning at the Key-hole, was in Transports, and wou'd freely have given an Arm to have been able to open the Gate, and hear his Fill, such an Inclination have all the Negroes to Musick. When *Loaysa* wanted to have his Audience leave him, he gave over singing, put up his Guittar, and took his Crutches and went off.

FOUR or five times *Loaysa* thus serenaded the Negro, to whom alone the Entertainment was address'd, because he judg'd it must be by him, that he was to make the first Breach in this Citadel; nor was he mistaken; for resorting thither one Evening, as usual, as he began to thrum his Guittar, he perceiv'd the Negro was list'ning very attentively; and going up close to the Gate, with a low Voice, Can you give me, dear *Lewis*, said he, (having heard his Name) a Draught of Water, for I am almost dead with Thirst, and cannot sing another Note, I am so dry. I cannot give you a Drop, answer'd the Negro, for I neither have the Key of the Gate, nor is there any Craney thro' which to hand it out

out to you. Who keeps the Key then? reply'd *Zayza*: My Master. Said the Negro, who is the most jealous Man in the whole Creation; and if he shou'd know I was holding Discourse here with any Body, it would cost me my Life: But pray, who are you that ask for Water? A poor Cripple, answer'd *Zayza*; who get my living by begging of good charitable Christians; besides which, I also teach some *Moor*, and other poor People to play upon the Guitar; I have three Negro Slaves now among my Scholars, and have taught them so, that they are able to sing or play any Dance whatever, at to any Company in the best Taverns in the City; and they have pay'd me, Heaven bless them, very well for my Pains. I would pay you much better, cry'd *Louis*, if I could get an Opportunity to learn; but that is impossible; for my Master, when he goes out in a Morning, locks the Street Gate after him, and so likewise when he returns, and leaves me shut out between that and the House. I protest, *Louis*, answer'd *Zayza*, if you could find a Way to let me in sometimes in an Evening, to shew you a few Lessons, in less than a Fortnight I will bring you to handle the Guitar so well, that you need not be ashamed to play in any Street of the Town; for you must know, I have an unusual Dexterity in teaching; and besides, I have been told you have an admirable Capacity; and by what I find already, and can judge by the Pitch of your Voice, which is a Treble, you must certainly sing extremely well. I do not sing much myself, that's true, cry'd the Negro; but what am I the better for it? since I know no Tone, but that of *Estrella de Venus*, and *Por un verde Prado*, and that which is now so much in Request, which begins, *Alas hiteros de una roja la turquesa mano afida*. These are all Trifles, answer'd *Zayza*, to what I can teach you; I know the Songs of the *Moor Abindarraez*, and his Lady *Xarifa*, and the whole History of *Sophy Tomunibeyo*, with those of the *Sarabanda*, which are so exquisite that the Por-

ignores themselves are in Raptures at them. And I teach all these so happily, and with so much Ease, that if you should happen to be a little slow of Apprehension, before you have swallow'd half a Bushel of Salt, you shall be a first-rate Master upon the Guittar.

A T this the Negro drew a Sigh, And what does all this signify, said he, since I have no way to let you into the House? That may easily be done, answer'd *Louisa*; do you contrive to get your Master's Keys, and I will help you to a Piece of Wax, upon which you may take off the Impression of the Wards, and for the Love I bear you, I will procure a Lock-Smith of my Acquaintance, an ingenious Workman, to make us a Set of Keys by which I can come in at Night, and teach you, my Boy, better than *Prosser John* of the *Indies*: 'Tis a thousand Pities I protest, such a Voice as yours should be lost for want of being help'd by the Guittar; for I must tell you, Brother *Lewis*, the best Voice in the World loses its Grace, when it is not accompany'd by an Instrument, whether it be the Guittar, the Cymbal, the Organ, or the Harp. But that which fits your Voice best is the Guittar, and I would advise you to that, as being the handiest and the cheapest of any. I am of your Opinion, cry'd the Negro; but your Project is impossible, because I never have the Keys in my Power; for my Master never lets them go out of his Hands, but lays them constantly every Night under his Pillow. Do this then, reply'd *Louisa*, if you have a Mind to be a finish'd Musician, but if you have no Fancy for it, I have done, and shall trouble myself no farther. A Fancy for it! said *Lewis*; ay by the Mass I have, and such a strong one, that I will leave nothing unattempted that is in the Power of Man to do, if I were but sure of coming to twang the Guittar like a Master. Do this then, answer'd *Louisa*, make a little Hole by removing some Earth near the Hinges, and I will give you in a Pair of Pincers and a Hammer, by which you may very easily draw the Nail of the Lock in the Night,

Night, and fasten it on again in a trice, so that it will never be discern'd; and when I am shut up with you in your Hay-loft, or wherever you lye, I shall dispatch the Business I speak of so expeditiously, for the sake of my own Reputation, and of improving your admirable Genius, that you shall find the Success beyond what I have said. As to Provisions, never trouble yourself, for I shall bring enough with me to serve us both for eight Days or better; for the Scholars and Friends I have will not let me want. Nay, cry'd the Negro, we need be in no Pain about Victuals, for my Master's Allowance and the Fragments I have from the Slaves in the House, will be sufficient to keep two more beside ourselves. Therefore only bring the Hammer and the Pincers, and I warrant you, I will open a Cranny to take them in, and fill it up again so neatly with Clay, that it shall not be discern'd; and tho' I should have Occasion to strike several Blows in getting off the Lock, my Master lyes at such a Distance from the Gate, that it must be a Miracle, or some strange ill Luck, if he hears.

WE will run the Risque of that, said *Loaysa*, and in two Days, *Lewis*, you shall have every thing necessary to put our noble Design in Execution; in the mean time, let me advise you to abstain from all Phlegmatic Meats, for they are unwholsome, and prejudice the Voice. There is nothing makes me so hoarse, answer'd the Negro, as Wine, and yet I would not leave it off for all the Voices in the World. I never meant you should, said *Loaysa*; far be it from me to hinder you; yes, drink, Son *Lewis*, drink on, and much Good may it do thee, for Wine moderately taken never did any Harm. I always drink it by Measure, reply'd the Negro; I have a Fitcher which contains just three Pints, which the Slaves fill for me, without my Master's Knowledge, and the Purveyor helps me to a Runlet by stealth, which holds as many Quarts, and serves me when the other is out. Exactly my own way of living, answer'd *Loaysa*, and it is certainly right, for a

dry Throat can neither Whistle nor Sing. Fare you well, said the Negro; but pray do not forget to come and sing here in an Evening till you have got the Tools for me to make your Way in, for my Fingers itch already to be thrumming the Guittar. I will certainly come, said *Loaysa*, and bring several new Tunes with me. Ravishing! cry'd the Negro, but do not leave me, I beg of you, before you give me one Song more; I shall sleep the sweeter for it; and as for paying you, troth Sir, as poor as I am, I will pay you better than many a one that is rich. I shall make no Words with you, said *Loaysa* about that; you shall pay me, as you come forward in Learning; but pray mind this Tune; tho' when I once get in, I will shew you some which are much better. With all my Heart, reply'd the Negro; and their long Dialogue being ended, *Loaysa* sung a pleasant Ballad, which so delighted the Negro's Fancy, that he was in Agonies till the Hour came for him to open the Gate.

*LOAYS*A was scarcely gone from the Door, but he made more Haste than his Crutches promis'd, to give his Companions an Account of his fortunate Beginning, from which he prophecy'd the happy Conclusion he expected. He found them together, and told them the Measures he had fix'd with the Negro; and the next Day they furnish'd him with Instruments that would snap any Nail asunder, like a rotten Stick. Nor did he fail to serenade the Negro, nor the Negro to pick out a Cranny to take in the Tools his merry Master was to bring him, and to stop it up again so smoothly, that unless some malignant and suspicious Eye were to view it, it would not be perceiv'd.

UPON the second Night, *Loaysa* brought *Lewis* the Tools, and *Lewis* fell to work immediately, and without much straining drew all the Nails, and opening the Door with the Plate of the Lock in his Hand, admitted his dear *Orpheus*; but when he saw him with his Crutches and his Rags, and his Leg dangling in a Sling, he stood amaz'd; but the Patch upon his Eye *Loaysa* had laid aside,

as being no longer necessary: As soon as he enter'd, he embrac'd his lovely Disciple, and kissing his Cheek, deliver'd into his Hands a Bottle of Wine, a Box of Conserve, and other Sweet-meats, of which he had brought good Plenty in his Wallet, and flinging away his Catches, as if nothing all'd him, he began to cut several Capers, at which the Negro was astonish'd; Brother *Louis*, says *Louysa* to him, my Lament's does not proceed from Infirmary, but Design; it maintains me as I beg for my Bread, and by the Help of this, and my Musick, I live the pleasantest Life in the World; whereas those who have more much Industry and Wit are ready to famish, as I shall shew you in the Course of our Acquaintance. Time will shew, answer'd the Negro, but first let us see to put the Lock on again, so that we may not be discover'd. With all my Heart, said *Louysa*, and pulling some Nails out of his Wallet, they fasten'd it to the Place as well as it was before; at which the Negro was wonderfully pleas'd; and *Louis* climbing up into the Lodging in the Hay-loft, accommodated himself as well as he could. *Louis* lighted a Wax Candle immediately, and *Louysa* taking out his Guitar, touch'd it so gently and so sweetly, that the poor Negro was in Ecstasies. Having play'd a little, he treated his new Scholar with a second Collation, who ply'd the Bottle so briskly with his Sweet-meats, that the Wine left him more transported than the Musick. This being over, it was agreed that *Louis* should begin a Lesson out of hand; and as the poor Negro's Brains were over-flown four Inches deep with Wine, he could not hit one Fret, and yet *Louysa* made him believe he had learn'd two Tunes at least, and play'd them to Perfection, and all Night-long he did nothing but fumble upon a Guitar, which was out of Tune, and wanted the principal Strings.

At last they fell a sleep; and about Six a Clock in the Morning *Cervizala* came down, and open'd the House-Door, and the Gate next the Street, and stood waiting for

for the Purveyor, who soon came, and gave in the Provisions by the Wheel; after which Carrizales call'd up the Negro to take the Barley for the Mule, and his own Allowance, and then went out, leaving both the Door lock'd after him, without perceiving what had been done to that of the Street; at which the Master and Scholar in the Lote were not a little rejoiced.

THE good Man's Back was scarcely turn'd, when the Negro snatch'd up the Guittar, and twang'd it so vehemently, that all the Maid-Servants heard him, and calling to him thro' the Wheel, What is the Matter, Lewis? said they, how did you come by a Guittar? Who gave it you? Who gave it me, answer'd he? Why the finest Musician in the World, who promises to teach me in less than six Days above six thousand Songs. And where is this wonderful Musician? cry'd the Duenna; Not a great way off, answer'd the Negro; and if it were not for Shame, and the Fear I am in of my Master, I could shew him you presently, and troth you would be glad to see him. Where can he be, reply'd the Duenna, that we can have a Sight of him, since not a Man ever enter'd into this House, beside our Master. True, cry'd the Negro, but I shall say no more till you see what I have told you, for 'tis certain he has taught me in as short a Time as I said. Troth, answer'd the Duenna, unless you have got some Devil for your Master, I don't know who could make you a Musician in so little a Time. D'ye think so? said the Negro; well, you shall one Day see and hear him yourself. That can never be, cry'd another of the Wenches, for we have no Windows to the Street, by which to see or hear any Thing. No matter, reply'd the Negro, there is a Remedy for every Thing but Death; especially if you know how, or are able, to hold your Peace. Hold our Peace! quoth one of the Slaves; we will be more silent than Mutes themselves; I protest, Lewis, I am almost dead to hear a good Voice, for ever since we have been shut up here, we have not heard so much as the Chirping of the Birds.

LOAYSA listned with much Satisfaction to this Conversation, which seem'd to open the Way to the Execution of his Desires, and was guided by some good Fortune to produce the Means he wanted. The Wench retir'd, after the Negro had promis'd, to call them when they least expected it, to hear an admirable Singer; and being afraid his Master should come back, and catch him talking with them, he left them, and withdrew to his Apartment. His Fingers itch'd to thrum over a Lesson, but he durst not venture upon it in the Day, lest *Carrizales* should hear him, who return'd soon after, and fastening the Gates according to his Custom, lock'd himself into the House.

WHEN his Dinner was given him out the next Day by the Wheel, *Lewis* told the Negra-Maid who brought it, that if they all came down that Night to the Wheel, as soon as his Master was asleep, they should hear the Voice he had promis'd them, without fail. The Truth is, that before he mention'd this, he had begg'd his Guittar-Master with a World of Intreaties, to be pleas'd to sing and play that Night at the Wheel, that he might be able to keep his Word with the Maids, to let them hear a charming Voice, assuring him he would win their Hearts by it. His Master consented at last to do that which was his own Desire, more than the Negro's; but told him, he did it purely to gratify him, and not for any Interest of his own. The Negro embraced him, and kiss'd his Cheek in Token of his Gladness at so extraordinary a Favour, and entertain'd him so well that Day, that *Loaysa* perhaps would not have mended his Table if he had eat at home.

THE Night came; and in the Middle of it, or thereabout, there began to be a Whispering in the Wheel, by which *Lewis* presently understood his Company was met; and calling his Master, they came down from the Hay-loft with the Guittar, well strung, and in better Tune. *Lewis* ask'd, Who, and how many of them were there to hear? They answer'd, All, except their Mistress, who

was in Bed with her Husband; at which *Louisa* was heartily griev'd; however he resolv'd to set his Project on foot, and please his Scholar; and softly touching the Guitar he play'd so melodiously that the Negro was out of his Wits, and the Maids stood entranced to hear him: Who can express their Raptures, when he play'd, *With Grief I languish*, and concluded with the enchanting Tune of the *Sarabanda*, which was then new in *Spain*! The old ones could not forbear shaking their Feet, and the Young fell gayly into a Dance, and the whole was manag'd with a deep Silence, and Centinels were planted and Spies set, to give Notice if the old Man happen'd to wake. *Louisa* after this sung a Ballad extremely taking, with which he ended; his Auditors press'd the Negro very eagerly, to tell them who this miraculous Musician was; A poor Beggar, he said, but the most ingenious and genteel of all that wretched Society in *Seville*. They desir'd him to contrive that they might see him, and not to part with him under a Fortnight, and they would let him want nothing. They ask'd him then how he had brought him in, to which *Lewis* made no Answer; and only said, if they had a Mind to see him, they should bore a small Hole in the Wheel, which they might stop up afterwards with Wax; and that as to keeping him in the House, he would undertake it.

LOUISA also spoke to them himself, and in so handsome a Manner, that they soon perceiv'd such Language could not proceed from a Beggar. They intreated him to be at the same Place another Night, and they would prevail on their Mistress to bear them Company, in spite of the Watchfulness of her Husband, which was not owing so much to his Years as to his Jealousy. *Louisa* answer'd, that if they were willing to hear him without being interrupted by the old Man, he would give them a Powder to put into his Wine which should keep him in a sound Sleep beyond his usual Time. Heavens! cry'd one of the Wenches, if this be true, what good Fortune

is

is, come within our Doors, without our perceiving of deserving it; this will not be a Powder of Sleep for my Master, but a Powder of Life for us all, and for my poor Mistress *Leonora*, his Wife, who is never from him by Day nor by Night, nor loses Sight of him for a Moment. Ah, gentle Sir, for Pity's sake, and as you value our Blessing, on your Designs, bring the Powder you speak of, and lose no Time; bring it, I say, and I offer my Service to mix it in the Wine, and be his Skinker; and Heaven grant the old Gentleman may sleep three whole Days round with their Nights, that we may be merry as merry. I will certainly bring it, said *Louisa*, and the Nature of it is to do no Harm, but only to throw those who take it into a deep Sleep. They all conjur'd him to let them have it without Delay; and agreeing to pierce a Hole thro' the Wheel against another Night, and bring their Lady with them to see and hear him, they mutually took their Leave. The Negro, tho' it was almost Break of Day, would strike up a Lesson *Louisa* gave him, who persuaded him that he had never found a better Ear among all his Scholars, while the poor Creature did not understand, nor ever would, how to raise one Note.

LOUISA'S Friends were very careful to listen every Evening at the Street-Gate, in case he should have any Thing to say to them, or should want Assistance; and *Louisa* perceiving, by a Signal agreed upon between them, that they were there, inform'd them briefly thro' the Crevices, of the happy Success of his Affair, and intreated them to provide him something which would cause Sleep, to give to *Curriales*, for he had heard there were some Powders which would produce that Effect. They told him they knew an Apothecary, who would help them to the best Medicine of that kind he could, and having encouraged him to pursue his Enterprize, and promis'd to furnish him with the Prescription the next Night, they parted.

NIGHT came, and at the Call of the Guitar the whole Nest of Pigeons flock'd together, and with them

came

came the innocent *Leonora*, fearful and trembling lest her Husband should awake; the Terror of which was so great, that she was very unwilling to venture. Her Servants said so many Things to her of the Sweetness of the Musick, and the fine Behaviour of the Musician, especially the *Duenna*, who, without having seen him, extoll'd and prais'd him above *Abfalom* and *Orpheus*, that the harmless unwary Lady being over-rul'd by them, consented to do that to which she neither had nor ever would have had an Inclination.

THE first Thing they did, was to bore a Hole thro' the Wheel in order to see the Musician, who was not then in a Beggar's Habite, but with wide kneed Breeches of a Murrey-colour'd Taffety, a Doublet of the same kind with Gold, a Montee-Cap of Sattin of the same Colour, with a Band curiously starch'd, and a clean Pair of Ruffes; all which he had taken Care to bring with him in his Wallet, imagining he might have an Occasion to change his Dress. He was young, handsome, and of a graceful Person; and as they had Time enough to survey him fully, and compare him with their old Master, he appear'd a perfect Angel in their Eyes. One peep'd at him thro' the Augre-Hole, and then immediately another, for they were all a-gog to gaze; and that they might see him the better, the Negro walk'd round him with a Wax-Taper lighted, and held it to him from Head to Foot. When every one, even the poor Negro-Wench, had had a View, *Lewis* took up his Guittar, and sung so ravishingly, that they were all astonish'd, from the aged Governante to the youngest Girl in the Company; and begg'd *Lewis* to contrive some Way to get this delicious Master of his into the House, that they might hear and see him more conveniently than at such a Distance thro' a narrow Hole in the Wheel; and that they might not be oblig'd to be so far off from their Master, who might surprize them on a sudden, and catch them in the Fact; which would be impossible if they had the Musician among them privately in the

the House. *Leonora* oppos'd this warmly, and said there should no such Thing be done, nor any Admittance allow'd; that they ought to be satisfy'd, for they could see and hear him from thence with Safety, and without Danger to their Honour. Honour! cry'd the *Duenna*; the King has enough for us all; pray shut up your Ladyship with your *Methusalem*, and leave us to make merry as we can. Besides, this Gentleman seems to have so much Honour in him, that he will desire nothing of us, but what we shall desire our selves.

LADIES, said *Loaysa* upon this, I came hither with no other Intention than to serve you all to the utmost of my Power, pitying you at my Heart for this unparallel'd Confinement, and the Time you unprofitably lose in this severe sort of Life. I am a Man, by the Head of my Father, so harmless, so mild, of so gentle a Disposition, and so obedient, that I shall do only just what you bid me; and if any one of you shall say, *Friend sit here, Friend go thither, lie there, or keep here*, I shall do it as readily as the tamest best-train'd Dog, that dances for the King of *France*. If he will do thus, said *Leonora*, I think we may e'en let him in; but what Method is there to do it? An easy one, answer'd *Loaysa*: If you will take the Impression of the Key of the Middle-Gate in Wax, I will get one made by it against To-morrow Night, which shall serve our Purpose. In taking the Print of that Key, said one of the Wenches, we take all the rest in the House; for this is the Master-Key. It will not be the worse for that, reply'd *Loaysa*. True, said *Leonora*; but first let him swear, that when he is come in, he will do nothing else than sing and play, when we order him, and that he will submit to be shut up and confin'd, where we shall be able to lodge him. I swear it, answer'd *Loaysa*. That Oath signifies nothing, cry'd *Leonora*, he must swear by the Life of his Father, and by the Crucifix, which he shall kiss before us all. I swear, said *Loaysa*, by the Life of my Father, and by this Sign of the Cross, which I kiss with my unworthy Mouth; and

and making a Sign of the Cross with two Fingers, he kiss'd it three times. This being done, another of them pray'd him not to forget the Powder, for that was the principal Article.

WITH this ended the Conversation of the Night, both Parties resting highly pleas'd with the Agreement they had made; and Fortune, which conducted *Loaysa's* Affairs from good to better, brought his Friends into the Street about two Hours after Mid-night; who making the usual Signal, which was to play on a Jew's Harp, *Loaysa* call'd to them, and acquainted them how Matters stood with him; and desir'd them to bring him the Powder or some other Medicine, to lay *Carrizales* to sleep: informing them also concerning the Master-Key. They told him, he should have the Powder the next Night, or an Ointment, whose Virtue was such, that if it were smear'd upon the Wrists and the Temples, it would cause so profound a Sleep, that a Man would not be able to wake in two Days, unless the Parts which were anointed were wash'd with Vinegar; and that if he gave them out the Print of the Key, he spoke of, they would have one made immediately.

AFTER this they withdrew; and *Loaysa* and his Scholar slept the little Part of the Night which remain'd; *Loaysa* waited with the utmost Impatience for the Hour appointed, to see if they would keep their Promise with him about the Key. Tho' Time to People in Expectation seems slow and lingering, it makes no Halt, but moves on as swiftly as their Thoughts, and at last the Point desir'd arrives. Thus the Night came, and the wonted Hour of repairing to the Wheel, whither flock'd all the Servants of the House, great and small, white and black; for they were all desirous to see this charming Musician within their Seraglio; but *Leonora* was not with them; and *Loaysa* asking for her, they answer'd she was in Bed with her Husband, who had lock'd his Chamber-Door; and laid the Key under his Pillow; and that as soon as the old Man was a-sleep, she said she would steal the Ma-

ster-Key, and take it off in some Wax, which she had prepar'd and work'd to a proper Temper for that Design; and that they were to go in a little while, and receive it at the Hole which was left open for the Cat.

LOAYSA was amaz'd at the old Man's Caution; but was not at all discourag'd in his Attempt. At this Instant, he heard the Jews-Harp, and running to the Gate, found his Friends were there, who gave him a small Gally-pot of the Ointment they had mention'd. *Loaysa* was over-joy'd at the Present, and begg'd them to stay a Moment till he brought them the Master-Key; and returning to the Wheel, bid the *Duenna*, who was the most eager for his Entrance, to carry it to her Mistress, and acquaint her with its Properties, and persuade her to anoint her Husband with it so gently, that he might not perceive it, and she should see Wonders.

THE *Duenna* did as she was requir'd, and coming to the Cat's-hole found *Leonora* was waiting for her there, laid flat at her Length upon the Ground, with her Face to the Hole. The *Duenna* stretch'd herself along in the same Manner, and clapping her Mouth to her Mistress's Ear, inform'd her with a low Voice that she had brought her an Ointment, and how she was to use it. *Leonora* took the Ointment, but said, she could by no means get the Key from her Husband, because he had not put it under his Pillow as usual, but between the two Quilts, and as it were under the very Middle of his Body; but order'd her to tell the Musick-Master, that if the Ointment took Effect, as he represented, they could easily command the Key whenever they pleas'd, and there was no Necessity to print it upon Wax; she charg'd her to deliver this Message presently, and come back to see how the Ointment work'd, for she would anoint the old Man with it out of Hand. The *Duenna* executed her Mistress's Instructions to *Loaysa*, who then dismiss'd his Friends, who stood waiting for the Key.

LEONORA.

LEONORA, trembling and scarcely daring to draw her Breath, began to anoint the Pulses of her jealous Husband, and then his Nostrils ; but when she came to them, she thought he started, and was almost dead with Fear, lest he should surprise her in the Fact. In a Word, she went thro' the Work as well as she could, and anointed all those Places, which they said were necessary, and as it were embalm'd him for his Funeral:

IT was not long before the Ointment gave manifest Tokens of its Virtue ; for the old Man immediately began to snore so loud, that he might have been heard into the Street ; which in her Ears was sweeter Musick, than *Loaysa's* was to the Negro. Yet being not fully assur'd by what she saw, she went close to him, and jogg'd him a little, and then something more, and again more smartly, to try if he would wake ; and grew so bold at last, that she roll'd him from Side to Side, without breaking his Sleep. When she perceiv'd this, she hasten'd to the Hole, and with a Voice as gentle as before, calling to the *Duenna*, who was waiting there ; Give me Joy, says she, *Carvixales* sleeps sounder than a Man in his Grave : Why don't you take away the Key then ? cry'd the *Duenna* ; the Musician has waited for it above an Hour. Stay I beg you, answer'd *Leonora*, while I look for it ; and turning up the Bed-cloaths, she thrust her Hand between the two Quilts, and drew out the Key, the old Man being totally insensible ; and holding it in her Hand, she fell to leaping for Joy, and in a trice unlock'd her own Chamber-Door, and the *Duenna's*, who receiv'd it with all the Transports imaginable.

LEONORA order'd them to let in the Musician, and carry him into the Gallery, because she durst not be far from thence, for fear of what might happen ; above all, she charg'd them to make him ratify his Oath anew, to do nothing but what they should bid him ; and if he refus'd to confirm it, and swear over again, by no means to let him enter. It shall be so, cry'd the *Duenna*, and

by my Troth he shall not set a Foot here, unless he first swears, and swears again, and kisses the Cross six times. Do not limit him, said *Leonora*, let him kiss it as often as he pleases; but see that he swears by the Life of his Ancestors, and by all he holds dear; for then we shall be safe, and have our Fill of hearing him sing and play, and on my Soul he does them both deliciously; go then, without farther Delay, that we may not spend the Night in talking.

THE honest *Duenna* tuck'd up her Train, and flew with an incredible Swiftnes to the Wheel, where the whole Family was waiting; and having shewn them the Key, there was such a general Joy that they lifted her up in their Arms, like a Professor at his Election, crying, *Long live the Governess*; especially when she told them, they did not need to counterfeit the Key; for after the rate the old Man slept with his Ointment, they could easily use it as often as they would. Very well, cry'd one of the Wenches, open the Door then, and let the Gentleman come in, who has danc'd Attendance so long, and let us make a merry Musick-Bout, and have a Sight of him, since that is to be all. But there is something more to be done, reply'd the *Duenna*, than to see; we must make him take an Oath, as he did the other Night. He is so good, answer'd one of the Slaves, that he will not scruple an Oath. At this the *Duenna* open'd the Door, and holding it a-jar, call'd to *Loaysa*, who heard all thro' the Hole at the Wheel; he came to the Door, and would have enter'd at once, but the *Duenna* put him back with her Hand; Sir, said she, you must know, that all of us who are in this House, are, upon my Conscience, as good Virgins as the Mothers that bore us, except my Mistress; and tho' by my Looks perhaps you may fancy I am forty Years old, I can assure you, I am not quite thirty; for I want two Months and a half, as I am a Sinner; and if I happen to seem a little oldish, as 'twere, by my Face, 'tis all owing to Disappointments and Troubles and Grief, which,

which, you know, Sir, alter one strangely, and clap several Years upon our Backs more than belong to us, according as we lay them to Heart. This being so, as in Truth it is, there is no Reason that in Exchange for hearing two or three Songs, we should run the Risque of losing such a Stock of Virginity, as is shut up in these Walls; for even the poor Negra Devil here, call'd *Guiomar*, is a Virgin; and therefore, sweet Sir of my Heart, before you enter within our Kingdom, you must take a very solemn Oath, to do nothing but what we shall order you; and if it seems a great Thing that is ask'd of you, consider the Hazard we run is great; and if your Worship comes here with a good Design, you need not be afraid to swear, *For a good Pay-Master never fears to venture his Pledge.*

OUR Mistress *Marialonsa*, cry'd one of the Wenchcs, has spoken, mighty well, vastly well, i'fackins, and like a discreet Woman, who always does her Business to Perfection; and if this same Gentleman refuses to swear, why let him keep out, say I: Nay, for my Part, cry'd *Guiomar* the Negra in broken *Spanish*, d'ye see, I am for having him enter, in the Devil's Name, swear or not swear, for if he swears ever so much, as soon as he comes in, he will forget it all.

LOAYSA listen'd to Madam *Marialonsa's* Harangue; and with great Sedateness, In Truth, answer'd he very gravely, much respected Ladies, my Intention was, is, nor shall be any other than to give you what Satisfaction and Entertainment my Abilities can furnish, and therefore I have no Objection to the Oath you require; but I had much rather you would have trusted to my Word, because the Word of such a Person as I am is equal to the strictest Bond; and I desire you will remember, that Sackcloth may have something better beneath it, and a tatter'd Cloke may cover a good Drinker. But to assure you all of my just Design, I am resolv'd to swear like a sound Catholick, and an honest Man; I swear therefore by the most inviolable Obligations, whatever they are, by

the Entries and Issues of the holy Mount *Libanus*, and by all that is contain'd in the Preface to the true History of *Charlemaign*, with the Death of the Giant *Firebras*, not to transgress the Oath I have taken, nor the Commands of the meanest and most despicable among you, upon Pain that if from now till then, and from then till now, I shall do, or desire to do otherwise, it shall be, and is hereby declar'd null, cancell'd, and of no Effect.

LOAYSA was advanced thus far in his Oath, when one of the two Damsels, who had heard him very attentively, bawl'd out, This is an Oath enough to pierce the very Rocks; and hang me, if I ever desire thou shoud'st swear again, for what thou hast already sworn is sufficient to gain thee Admittance into the very Cavern of *Cabra*; and taking hold on the Skirts of his Doublet, she pull'd him in. The whole Troop of them presently gather'd round him, while one ran to carry the News to her Mistress, who stood Centinel to watch her Husband's Sleeping. When the Messenger told her the Musician was got in, she was glad and sorry at once, and ask'd if he had sworn; and the other answering, he had, and with the strangest sort of Oath she had ever heard in her Life; Then, said *Leonora*, we have him fast; how prudently was it done of me, to insist upon his Swearing?

AT this they all came up in a Body, and the Musician in the Middle, the Negro and *Guimar* lighting them along. *Loaysa* seeing *Leonora*, instantly threw himself at her Feet to kiss her Hands. She said nothing, but made Signs to him to rise, and they all stood mute, without daring to speak a Word, lest their Master should hear them. *Loaysa* observing it, told them, they might safely talk aloud, for the Ointment with which the old Gentleman was anointed, had such a Vertue in it, that except the taking away Life, it laid a Man as good as dead for the Time. I believe it, cry'd *Leonora*; for if it were not so, he would have wak'd twenty times before now; his many Indispositions never suffering him to sleep long; but since I have

have anointed him, he snores like a Mill-Horse. Why then, says the *Duenna*, let us go into the Front-Hall, where we may hear this Gentleman sing, and divert ourselves a little. Agreed, said *Leonora*, but let *Guiomar* stay here to watch, and give us Notice if *Carrizales* awakes. Yes, cry'd *Guiomar* in a Passion, the poor Black must stay behind; and the Whites must take their Pleasure; Heaven help us all!

THE *Negra* stay'd, and the rest went into the Hall, where was a rich *Estrado*; and placing the Musician in the Middle, they all sat down. The good *Marialonso* taking a Candle in her Hand, began to view him from Head to Foot: What a charming Head of Hair he has, says one; how finely it curls! Did you ever see such white Teeth, cries another; let me thirst, but they are purer than a blanch'd Almond. What large full Eyes are there, quoth a third, by the Age of my Mother they sparkle like an Emerald. One prais'd his Mouth, another his Feet, and all together made a short Anatomy of him; only *Leonora* was silent, but look'd on him, and thought he made a better Appearance than her ancient Husband.

THE *Duenna* then snatch'd the Guittar from the Negro, and putting it into *Lonyfa's* Hands, desir'd him to play on it, and sing a Song then in great Request in *Seville*, which begins, *Good Mother, if you please, you may*; *Lonyfa* granted her Petition, and the Company rose up, and prepar'd themselves to dance; the *Duenna* knew the Words, and striking up with him, sung with a better Will than Voice; the Song was this;

S O N G.

*Good Mother, if you please, you may
Set Guards and Spies to watch my Way :
But if myself I do not keep,
Instead of watching they may sleep.*

'Tis said of old by Sayers Sage,
 Restraint does Appetite enrage,
 And Love by strict Confinement turns
 More violent, and fiercer burns.

'Tis better then to leave me free,
 Than shut me under Lock and Key;
 For if myself I do not keep,
 Instead of watching you may sleep.

Unless the Will it self restrain,
 All threatned Dangers are in vain;
 Thro' Death it self 'twill force its Way,
 And find unthought-of Means to stray:
 For if myself I do not keep,
 Instead of watching you may sleep.

When Love does once the Breast inspire,
 As Flies invited by the Fire,
 Thro' careful Guards and wakeful Spies
 It rushes fearless to the Prize;
 For if myself I do not keep,
 Your wakeful Spies and Guards may sleep.

In spite of them my Thought will rove
 On the dear Object of my Love.
 For Lovers Hearts are melting Wax,
 Their Wishes Fire, their ready Hand
 No Diligence nor Cunning lacks,
 Their Head does ev'ry Wile command,
 Their Eyes have Voice, their Feet, believe me,
 Are shod with Silence to deceive ye.
 And if myself I do not keep,
 Instead of watching you may sleep.

THE young Folks having ended the Song and the
 Dance, in both which the Jolly Duenna was their Leader,
 Gniomar

Guionar the Centinel arriv'd in a strange Consternation, and trembling Hand and Foot as if she had been going into a Fit, my Master is awake, Madam, says she, with a low Voice, My Master is awake; he is got up, and is coming. He who has seen a Flock of Pigeons feeding without Fear in a Field, on what the Hands of others have sown, at the dreadful Discharge of a Fowling Piece, rise affrighted, and forgetful of their Food, and giddily scatter themselves thro' the whistling Air, such let him imagine this Company of Dancers to be at the unexpected Tidings *Guionar* denounced. Every one was studying her Excuse, and all their Security; one ran hither, another thither, and shelter'd themselves in Garrets and Corners, leaving the Musician alone, who quitted his Guittar, and his Singing, in a wild Surprize, and knew not what to do. *Leonora* wrung her beautiful Hands, and *Marialonsa* beat her Face, tho' very gently; in a Word, all was Amazement, Confusion and Horror. But the *Duenna* being more ingenious than the rest, gave Orders that *Loaysa* should be put into her Apartment, and she and her Mistress should be left in the Hall alone; undertaking to provide an Apology to their Master, if he catch'd them there.

LOAYSA fled to Sanctuary directly, and the *Duenna* went to listen whether her Master was coming; but perceiving no Noise, she took Heart, and gently Step by Step stole to his Chamber-Door, and hearing him snore as loud as ever, was convinced he was fast asleep; and tucking her Gown about her, ran to beg a Reward of her Mistress for the joyful News, who promis'd her one with a very good Will.

THE modest *Duenna* was not for losing the Opportunity which was offer'd her, to be the first Taster of those fine Accomplishments which she fancy'd the Musician certainly possess'd, and therefore desiring *Leonora* to stay in the Hall, while she went to call him, she made the best of her way to her own Chamber, where he was wait-

ing in the utmost Terror for News about the old Man. He cur'd the Ointment for falling, and complain'd of his Friends Credulity, and his own Folly in not making the Experiment on another before he try'd it on *Carrizales*. In that Moment, in came the *Duenna*, and assur'd him the old Man slept as soundly as before; this set his Mind at Ease; and observing several amorous Expressions she let fall to him, he perceiv'd her lewd Inclination, and resolv'd to make her the Angle to fish for her Mistress.

WHILE they were discoursing, the rest of the Servants, who had hid themselves in several Parts of the House, bolted out, one from one Corner and another from another, to see whether their Master was really awake; and finding every Thing in a profound Silence, they went to the Hall where they had left their Mistress, by whom they understood their Master was asleep; and asking her for the Musician and the *Duenna*, she told them where they were; upon which, with the same Hushness as they came, they stole away to listen at the Door of the Room, where the precious Couple were conversing in private.

GUIMAR the Negra was not wanting in the Company, but the Negro was; for as soon as he heard his Master was stirring, he snatch'd up his Guittar, and scour'd off to hide himself in his Hay-loft; and covering himself over Head and Ears in the Bed-cloaths, sweat thro' and thro' with Fear. Yet with all this, he could not for the Blood of him forbear fingering the Strings of his Guittar, such a Passion (a Devil on him) had he for Musick.

THE young Wenches over-heard the Courtship of the venerable *Duenna*, and gave her their Blessing heartily; not one of them call'd her Old, but with the emphatical Addition of Witch, Bawd, liquorish Hagg, and some others, which out of Decency I omit: But what caus'd the greatest Laughter was the Language of *Guimar* the Negra, who being a *Portuguese*, and knowing but little *Spanish*, curs'd her very gracefully in Gibberish. At last, the Conclusion

clusion of this amorous Interview was, that *Loaysa* should condescend to her Will, when she had first deliver'd up her Mistress to his. What he requir'd was fore against the Grain with the poor *Duenna*; but in order to gratify this sportful Longing, which had got Possession of her Soul, and the Bones and Marrow of her Body, she would have promis'd any Impossibilities imaginable. She left him, and return'd to solícite the Matter with her Mistress; and seeing all the Servants gather'd about the Door, she bid them retire to their Chambers, telling them another Night they should have an Opportunity to enjoy the Musician with little or no Suspicion, for the Alarm they suffer'd had spoil'd their Mirth that Evening. They all knew very well the old Woman only wanted to be left alone; but as she had the Command of them, they durst not disobey her.

THE Servants withdrew, and she went to the Hall to persuade *Leonora* to yield to *Loaysa's* Desire, and made such a long and methodical Harangue upon the Subject, that she seem'd to have study'd it several Days. She extoll'd his genteel Behaviour, his Valour, his Wit, and his Beauty. She represented how much sweeter the Embraces of a young Lover would be than those of an old decrepit Husband; promising her to carry on the Affair with the utmost Secrecy; with other such like Arguments, which the Devil put into her Mouth, disguis'd with such artful Colourings, and so over-powering, that they would have mov'd not only the tender Heart of the simple and unwary *Leonora*, but even a Breast of Marble. O ye *Duennas*, born into the World, and employ'd for the Destruction of a thousand innocent and virtuous Intentions! O ye long and plaited Vails, chosen to preside and govern in the Houses of the principal Ladies, how do ye pervert the End of your powerful, and, in a Manner, irresistible Office! In a Word, the *Duenna* said so much, the *Duenna* perswaded so well, that *Leonora* yielded, *Leonora* was seduc'd, *Leonora* was ruin'd, and overthrew all the Precautions of the

the discreet *Carrizales*, who slept the Sleep of his Honour's Death.

THE *Beldam* taking her Mistress by the Hand, led her almost by Force, with her Eyes swimming with Tears, to the Place where *Louisa* was; and giving them her Benediction with a Smile as false as Hell, she shut the Door after her, and leaving them lock'd in together, lay down upon the *Estrado* to sleep, or, to speak more justly, to wait for Entertainment in her Turn. But as she had watch'd some Nights before, she was over-power'd with Drowsiness, and fell fast asleep.

IF he had not been in a profound Slumber, well might *Carrizales* at this Time have been ask'd, what was become of his prudent Circumspection, his eternal Jealousies, his Preventions, and strict Injunctions and Warnings; the high Battlements of his House, into which never enter'd, not even in Picture, any thing which bore the Name of Man? What of his narrow Wheel? his thick Walls? his Windows without Light? his strange Confinement and Cloystering? the large Dowry he had settled on *Leonora*? the continual Treats he gave her? his Indulgence to his Servants and Slaves? and his supplying them with every thing which he imagin'd they could either want or wish? But, as I said, there was no asking him these Questions, because he was sleeping, and more soundly than there was Occasion. And had he indeed been awake, and in a Condition to answer, he could have made no better a Reply, than shrinking up his Shoulders, and knitting his Brows, to have said, All this excellent Provision is thrown to the Ground by one vicious young Fellow, and the Wickedness of a false *Duenna*, and the Heedlessness of an importun'd and over-persuaded Girl: Heaven deliver us all from such Enemies, against whom no Buckler of Prudence can defend, nor Sword of Caution can strike.

HOWEVER *Leonora's* Courage was such, that in a Time of the greatest Need she exerted it against the villainous

sinous Attempts of her subtle Deceiver, who was not able to master her, but weary'd himself in vain; she remain'd Conqueror, and at last they fell both asleep.

AT this Instant, Heaven so order'd it, that in spite of the Ointment *Carrizales* wak'd, and, as his Custom was, felt about the Bed; and not finding his beloved Wife, he leapt out in a mortal Fright, and with more Agility and Spirit than his many Years seem'd to promise; and when he perceiv'd she was not in the Chamber, and found the Door open, and the Key gone from between the Quilts, he had like to have lost his Senses. But recovering himself a little, he went out into the Gallery, and from thence stole as quietly as possible to the Hall, where the *Duenna* lay asleep; and seeing her alone, without *Leonora*, he proceeded to the *Duenna's* Apartment, and opening the Door very softly, he saw what he could have wish'd never to have seen, he saw what he would have been glad not to have had Eyes to see, he saw *Leonora* in the Arms of *Isaysa*, and both of them sleeping as profoundly as if the Vertue of the Ointment wrought upon them; and not upon the old jealous Husband.

CARRIZALES stood motionless at this astonishing Sight, his Tongue cleav'd to the Roof of his Mouth, his Arms fell down unbraced, and he became a mere Statue of cold Marble; and tho' Rage at last did its natural Office, and rous'd his almost departed Spirits, Grief so prevail'd, that he cou'd scarcely draw his Breath. Notwithstanding which, he wou'd have taken the Vengeance so foul a Wickedness deserv'd, if he had had any Weapons to have done it; and therefore he resolv'd to return to his Chamber, and fetch a Dagger, and wipe out the Stains of his Honour with the Blood of both his Enemies, and even of his whole Household. With this honourable and necessary Resolution he went back as silently as he came, to his Room, where Sorrow and Anguish struck him so to the Heart, that having no farther

their Strength left, he sunk down on the Bed in a Swoon,

AT length the Day appear'd, and caught these suppos'd Adulterers entangled in the Snare of each other's Arms. *Marialonsa* awoke, and wou'd have gone to claim the Gratuity which she thought she had now a Right to demand; but seeing how late it was, she chose to defer it to the following Night. *Leonora* was confounded, when she perceiv'd the Morning so advanced, and curs'd her own Negligence, and that of her wicked *Damas*; and both of them with trembling Steps hasten'd towards her Husband's Chamber, muttering Prayers all the Way, that they might find him still snoring; and when they saw him lying silent upon the Bed, they concluded the Ointment was still working, and embraced one another with the utmost Joy. *Leonora* went up to her Husband, and taking him by the Arm, turn'd him from Side to Side, to try if he wou'd wake, without obliging her to wash him with Vinegar, as they had order'd her to do, when he began to stir. But *Carrizales* coming out of his Swoon, fetch'd a deep Sigh, and with a lamentable and feeble Voice, cry'd, Wretch that I am, to what a miserable Condition has my Fortune brought me!

LEONORA did not well understand what he said; but as she found he was awake, and spoke, she was surpriz'd that the Virtue of the Ointment was so soon over; and laying her Face to his, and embracing him closely, How is it, my Lord? said she, I thought you seem'd to complain. The unhappy old Man heard the Voice of his sweet Enemy, and opening his Eyes wildly, like one amaz'd, fix'd them earnestly on her, and look'd at her a great while without moving the Lids; after which, Pray my Dear, says he, send immediately for your Parents to me, for I feel I know not what at my Heart which pains me exceedingly, and will soon, I fear, put

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an End to my Life, and I wou'd fain fee them before I die. *Louisa* believ'd what her Husband said was certainly true, imagining that the Force of the Ointment, and not what he had feen, had thrown him into this Agony. She answer'd, ſhe wou'd do what he defir'd; and bid the Negro run away to her Parents that Moment: She then embraced her Husband, and caress'd him more than ever, and ask'd him what the Illneſs was he complain'd of, with ſuch tender and loving Expreſſions, as if ſhe valu'd nothing in the World beſide him. He look'd at her with the ſame Aſtoniſhment as before; and every Word ſhe ſpoke, and every Embrace ſhe gave him, was a Lance which pierced him thro' the Heart.

THE *Duenna* had inform'd the Family and *Louisa* of her Maſter's Indiſpoſition, aſſuring them it muſt be very great, ſince he forgot to order the Street-Gate to be ſhut, when the Negro went out to call her Miſtreſs's Parents. They wonder'd at that Meſſage, becauſe neither of them had ever enter'd the Houſe ſince he marry'd their Daughter: In a Word, they were all puzzled and ſtruck dumb, and cou'd not gueſs the true Cauſe of their Maſter's Illneſs, who every now and then fetch'd ſuch a deep and piteous Sigh, as if he wou'd have ſobbd out his Soul. *Louisa* wept to ſee him in that Condition, and he ſmil'd like a Man beſide himſelf, to think of the Falseneſs of her Tears. In the mean time, her Parents came, and ſeeing the Street-Gate and that of the Courtyard open, and the Houſe in a deep Silence, and no Body appear, they ſtood amaz'd, and were in no ſmall Alarm. They went into their Son-in-Law's Chamber, and found him, as I ſaid, with his Eyes fix'd unmoveably on his Wife, whom he held by the Hand, both of them ſhedding Floods of Tears; ſhe weeping to ſee him weep, and he to conſider how ſhe diſſembled in her Sorrow.

AT their entering the Room, *Carrizales* ſpoke, and defir'd them to ſit down, and order'd every one elſe, except

except *Marialonsa*, to leave the Room; which was done; and these five being alone, without waiting for any other to begin, *Carrizales* with a low Voice, wiping his Eyes, spoke to this Effect: I am persuaded, my worthy Relations, there will be no need to produce Witnesses, to convince you of the Truth of what I am going to say. You must well remember (for it is impossible you shou'd have forgot it) with what Affection and Kindness, one Year, one Month, five Days and nine Hours ago, you gave me your beloved Daughter, for my lawful Wife. You know also how liberally I endow'd her; for the Settlement I made her was sufficient to enable more than three of her Quality to have marry'd, and pass'd for very considerable Fortunes. You must likewise remember the Care I took to clothe her, and adorn her with every Thing she seem'd to desire, or I thought wou'd become her. You have seen too, how my natural Temper, and my Dread of that Evil which is likely to prove my Death, and the Experience my Age had given me in the strange and various Accidents of the World, prompted me to keep this Jewel which I had chosen, and which you had graciously put into my Hands, with the strictest Care; I rais'd the Walls of my House very high, I blinded up the Windows next the Street, I put double Locks upon the Doors, and made a Wheel at the Gate, as there is at the Monasteries, and excluded inflexibly whatever had so much as the Name or Shadow of a Man. I provided her Maid-Servants and Female Slaves to attend her, and deny'd neither to them nor to her any Thing they ask'd of me. I made her my Equal, I imparted to her my most secret Thoughts, and intrusted her with all my Estate. These Actions, if well consider'd, ought to have secur'd to me the quiet Enjoyment of what I had so dearly purchas'd, and induced her to consult my Repose, and avoid giving me Occasion for Jealousy of any Kind. But as it is impossible by human Diligence

Diligence to prevent the Chastisement which the Will of Heaven is pleas'd to inflict on those, whose Desires and Hopes are not wholly placed on that alone; it is no Wonder that I am defeated in mine, and have myself been the Author of that Poyson, which is going to extinguish my Life. But because I see you all stand in Suspence at what I am saying, I will conclude this long Preamble of my Discourse, by telling you in one Word, that which cannot be fully related in a thousand. The Conclusion therefore of the whole Affair is this: Early this Morning I found this Woman, who was born into the World for the Ruin of my Peace, and the Loss of my Life, this Woman (pointing to his Wife) I found in the Arms of a handsome young Man, who is now conceal'd in the Apartment of this accursed *Duenna*.

CARRIZALES had scarcely ended these last Words, when *Leonora's* Heart sunk within her, and she fainted away between her Husband's Knees; *Marialonsa* lost her Colour, and *Leonora's* Parents had such a Stoppage in their Throats that they cou'd not speak; The Vengeance, continu'd *Carrizales*, I design to take for this Dishonour, shall not be such as is usually practis'd; for as I have been singular in my Conduct, I will be so in my Revenge, by placing it on myself, who am most culpable in this Offence, since I ought to have consider'd how ill the fourteen Years of this giddy Girl cou'd agree with the almost fourscore I carry'd. Thus like the Silk-Worm I have industriously built the House in which I dye. But as for thee, I blame thee not, ill-advis'd young Creature; and so saying he lean'd down, and kiss'd the Face of the over-whelm'd *Leonora*; I do not blame thee; for the smooth Persuasions of a crafty old Woman, and the Flatteries of an amorous young Man, must easily triumph over the little Discretion thy few Years afford. Yet that all the World may see the exceeding Value of the Affection I sincerely bear thee in this last Article of my Life, I will shew it in such a Manner as shall stand for a Publick Example, if not of Kindness, at least of a Simplicity.

Simplicity, never heard before, nor seen. I desire therefore a Scrivener may be sent for immediately, to make my Testament a-new, in which I will double *Leonora's* Dowry: and intreat her after my Days, which will be few, are ended, she will dispose her Inclination (since she may do it then without a Crime) to marry that young Man, whom the grey Hairs of this abused old one never offended. By this she will see that if living I never fail'd in any Thing which I thought wou'd please her, in Death I do the same, by desiring her to take him who is the fond Object of her Affections to her Arms. The rest of my Estate I shall bequeath to pious Uses; and to you my honour'd Relations, I shall leave enough to enable you to live handsomely the Remainder of your Days. But let the Scrivener be brought without Delay, for the Passion I labour under oppresses me so, that it will soon conclude my Life.

HAVING said this, he fell into a Swoon, and sunk down so close to *Leonora* that their Faces join'd; a sad and lamentable Sight for both the Parents, who look'd on their darling Daughter, and their beloved Son-in-Law, with Anguish. The detestable *Dianna* did not stay to hear the Rebukes she expected from her Mistress's Father and Mother, but quitted the Room, and went to acquaint *Loaysa* with what had pass'd, advising him to leave the House that Moment, and promising to inform him of the Event by the Negro, since now there were neither Doors nor Keys to hinder them. *Loaysa* was surpris'd at the News, and taking her Counsel, return'd to put on his Beggar's Habit, and scamper'd away to give his Friends an Account of the strange and unparallel'd Success of his Amour.

WHILE the unhappy Pair lay in their Trance, *Leonora's* Father sent for a Scrivener of his Acquaintance, who enter'd just as the Husband and Wife were both come to themselves. *Carrizales* made his Testament in the Manner, as he had said, without declaring *Leonora's*

ask, only reciting that for certain just Considerations he entreated her, in case he shou'd dye, to marry the young Man he had mention'd to her in private.

WHEN *Leonora* heard this, she threw herself at her Husband's Feet, and with her Heart throbbing in her Breast, My Lord, my only Happiness, said she, live many Years: Tho' perhaps you have no Reason to believe me in any Thing I shall say, know I have not offended you, unless in Thought; and beginning to excuse herself, and relate the Truth of the Case at large, she cou'd not move her Tongue, but fainted away again. The wretched old Man embraced her, and so did her Parents; and they all wept so bitterly, that they even forced the poor Scrivener to bear them Company. *Carrizales* finish'd his Will, in which he left a Maintenance to all his Servants, and gave the Female-Slaves and the Negro their Liberty, but to the false *Marialonsa* he allow'd barely her Wages; and his Grief increas'd so upon him, that they carry'd him that Day Sen'night to his Grave.

LEONORA remain'd a mournful, tho' rich Widow; and when *Loaysa* expected she wou'd fulfil what, he understood, her Husband had enjoin'd her in his Will, he saw her within a Week enter herself a Nun in one of the most reclude Monasteries in the City; and being thus disappointed, and out of Countenance, he went to the Indies. *Leonora's* Parents, who were exceedingly afflicted, comforted themselves with the generous Settlement their Son-in-Law had made them; the Maid Servants cheer'd their Spirits with the same Consolation, and the Slaves with their Freedom; and the wicked *Duenna* was left poor and wretched, and defeated of all her vile Designs and Expectations; and I myself rejoyce that I am come to the Conclusion of this unfortunate History, which is an Example and Mirror of the little Trust there is to be repos'd in Keys, Retirement, and Walls, while the Will continues free; and much less in green unexperienced Years, if they are expos'd to the Insinuations of a treacherous *Duenna*.
Only

Only I am ignorant of the Reason why *Leonora* was not more careful to clear herself, and convince her jealous Husband, how spotless and innocent she was in that Adventure; but her Confusion, it is likely, ty'd her Tongue, and the speedy Death of her Husband did not give her Time to vindicate her Conduct.

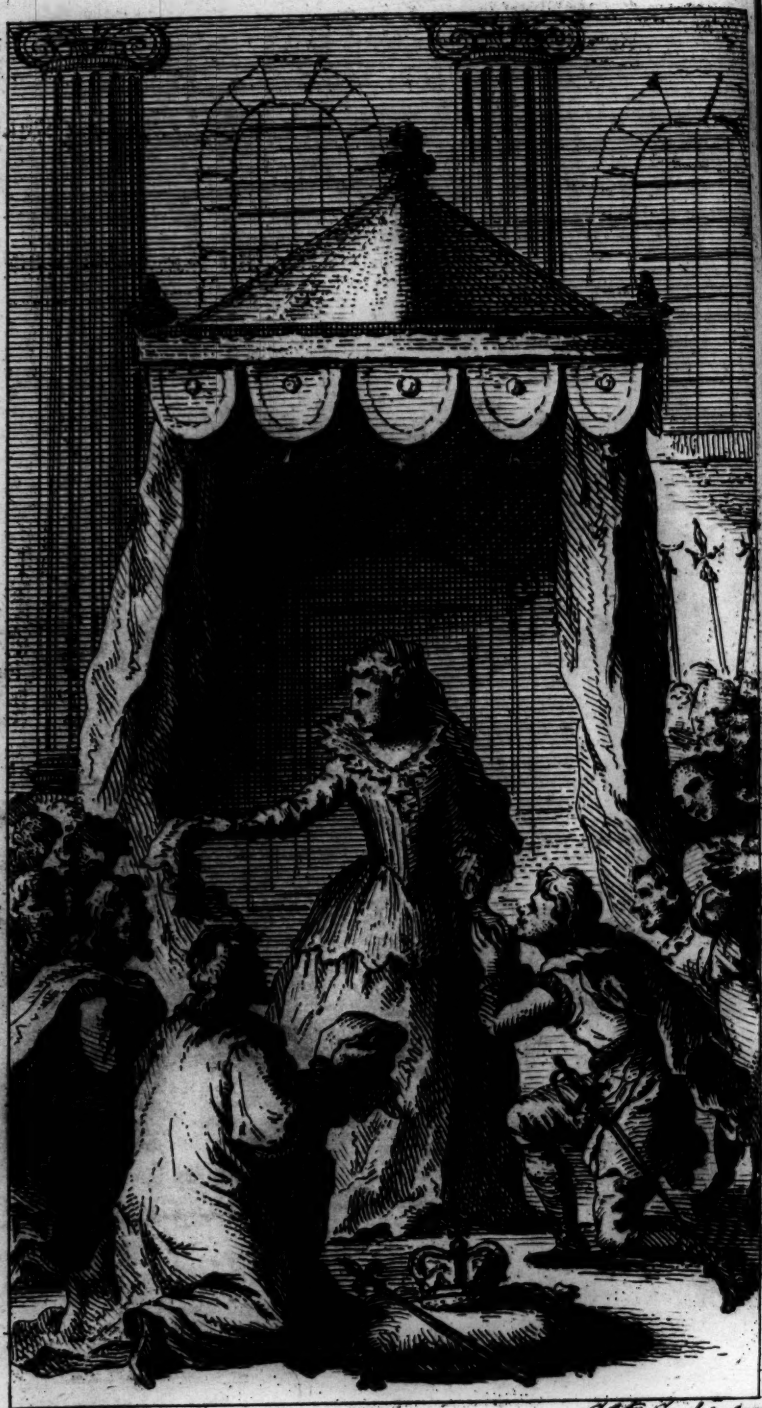
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BRITISH
MUSEUM



Printed by J. Smith, Strand, London.



J. Vanderbank inv.

G. J. Gucke sculp.

THE
HISTORY *and* FALL,

OF THE
Lady *JANE* GRET.



LONDON: MDCCXXIX.

THE

HISTORY OF

THE

REPUBLIC

OF THE



was an obstinate and unrelenting rigor to the Possessions
while those, who had the strongest Claims at Heart,
desisted nothing more than the Encroachments of Rome
taking Place upon her own to the Throne.

THE Divorce of her Mother, and her own illegitimacy
in Consequence of it, were no weak Points to the
Claim of Prince's Mary: But her Brother, King Edward's

HISTORY *and* FALL

Right should be supported by her Administration, the
unjust Errors were used to reclaim this Lady from her
Aspirations; but all in vain. As much Zeal was employ'd

on the other hand to establish in her Principles;
and the same Errors made in their own Con-
cern, that she should have no Objections in her Way

of thinking. The Emperor's Embassadors particularly de-
manded the Lady Mary's Hand, which was refused, for-
eign Ships were appointed by that Potentate to transport
her, either by Violence or Stealth, out of England to her
own. As this Scheme got Air, different Methods were

HERE is something in the History of
this unfortunate Lady, which the Records
of Nations can hardly parallel. She ascen-

ded a Throne, without any Ambition prompt-
ing her to it; and became an *Usurper*, with-
out any willing Treason on her side. Too

fatal Thirst of Power in her aspiring Parents! She, who
was made the Property of their Pride, fell a Victim to
their Indiscretion! Nor could Policy, and cruel Reasons of
State, save, whom her own Innocence ought to have sav'd.

Vol. I. O ENGLAND,

290 *The HISTORY and FALL of*

ENGLAND, upon the Demise of King *Edward* the VIth, underwent a dangerous Struggle upon the Affair of Religion. The *Reform'd* Church was not so well establish'd in the Hearts of the Subject, but that Numbers still panted after *Papish* Tenets. These all had their Eyes and Affections turn'd on the King's Sister, Princess *Mary*, who was an obstinate and unalterable Bigot to that Persuasion; while those, who had the *Protestant* Cause at Heart, dreaded nothing more than the Encroachments of *Rome* taking Place upon her Succession to the Throne.

THE Divorce of her Mother, and her own Illegitimation in Consequence of it, were no weak Barrs to the Claim of Princess *Mary*: But, her Brother, King *Edward's* Zeal for the Protestant Interest, gave him a thousand Fears for the Safety of his Kingdom; and lest the establish'd Religion shou'd be subverted by her Administration, the utmost Efforts were used to reclaim this Lady from her *Superstition*; but all in vain. As much Zeal was employ'd on the other hand to keep her steady in her Principles; and the *Romish* Powers abroad made it their own Concern, that she shou'd have no Obstructions in her Way of thinking. The *Emperor's* Embassador particularly demanded of King *Edward*, that the Lady *Mary* might have free Exercise of the *Mass*; and when this was denied, certain Ships were appointed by that Potentate to transport her, either by Violence or Stealth, out of *England* to *Antwerp*. As this Scheme got Air, effectual Methods were taken to disappoint it; and the Council were now order'd to declare to the Princess, that the King had permitted her the Use of the *Mass* too long, and considering her Obstinacy, was resolv'd now no longer to indulge her in it, unless she wou'd put him in Hopes of her Conformity in some short Time. The Lady *Mary* with great Constancy reply'd to the Lords, That her Soul was God's; and touching her Faith, as she cou'd not change, so she wou'd not dissemble it. Reply was made, that the King intended not to constrain her Faith, but to

restrain

restrain the outward Profession of it; in regard of the Danger the Example might draw. This Debate was soon seconded with another Embassador from the *Emperor*, and a threatening Message of War, in case his Cousin, the Lady *Mary*, shou'd be deny'd the free Exercise of the *Mass*. King *Edward* hereupon applies to the ghostly Advice of the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, and the Bishops of *London* and *Rocheſter*: The Prelates give it as their Opinion, that to give Licence to Sin, was Sin; but that to connive at Sin might be allow'd, so it were not too long, nor without Hope of Reformation. A short Answer was given to the Embassador, that the King wou'd send to the *Emperor* within a Month or two, and give him such Satisfaction as shou'd be fit.

THE King, too uncertain of the Faith, both of his Subjects and his Confederates, labour'd to strengthen himself by Alliances abroad, and Promotions at home of such, in whom he judg'd he might repose the firmest Confidence. The King of *Denmark* was solicited to a Marriage with King *Edward's* youngest Sister, the Lady *Elizabeth*: The *French* King was complimented with our Order of the *Garſter*, and Commissioners dispatch'd to treat with him about some Matters of Secrecy and Importance. King *Edward*, from the *French* ſide, had the Order of *St. Michael* ſent him, and the Daughter of *France* betroth'd to him in Marriage.

THIS Treaty furniſh'd a Proſpect of ſome Security and Contentment to King *Edward*; but often we ſuppoſe our State to be moſt ſafe, when, indeed, it is moſt unſure. As a Teſtimony of his Joy, he advanced many to high Titles of Honour: Amongſt the reſt, the Lord Marquels *Dorſet* was created Duke of *Suffolk*; and the Earl of *Warwick*, Duke of *Northumberland*; and Sir *Robert Dudley*, a Son of that Duke, was ſworn one of the Gentlemen of the King's Chamber. Happy had it been, perhaps, (ſays Sir *Richard Baker*) if this had never been; for after his

292 *The HISTORY and FALL of*

his coming into a Place so near about him, the King enjoy'd his Health but a While.

THIS young Prince, now entering into the Seventh Year of his Reign, fell into an Indisposition, which (whether procured by sinister Practice, or growing upon him by natural Infirmary) was attended with a Cough, which soon after fix'd on his Lungs. Rumours were spread abroad by some, that a Nosegay had been given him at New-Years-Tide, which brought him into this slow, but deadly Consumption. The Tongues of the Subject were very free in declaring their Suspicions of Poyson; a Jealousie that too generally attends the Death of Princes. However the Truth might be, he was brought at last to so great Extremity, that his Physicians despair'd of his Life; and when Physicians cou'd do him no good, a Quack of a Matron (who was thought to be prepar'd for the Purpose) took him in hand, and encreas'd his Malady. For, with her Applications, his Legs soon began to swell, his Pulse fail'd, his Skin chang'd Colour, and a Number of bad Symptoms concurr'd to bespeak his approaching Death.

WHAT, 'tis probable, might encrease the Suspicion of his being poyson'd, was the subtle After-Game that was play'd on his weak and unsuspecting Youth. The aspiring Thoughts of the new Duke of *Northumberland* were now grown ripe to be put in Execution. He was advanced in Title of Honour, equal with the highest; in Authority and Power above the Highest; he had placed his politick Son *Sir Robert Dudley*, as but now was hinted, near the King's Person; and was as industrious to remove all others from the Presence, who cou'd in any kind be Obstacles to his own dark Counsels.

THE young King, who dy'd before he was full Seventeen Years of Age, and the Lady *Jane Grey*, from their earliest Infancy were bred up together. This Lady was the eldest Daughter of the Duke of *Suffolk*, by *Frances* Daughter of *Charles Brandon* and *Mary Queen of France*, who

who was Sister to King *Henry* the VIIIth of *England*. Too fatal for her was it, that King *Henry* the VIIIth determin'd she should take her Education along with his Son Prince *Edward*. As they were both much of an Age, constant Play-Fellows and Students together, the gentle Band of Friendship betwixt them grew with their Years; they lov'd each other tenderly, as if they were Brother and Sister; and the King was as a common Parent to them both. Sympathy of Soul and Inclination frequently conspire to strengthen the sacred Union of Friendship. Lady *Jane* had something in the Composition of her Mind so much of a piece with that of Prince *Edward*, that she soon became the dearest to him of all his Royal Kindred. They agreed in all the innocent Amusements of Youth, and no less in the graver Business of Education. When the Affair of Learning call'd them from Diversions, this Princely Maid was equally his Companion in his Studies. Her Genius was qualified for the sober Page of the *Historian*, and the Rapture of the Poet; the Stores of *Latin* and *Grecian* Wit became familiar to her; and the Languages of *Plato* and *Virgil* were as much her own, as that of the *English* Court.

AS in her Form and Features she was a Master-piece of Beauty, so in her intellectual Parts she was the Paragon of her Time. Sweetness of Temper, Affability, Virtue, and Piety, were her distinguishing Characteristicks. She had every Quality, that cou'd make her Sex amiable and graceful, without any Allays of Levity that make others obnoxious and ridiculous. And as King *Edward* was remarkable for an Attachment to Religion, more than common at his Years; so divine Contemplation, and the Offices of Devotion, got the Ascendant in Lady *Jane*, over all youthful Pleasures: Heaven and Immortality alone were the Objects, that seem'd worthy to employ her Faculties.

THE politick *Northumberland* mark'd well her Excellence, and that intimate Degree of Favour in which she stood with her Sovereign. He judg'd, she might be a

Wife of Advantage for his Son, the Lord *Guilford Dudley*; and propos'd the Match to the Duke of *Suffolk*, her Father. The House of *Northumberland* was too considerable for such an Alliance to be rejected; and the Marriage was immediately clapp'd up by the Parents.

THE Lord *Guilford Dudley*, both in Person and Accomplishments, was every way worthy of the Lady *Jane* for his Embraces. He had beheld her ripening Charms with the Eyes of a Lover; and she had heard him profess his Flame, with a Satisfaction that spoke her not displeas'd at the Subject. In this Match was an Union of Hand and Heart to ensure their Happiness, had not the ill-weav'd Ambition of the aspiring *Northumberland* unravell'd the glorious Work; so that by his pernicious Schemes, the very Beginning of their Joys was made the Foundation for their Ruin. Again, if *Northumberland* had the aggrandizing of his Son at Heart, *Suffolk* and his Dutches were not less solicitous in the Advancement of their Daughter.

THE King now every Day sunk deeper into a languishing Sickness; and now was it the *Crisis* for these ambitious Dukes to practise upon his Weakness. They did not fail to take Opportunities of reminding him, that as his Father's Marriage with Queen *Catharine* of *Spain* had been pronounced void by Parliament, his Sister *Mary* was thereby illegitimated; and that as Queen *Anne Bullen* had suffer'd the Law upon evident Proof of Adultery, the Crime of the Mother ought to be a Barr to the Succession of her Daughter *Elizabeth*: It remained therefore only to persuade the young King, to exclude his two Sisters from Succession to the Crown; for, that done, the Lady *Jane*, who was his next Relation at home, wou'd come to have a Right. For as to any Pretensions to be made from *Scotland*, or any other remote Claims, they were not worth a Consideration. And now to work the King more readily to this Persuasion, (being so far advanced in the Decay of his Health, and so greatly in Danger of dying;) they inculcate to him, how much it concern'd him to have a

Care

Care of Religion, that it might be preserv'd in Purity, not only in his own Life, but likewise after his Death; that this cou'd not be expected, if his Sister the Lady *Mary* shou'd succeed; and that she cou'd not be put by, unless his other Sister, the Lady *Elizabeth*, was put by also, seeing their Rights depended one upon another. But that if he pleased to appoint the Lady *Jane*, his own next Kinswoman, after his Sisters, to be his Successor; every Fear for the Safety of the Church wou'd be remov'd; he might then be sure that the true Religion wou'd be maintain'd, and he wou'd shew a worthy Act of his own religious Providence, and Care for his Subjects.

THIS was to strike upon the right String of the young King's Affection, with whom nothing was so dear as Preservation of Religion. His last Will was forthwith appointed to be drawn, contriv'd chiefly by the Lord Chief Justice *Mountague*, and Secretary *Cecil*; by which Will, as far as in him lay, he excluded his two Sisters from the Succession to the Throne, and all others, except the Duke of *Suffolk's* Daughters. This Instrument prepar'd, the young King caused it to be read before his Council, he then requir'd them all to assent unto it, and to subscribe their Hands, which they all, both Nobility, and Bishops, and Judges accordingly did; only Archbishop *Cranmer* refus'd at first; Sir *James Hales*, a Judge of the *Common Pleas*, to the last; and with them also Sir *John Baker*, Chancellor of the *Exchequer*.

THIS important Will so executed and authoriz'd, there remain'd nothing for the Dukes of *Suffolk*, or *Northumberland's* Purpose, but that the King shou'd dye. Nor did they long wait for this grateful Issue. It seems from many Accounts to be very doubtful, whether the Lady *Jane* was intrusted with these Transactions in her Favour: 'Tis said, that just before the young King expir'd, seeing his beauteous Successor in Tears at his Bed-side, he reach'd out his Hand to her, and grasping it as hard as his Weakness wou'd permit him, *I live*, said he, *only to bid Thee*

farewel, my gentle Cousin: Do thou be good to England, when I am no more; and to the best of thy Power, stand Protector of that Faith, in which we have both been educated. These Words, which, perhaps, she cou'd not then expound to herself, were soon after explain'd to her, as much to her Dislike, as to her Astonishment.

THE virtuous young *Edward* having bid Adieu to Mortality, the Duke of *Northumberland* took upon him to sit at the Helm of Power, and to order every Thing after his own Pleasure. Two Days after the Demise of the King, he, with others of the Council, sent to the Lord Mayor, charging that he, with six Aldermen, and twelve principal Commons, shou'd repair presently to the Court; to whom, when they came, it was signified that King *Edward* was dead; and that by his last Will, to which all the Nobility and Judges had given Assent, he had appointed the Lady *Jane*, Daughter to the Duke of *Suffolk*, to succeed him: The Letters Patent hereof were shewn to them, and thereupon they were requir'd to take their Oaths of Allegiance, and to secure the City in their Queen's Behalf; which, whether dissemblingly, or sincerely, whether for Love, or out of Fear, yet they did, and departed.

TO the Dutcheß of *Suffolk* was committed the Care of opening to her Daughter the first Notices of Majesty and purple Greatness attending her; a Task that the well-pleas'd Mother undertook with Joy and Pride; and hastied to make her Daughter entertain the coming Glory. Scarce was this astonishing Piece of News imparted to the Lady *Jane*, ere the Dukes of *Suffolk* and *Northumberland*, her own and Husband's Fathers; the Lord *Guilford Dudley*, her Husband; and a Train of the Lords of the *Privy-Council*, advanced, and kneeling at her Feet, presented her the Pledges of their Homage and Obedience. Lady *Jane*, who imagin'd there must be a thousand Barrs to oppose her Title to the Imperial Wreath, was chill'd with Amazement and sudden Horror; and wanted the Aid of her dearest

est Friends, to rescue her from this Scene of growing Danger. She was cover'd with Confusion at what seem'd to her a Mock, and unreal Show of Greatness: She told them they were hanging Pageant-Glories upon her, and dressing her up in Honours she had no Right to wear. The Duke of Northumberland, to satisfy her Doubts, reply'd, that the Daughters of his late great Master Henry stood excluded by the Law from Succession; that King Edward, his last Master, had by Will bequeath'd his Crown to her Possession; and that the Concurrence of the Lords in Council had unanimously ratified the Princely Gift. All these Informations were too weak to ease the Doubts of this unambitious Heroine. She cou'd not conceive that Crowns and Empire, that the Government and the Safety of a Nation, were Trifles of such slight Importance, as to devolve by Will, like other common Pledges of departing Friends; or that Kings cou'd give away a People for a Legacy at Discretion. *Could Edward's Will, she said, or twenty Lords in Council, make her a Queen in Defiance of the Law; or give her a Power to dispute the Title with King Henry's Daughters? Consult better, my Lords, the ancient Honours of the Realm; and the great Rule of lineal Inheritance. The Nobles, and Mitred Fathers, the whole Body of the Commons solemnly assembled, shou'd have testified the Voice of a consenting People, and pledg'd the universal Faith to make me justly a Queen. Think not that I can be allured with the painted Side of Royalty; that I can esteem it Greatness to be the Idol of a servile Court: No; you are inviting me to Sorrow and Misfortune, in the Shape of gorgeous Greatness. You are pressing me to do an Injury, that will make a Wretch of me for ever: You are pressing me to usurp a sacred Charge, for which I shall be accountable both to Heaven and the Justice of the Nation. Freely, my Lords, will I resign my Life for the Safety of England; but excuse me from submitting to forfeit Life knowingly to her Resentments.* Here it was again reply'd to her by Northumberland, that her dear Country stood upon the Brink of Ruin, and only she

could save it: That Persecution, and Tortures, and wide-wasting Martyrdom, must be the Consequences of *Mary's* Succession; that the Rage of *Rome* would not be satisfied with Hecatombs of bleeding Protestants: That with Superstition, Tyranny, that heaviest Curse of groaning Nations, would oppress the Land, and bow the Necks of a noble, free-born People, beneath the Iron Yoke of a lawless, and arbitrary Dominion. That if her generous Heart relented at the Certainty of her Country's Misery; at her Sons being the Spoil and Slaves of Hair-brain'd and bloody Zeal; her Virtue ought to kindle at the great Occasion of Redress; and the Nicety of Scruples, which the Hazard of the Times could not dispence with, should be sacrificed to the important Regards of Safety, the Concern for Religion, and the Preservation of a tottering Nation.

THESE Arguments were too cogent, and too powerfully press'd, not to have their due Weight on a Spirit of her Tenderness and Piety. They were seconded with the Petitions of a kneeling Father, and a kneeling Husband: so that her Objections, and Resolutions, were stagger'd and vanquish'd by such Motives. She foresaw the Danger of consenting to their Supplications, but submitted to be the Martyr, so it were in the Cause of Religion, and the Behalf of the Publick Welfare. The next Day the Lady *Jane* was brought in great State to the *Tower of London*, and there declared *Queen*; and afterwards with the Sound of Trumpet proclaim'd through the City.

THE Lady *Mary*, in the mean while, did not want Agents to give her the Earliest Intelligence of King *Edward's* Death; and of the Designs and Motions of the Two aspiring Dukes of *Suffolk* and *Northumberland*. As she thought it not safe to let a Faction get Ground for Want of Opposition, and as She fear'd the Influence of Lady *Jane's* Virtues on the Minds of the Populace, She determines at once to put in her Claim to the *Regal* Sear. Immediately, She removes from *Horseshon*, with a trusty Retinue,

Retinue, to her Manor of *Keninghall* in *Norfolk*, and under pretence of fearing Infection, having lately lost one of her household Servants by the Plague, in one Day she rode forty Miles; and from thence made equal Haste to reach her Castle of *Framingham* in *Suffolk*. Here she takes upon her the Name and Dignity of Queen; and hither resort to her most Part of the Gentry of *Norfolk* and *Suffolk*, offering their Assistance. The only Terms demanded by them, and accepted on her Part, were, that no Alteration should be attempted, or suffer'd, in *Religion*.

FINDING herself encrease every Day in Friends, and that Numbers pour'd in to espouse her Party, she was advised to write a Letter to the Lords of the Council to this Effect; That as the whole World knew, and no Subject in particular could pretend to be ignorant of her Right to the Crown, so she would cause her Title to be publish'd and proclaim'd accordingly: That tho' it seem'd strange to her, that she had hitherto had no Knowledge from them of the Death of her Royal Brother, yet that she consider'd their Wisdom and Prudence to be Such, that she trusted with much Assurance in their Loyalty and Service, and therefore would interpret every Thing in the best Sense: That she was not ignorant of their Consultations to undo the Provisions made for her Preferment; nor of their Assemblies and Preparations, and to what End. That whatever Consideration, politick, or otherwise, had mov'd them thereto, she could take their Doings in gracious Part, and freely pardon the same, to decline both Bloodshed and Revenge; and that as she trusted they would accept her Grace, and not inforce her to use the Strength of her Friends in her just and rightful Case; she did require and charge them on their Allegiance forthwith to cause her Right to the Crown and Government of the Realm to be proclaim'd in her City of *London*, and where else to their Wisdoms seem'd meet; and that they should not fail thereof, as her very Trust was in Them.

TO this Letter of hers the Lords answer'd, That for What they did they had good Warrant; not only by King *Edward's* last Will, but by the Laws of the Land; considering her Mother's Divorce, and her own Illegitimation: and therefore they required her to submit herself as a quiet Subject to the just Title of Queen *Jane*, her and their Sovereign.

THE Quarrel on both Sides being thus begun by Letters, is now to be prosecuted by Arms. The Lords for their General made Choice of the Duke of *Suffolk*, as a Man most likely to be firm and sure in the Employment: but the Queen, his Daughter, could not dispense with his Absence; and was, besides, not willing to hazard his Person. Hereupon, she by Entreaties, and the Lords by Perswasions, prevail with the Duke of *Northumberland* to undertake the Charge. Before his Grace's setting out, having had a Conference with the Lords, he let them know how sensible he was of a double Danger he must undergo in that Enterprize; both in respect of the Lady against whom he went, and in respect of Them whom he left behind him: For if They in his absence should by any Accident be drawn to waver in their Resolution, they might work their own Safety with his Destruction, and make themselves seem innocent by charging the Guilt on him. One of the Lords immediately took off the Force of this Objection, by arguing, that his Grace made a Doubt of what could not be; for which of Them all could wash his Hands clean of the Business? and therefore it behov'd them to be as resolute as himself. The Earl of *Arundel*, in particular, to testify his Steadiness in the Matter, said, He was sorry it was not his Chance to go with his Grace, at whose Feet he could find in his Heart to spend his Blood.

EVERY Day now was busie in this contested Interest, and every Day produced fresh Alarms and Embroilments. What Stirring on each Side! What Heart-burning among the People! What fair Pretences outwardly,
inwardly

inwardly what foul and treacherous Practices ! Those deepest concern'd, were at a Loss to know which Side Fortune would favour : and Those, who stood by and waited the Issue, were as doubtful to which Party they ought to wish Success.

THE pious Lady *Jane* was all this while lamenting the Necessity of her Grandeur ; submitting to the Toil and Anxiety of being a Queen, and sacrificing the Peace of her Youth, and calm Soul, to Tumults that she was prevail'd on to think for the Good of the Publick ! How often did she wish to be laid in a quiet Grave, rather than live to be the Subject of Blood and civil Contention ! How often did she put up a fervent Prayer to Heaven, to be the Guardian of that Cause to which she must fall a Victim !

THE Duke of *Northumberland*, attended by the Marquis of *Northampton*, the Lord *Grey*, and divers others of Account, set forward on their Journey in the Behalf of this beauteous Mourner. The Forces which compos'd his Army, were 3000 Foot, and 2000 Horse : They took their Rout thro' *Shoredich*, where the Duke observ'd to my Lord *Grey*, See, with what Eagerness the People press to see Us, but not One has the Heart to cry, God speed our Arms !

THE Duke, that his Proceedings might have the better Face of Warranty in Case of any Disaster, had every Day's March appointed him by Commission. This Precaution, as the Sequel shew'd, was the Parent of Misfortune : For the Slowness of his Marches (whether they were so order'd on Purpose by Some that favour'd the Lady *Mary's* Side) was certainly a great Help to her Proceedings. For by this Means she had the more Leisure to make her Preparations ; and indeed, in this Time, two Accidents happen'd greatly to her Benefit. One was, that *Edward Hastings*, the Earl of *Huntington's* Brother, who had a Body of 4000 Foot committed to him by the Duke of *Northumberland*, forsook his Party, and went
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over with them to the Lady *Mary*. The other was, that six great Ships which lay before *Yarmouth*, to intercept the Lady *Mary*, if she should attempt to fly, at the Instigation of Sir *Henry Farningham*, came over her Aid.

THESE two Revolts so terrified the *Londoners*, that tho' Doctor *Ridley*, Bishop of *London*, preach'd a Sermon at *Paul's Cross*, in which he exhorted the People to stand firm to Queen *Jane*, whose Cause he affirmed to be most just, yet few or none were persuaded by him. The Lords themselves meanly fell off from her Party; and even the Earl of *Arundel*, who was so sanguine in her Cause when her Army first set out, now fell to Invektives against the Duke of *Northumberland*. The Consequence of this Wavering, was, that They all joining in Opinion, call'd for the *Mayor*, and in *London* proclaim'd the Lady *Mary* Queen.

THESE discomfortable Events soon came to the Knowledge of the Duke of *Northumberland*, who was then at *Bury*. Seeing how Affairs went, he thought it his best Course to comply with the Stream, and thereupon returning to *Cambridge*, he took the Mayor of the Town with him into the Market-place, and there he himself, for want of an Herald, proclaim'd the Lady *Mary* Queen, and threw up his Hat in a joyful Show of Loyalty.

BUT Shows of Loyalty were not sufficient to acquit him of Treason. The next Morning *Henry Fitz-Allen*, Earl of *Arundel*, came into *Cambridge* from Queen *Mary*, and entering the Duke's Chamber, the Duke fell on his Knees, desiring Him for God's Love to consider his Case, who had done Nothing but by the Warrant of Him, and the Council. My Lord, said the Earl, *I am sent hither by the Queen to arrest you: And I, reply'd the Duke, obey your Arrest; yet I beseech your Lordship to use Mercy towards him, whose Acts have been no other than were enjoyn'd by Commission.* — You should have thought of that sooner, said the Earl, and thereupon committed him to a Guard, and left him to the Queen's Mercy.

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THUS ended all this great Duke's Designs in his own Destruction, and the Ruine of his Family. He was brought to fall on his Knees to them, who had often before bow'd their Knees to him: And the Earl, who at the Duke's going out could have been contented to spend his Blood at his Feet, was now contented to be made an Instrument of his Fall. So sudden are the Turns of Men's Affections, and so unstable is the Building upon their Asseverations! The Beginning of the Duke's Misfortunes was attended with the breaking up his Army, and the Commitment of a Number of Noble Persons, that had shewn themselves forward in a mistaken Cause.

AND now Calamity advances from the designing *Accessaries* to the innocent *Principal*. Lady *Jane's* Grandeur ends in a short Reign of Ten Days. The Duke of *Sussex*, her Father, enters her Chamber, and tells her, she must now put off her Royal Robes, and be contented with a private Life. To which she answer'd, She would much more willingly put them off, than she had put them on; and would never have done it, but in Obedience to him and her Mother; and from Motives that were press'd upon her, as her Duty, to comply with.

THE Lady *Mary* having been proclaim'd Queen in *London*, and other Parts of the Realm, remov'd from her Castle of *Framingham*; and from thence coming on to *Wanstead* in *Essex*, was there met by her Sister, the Lady *Elizabeth*, with a Train of a Thousand Horse. The foregoing Commotions had made some Severities necessary, so that the Reign of this Queen commenced with Blood.

THE great Duke of *Northumberland* is now arraign'd at *Westminster-Hall*, where *Thomas* Duke of *Norfolk* sat as High Steward of *England*. The Duke of *Northumberland*, after his Indictment was read, requir'd the Opinion of the Court in two Points; first, Whether a Man doing any Act by Authority of the Prince's Council, and by Warrant of the Great Seal of *England*, might for any such Act

Act be charg'd with Treason? Secondly, Whether any such Persons as were equally culpable, and by whose Commandments he was directed, could be his Judges, and pass upon his Tryal? It was reply'd to him, That the Great Seal, which he alledg'd for his Warrant, was not the Seal of the lawful Queen of the Realm, but of an *Usurper*, and therefore it could be no Warrant for him. And to his Second Question it was resolv'd, That if any were as deeply concern'd in the Case as himself, yet, so long as no *Attainder* was on Record against them, They were Persons able in Law to pass upon his Tryal, and not to be challeng'd but at the Prince's Pleasure. The Duke saw that Words would but little avail him, so confess'd the Indictment, and accordingly had Judgment pronounc'd to dye. By his Example, the other Prisoners arraign'd with him confess'd the Indictments, and likewise receiv'd Judgment of Death.

THE Condemnation of the Duke was speedily follow'd by his Execution; He was brought to the Scaffold in a Gown of green-colour'd Damask, where he made a long Speech, confess'd his Offences against the Queen, for which he ask'd Forgiveness; and then, professing that he died a true *Catholic*, look'd about him as expecting a Pardon: but finding his Hopes thereof frustrated, he quietly laid down his Head on the Block, and at one Blow had it struck off. It has been observ'd of this Duke, That it may well be doubted what *Religion* he was of, seeing at his Death he profess'd himself a *Papist*; who had before importun'd King *Edward* to make the Lady *Jane* his Successor, lest the *Papal* Religion should be restor'd. It seems, he was a Temporizer in his *Faith*, as in his *Politicks*: a *Protestant* then, when it was to make his Daughter-in-Law a Queen; and now a *Papist*, when it was to save his Life: for it was thought he had a Pardon promis'd, on Condition of his coming over to the Queen's Church.

THE Duke's Execution was follow'd with some sprinklings of Mercy from the Throne: The Duke of *Suffolk*, who had been committed to the *Tower*, at the Intercession of his Wife obtain'd his Release from thence. But this piece of Grace was interlac'd with Severities: For now Archbishop *Cranmer*, the Lady *Jane*, late Queen, the Lord *Guildford Dudley* her Husband, and two other Sons of the late Duke of *Northumberland*, were all arraign'd at *Guildhall*, found guilty, and had Judgment to dye. Again, some Remorse and Compassion shew'd Themselves in the Queen: for the Lady *Jane* was allow'd the Liberty of the *Tower*, not without Hope of Life, and Liberty altogether, if her Father, the Duke of *Suffolk*, had not a second Time been the Cause of her Destruction.

WHEN the Match was concluded betwixt Queen *Mary* and *Philip* Prince of *Spain*, Some, who thought themselves wiser than the Queen and Council, precipitately oppos'd it; giving out, that it tended to bring *England* under the Yoke of *Spain*, and to make the Country a Slave to Strangers. This was the general Murmuring of the Malecontents; but the first, who shew'd himself in Arms to oppose this design'd Marriage, was Sir *Thomas Wyatt* of *Kent*: And soon after the Duke of *Suffolk* was perceiv'd in *Warwickshire*, to be raising Forces in Assistance of *Wyat*. But so unsuccessful were his Efforts, that with all his Industry and Interest, he had collected but fifty Men, that would come into his Scheme. The Earl of *Huntington* was presently sent down to put a Stop to his Proceedings: and the Duke, finding how unable he was to make Resistance, betook himself, as some say, to one *Underwood*, a Tenant of his, with whom he hop'd to remain undiscover'd, till he might have Opportunity of Escaping: As others say, to one *Lawrence*, a Keeper of his Park; who hid him in an hollow Oak for two or three Days: But whether *Underwood*, or *Lawrence*, were the Party trusted; either out of Fear, or Hope of Reward,

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the conceal'd Duke was betray'd to the Earl of *Huntington*; by whom he was taken, and under a strong Guard convey'd to the *Tower*.

NOW Consultation was held what Delinquents should be punish'd, where the first that was thought on was the unfortunate Lady *Jane*. In her Case was literally verified this Text, *The Fathers have eaten sower Grapes, and the Children's Teeth are set on Edge*. The innocent Lady must suffer for her Father's Fault: for if the Duke of *Suffolk* had not this second Time made Shipwreck of his Loyalty, his Daughter, perhaps, had never tasted the Effects of the Queen's Displeasure: but now, as a Rock of Offence, she is the first that must be remov'd.

IMMEDIATELY upon the Duke of *Suffolk's* Commitment, Lady *Jane*, his Daughter, is put under the closest Restraint. Intercessions are in vain press'd on the Queen to have Pity on her Innocence. The cruel Politicians tell her that Mercy would be inconsistent with her Safety: and that the Crown can never be establish'd on her Head, so long as her Rival survives to foment Rebellion in the Land. The Queen is oblig'd to sacrifice her Tenderness to State-Policy; but, out of a ghostly Care, she sends Dr. *Feknam* to Lady *Jane*, to acquaint her, That she must prepare herself to dye the next Day; with permission to make Ouvertures of Pardon to her, if she would submit to leave her new Religion, and embrace the Old. The Message of Death was so little unpleasing to Lady *Jane*, that she seem'd rather to rejoyce at it, as whereby she should at last be set at Liberty: And as to any Change of Faith, she answer'd, she had now no Time to think of any Thing, but of preparing herself by Prayer. *Feknam*, who flatter'd himself with the Glory of such a Convert, thought she had spoken this to the End that she might have some longer Time of Life, and therefore obtain'd of the Queen a Respite of her Execution for three days, and then came back and acquainted Lady *Jane* with the Reprieve. The undaunted young Heroine smil'd on the Doctor,

tor, and told him, *You are much deceiv'd, Sir, if you think I had any Desire of longer Life: for I assure you, since the Time you went from me, my Life has been so tedious to me, that I long for Nothing so much as Death: and since it is the Queen's Pleasure, I am most willing to undergo it.*

AS she was too stedfast a Votary to give Way to *Apostacy* in Religion on any Terms, *Focknam* gave over his unprevailing Attempt, and left her to her Fate. The same fatal Morning, *viz.* the twelfth day of *February*, in the Year 1553, seven Months after the Demise of the pious *Edward*, was appointed for the Death of her, and the Lord *Guilford* her Husband. Before he was led to Execution, he had made Suit, and obtain'd to see his dying Wife, and have some Conference with her: But she refus'd it, saying, such Interviews were rather Augmenters of Grief, than Comforts of Death; that she made no doubt, but they should shortly meet in a better Place, and in a better Condition of Society. Tho' she labour'd to decline the Sorrow which a parting Conference with him must have given her on so sad an Occasion, she could not avoid another heart-wounding Affliction: for at the very Instant she was conducting to the Scaffold, she met the Cart returning with his headless Body. A Shock, like This, tho' it caused the Tears to burst from her fair Eyes, could not discompose the Serenity of her Mind. She seem'd to reflect at once that his Pains were over: and hasted, as it were, to the Stage, to get rid of her Own.

The Place appointed for her Execution, was within the Walls of the *Tower*, that she might be less the Object of the publick Pity. But no Precautions of this Sort could prevent the Populace from rushing to this dreadful Spectacle. When she had ascended the Scaffold, complacent, and unruffled, she threw her beauteous Eyes round on the Crowd of Spectators, that were almost drown'd in their Tears, and Compassion for her Down-fall. Addressing herself to speak to them, she gently wav'd her Hand, as exhorting them rather to attend to, than weep

weep for her: then told them in short, That she was condemn'd by the Law for an Offence against their Queen; That she had deserv'd Death, not for seeking the Crown; but for not refusing it, being offer'd: then desiring their Prayers, and taking Leave of those Servants who were allow'd to attend her, she laid herself down reverently on the Block, and patiently suffer'd Death, more grievous to the Beholders than to herself.

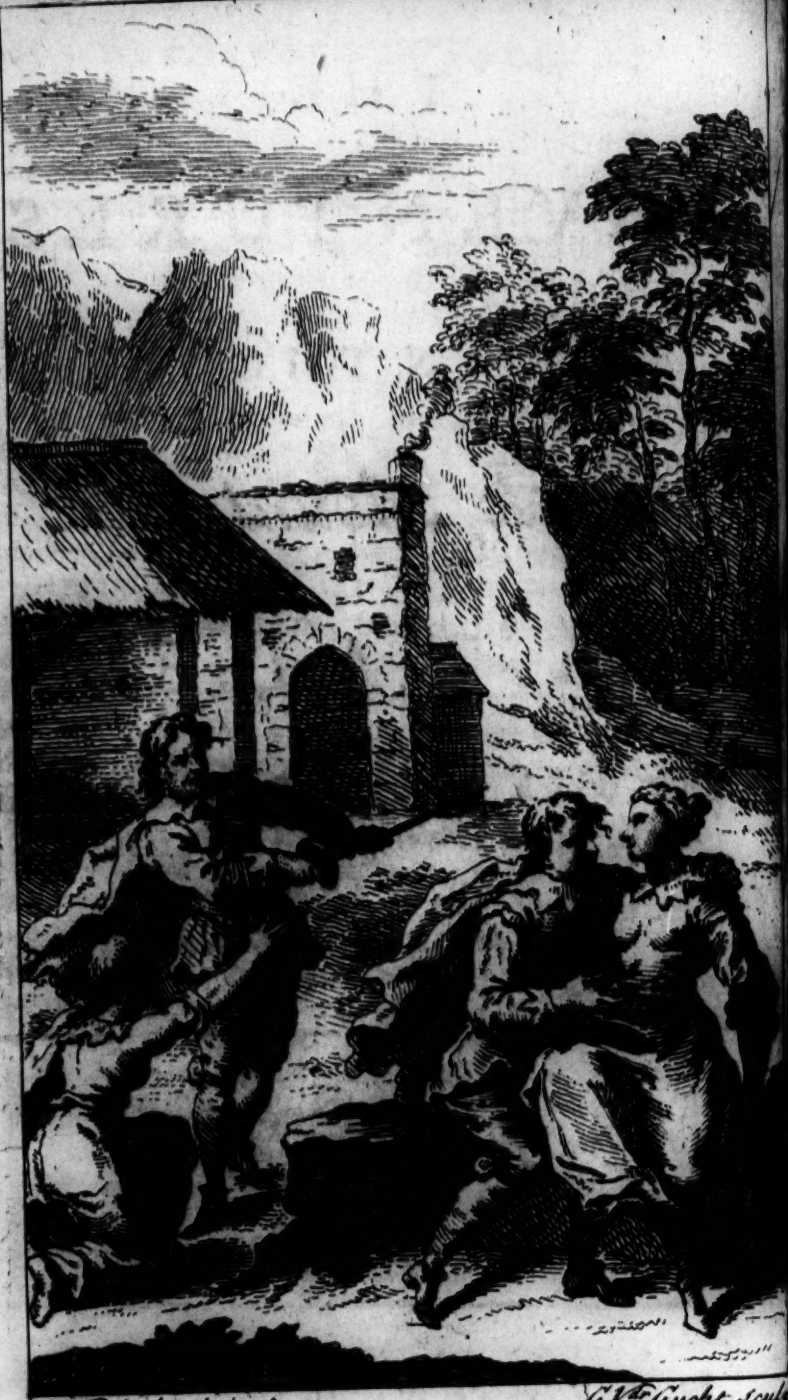
THUS ended the Life and Calamities of this most lamented young Lady, whose Character is thus sum'd up by Sir *Richard Baker*: "She was a Lady of incomparable Piety, and, for her Years, of incomparable Learning: for being not past seventeen Years of Age, she understood perfectly the *Greek* and *Latin* Tongues; and was so ready in points of *Divinity*, as if she knew them by *Inspiration* rather than by *Instruction*: no less a Miracle in this kind than King *Edward*; and therefore no Marvel if he appointed her to succeed him in the Kingdom, who in the Endowments of Mind was so like to him, that whilst she reign'd, it might be thought he continued to reign himself."

IT has been remember'd in History, that Judge *Morgan*, who, at her Arraignment, gave the Sentence against her, shortly after fell mad; and, in his raving, cry'd continually to have the Lady *Jane* taken away from him: And, thus continuing, dy'd in the strongest Agonies and Terror of Mind.

The E N D.







J. Vanderbank inv.

G. V. G. Gucht sculp.

THE
ADVENTURES
ON THE

Black Mountains;

A TALE,

Upon which the Plan of a Posthumous
Play, call'd DOUBLE FALSHOOD,
was written Originally by
W. SHAKESPEARE.



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THE
ADVENTURES
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IN a delightful Village near *Seville*, in the Province of *Andaluzia* (a Province, the richest in all *Spain*, and therefore justly call'd the *Granary* of that Kingdom;) was good *Cleonardo* retir'd from the Toils of Business, cover'd with Years and Wealth, and now only intent on the Education and Advancement of his darling Son *Cardenio*. Adjoining to him, lived another *Seignior*, equally rich and venerable; for whose declining Years the Sunshine of a Court was become too strong; and whose Joy it was, in a Serene Tranquillity, to watch the Bloom, and ripening Virtues, of his no less darling Daughter *Luscinda*.

THE Intercourse, and good Understanding, betwixt the Two Families, united them so familiarly, that *Cardenio*

denio and *Luscinda*, from their earliest Infancy, were constant Companions and Playfellows. They convers'd together like Brother and Sister, and lov'd as such. Habit, Intimacy, and a Sympathy of Temper, soon improv'd their innocent Commerce into Amity: and as their growing Years made them still more susceptible of Tendernefs, the Regards of Friendship, and youthful Familiarity, were heighten'd into Sentiments of Love. They were, in many Circumstances, like *Ovid's Pyramus* and *Thisbe*: *Cardenio* was as handsom as a Youth ought to be; and *Luscinda* in Beauty out-rival'd all the blooming Virgins round her. So their Dwelling-houses were contiguous; and that Nearnefs gave Birth to the first Notices of Affection. And to make the Parallel still more general, when their mutual Fondnefs began to be observ'd, the Parents on each Side shew'd a Coolnefs and Reserve, and strove to forbid That which Fate would not permit them to prevent: *Vetùere Patres, quod non potuère vetare.*

BUT as it generally happens in Love-Adventures, the Interposition of the Parents help'd to promote the Suit of the young Lovers. Their mutual Desires prompting them, to what the Equality of their Blood and Fortune had before invited, a slight Hindrance serv'd only to add Flame to Flame; and tho' it put Silence to their Tongues, and a Bar to their wonted Interviews, yet could it not impose any Restriction to their Pens, which are us'd to express the Secrecies of the Soul with a freer Liberty than the Tongue. *Cardenio* had the Pleasure by Letter of laying out the Fullness of his Heart, and the Joy of receiving from his adorable Mistress the agreeable Returns of a decent Passion. But Love could not be satisfied alone with such an Intercourse; nor his Fondnefs dispense with a continued Absence from the Object of his Affection. Perceiving himself to be forced on some new Resolution, and that his Soul consumed with a perpetual Desire to behold her, he determin'd to put his Desires in Execution: and finish in an Instant That which he deem'd most expedient

to the atchieving his Wishes; which was to demand Her of her Father for his Wife. The Proposition was instantly made by *Cardenio*; *Luscinda's* Father embraced it with good Will and Liking, but acquainted our Lover, that as his Father yet lived, the Motion of that Matter most properly concern'd him: and that if *Cleomardo* did not assent to the Overture, *Luscinda* was neither to be taken, nor given, by Stealth. *Cardenio* thought it very reasonable that his Father should, and seem'd as certain that he would, agree to the Motion: and therefore engaged at once to communicate the Secret to him.

AS *Cardenio* entred his Father's Chamber, he found him with a Letter open in his Hand; who espying his Son, ere he could break his Mind to him, gave it him with these Words, *By that Letter, Cardenio, you may gather the Desire that Duke Ricardo bears to do you Favour.* This Duke was a *Grandee* of the first Rank in Spain, and whose Dukedom was seated in the best Part of all *Andaluzia*. *Cardenio* read the Letter, which was a pressing Mandate for his instantly addressing himself to Court, in Order to become the Companion of the Duke's eldest Son: and the Duke, on his Part, charg'd himself with advancing *Cardenio* to Preferments, answerable to the Value and Esteem he had for his Person. The enamour'd *Cardenio*, embarrass'd with such a Summons, was struck dumb at the Contents of the Letter; but was still more confounded what to do, upon his Father's acquainting him, that he must depart within two Days to attend the Duke's Commands. This unforeseen Incident made *Cardenio* think it an improper Opportunity to break the Secret of his Passion to his Father. The Term of his Departure came faster than he could have wish'd: and all that he could do under the present Circumstance, was to recount the Truth of Affairs to *Luscinda's* Father, entreat him to overslip a few Days, and to defer the bestowing of his Daughter elsewhere, till *Cardenio* had understood Duke *Ricardo's* Pleasure. Her Father readily comply'd, and pass'd his Pre-

mise to performance of the Terms : and *Luscinda* confirm'd her Fidelity to *Cardenio* with a thousand endearing Protestations.

CARDENIO arriv'd at Duke *Ricardo's* Court, where he was receiv'd and entertain'd in so friendly a Manner, that Envy began to exercise her accustom'd Function, and the antient Servitors look upon him with malignant Eyes : perswading themselves, that the Disposition which the Duke shew'd of doing him Honour, could not but turn to their Prejudice. He, who shew'd the truest Pleasure in the Arrival of *Cardenio*, was a Second Son of the Duke's, *Don Ferdinand*, who was young, gallant, comely, liberal, and amorous. Tho' the elder Brother lov'd *Cardenio* well, and shew'd him Favour, yet it was in no Respect comparable to that wherewithal *Don Ferdinand* lov'd and treated him. As Intimacy gradually contracts Trust and Confidence, there is no Secresie amongst Friends so great, but They will communicate it the One to the Other. The Familiarity, which *Cardenio* had with *Don Ferdinand*, was now past the Limits of Favour, and turned into dearest Amity. The young Lord reveal'd to him all his Thoughts, but chiefly one of his Love which did not a little molest him.

DON FERDINAND, it happen'd, was become enamour'd of a Farmer's Daughter, that was his Father's Vassal. Her Parents were plain People by their Profession, but without any Touch or Stain of bad Blood : so their Riches and Port gain'd them, by little and little, the Title of Gentility, and the Dues of Worship. Their greatest Treasure, and their best Nobility, in their own Opinion, was their having such a Daughter as *Dorothea* ; (for so was this young Villager call'd) who was so beautiful, discreet, and honest, and had so many Qualifications and Attractions, that no one, who knew her, could absolutely determine, in which of all her Perfections she most excelled. As she was their only Heir, and they were affectionate Parents, they held her most dear ; she was
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the Mirrour wherein they beheld themselves, the Staff of their Old Age, and the Subject to which they address'd all their Desires. As they were virtuous and indulgent, she obedient and wise of Conduct, *Dorothea* was equally Mistress of their Minds and their Substance. Servants were admitted, and dismiss'd, at her Discretion: and the whole Stewardship of their Affairs subject to her ordering. When she went to Mass, she was accompanied by her Mother, or Maid-servants, and so cover'd, and guarded from Attempts, that there was little Danger of her Virtue being betray'd: but these Precautions did not secure her from the View, and, afterwards, the Access of *Don Ferdinand*. No Matter by what Artifices he wound himself into her Family, but, admitted there, he used all the Diligence and Assiduity imaginable to convince her of his Affection. He suborn'd all the Folks of the House with Courtesies: and bestow'd Gifts and Favours on the Parents of *Dorothea*. Every Day was a Holyday, and a Day of Sports, in her Village: and every Night the Streets rung with Harmony of Musick. Letters innumerable were dispatch'd to her from *Don Ferdinand*; all breathing the Praises of her Beauty, and fervent Protestations of his own Affection. *Dorothea* took a kind of Delight to see herself so highly esteem'd and belov'd of so noble a Gentleman: nor was she any thing offended at the Receipt of Billets so highly in her Praise. But her Honesty was That, which oppos'd itself to his Addresses; and the Admonishments of her Parents, who bad her consider the Inequality that was between *Don Ferdinand* and her; and caution'd her to remember, that all his Thoughts, whatever he might affirm to the Contrary, were more address'd to compass his Pleasures, than her Profit: They told her moreover, that to oblige him to abandon a Pursuit, so detrimental to her Honour, they would match her where she most liked; and that would make void his Hope of ever possessing her.

AS her Parents deposited their Honour and Reputation in her Virtue alone and Discretion, *Dorothea* fortified her Resolution and Integrity with the strongest Reserves, and most prudential Conduct. She withdrew herself carefully from all future Interviews with him; and, whenever she could not help seeing him, she would never answer any Word, that might give him the most distant Hope of her condescending to his Desires.

ALL these Cautions, on her Side, but more inflamed the amorous Appetite on his. The Obstruction from enjoying her Company kindled in him Stratagems to enjoy her Person. Love is ready to lend Counsel to his Votaries, and give them Boldness to put that Counsel in Execution. *Don Ferdinand* at once projects the Means, and resolves to put them into Practice. He tampers with her Maid, and is liberal of his Gold to buy her Interest, and procure an Admission to his adorable *Dorothea*.

ONE Night, when this innocent young Beauty was retir'd to her Chamber, and had dismiss'd her Attendant to taste the Pleasures of Solitude and Contemplation, she heard her Door open; and, casting up her Eyes, saw *Don Ferdinand* stand before her in her Chamber. The Surprise and Trouble of such an Intrusion made her almost think her Sight deceiv'd her. Her Confusion so rob'd her of Utterance, that she had no Power to cry out; when he, taking Advantage of her Fright and Admiration, and to prevent the Effects of cooler Recollection, ran suddenly to her, and grasping her in his Arms, express'd a thousand tender Things to abate her Fears; pour'd forth a Flood of Tears to give Credit to his Words; and heav'd his Breast with as many Sighs, to give Countenance to his Intention.

DOROTHEA, all too weakly practis'd in such Affairs, clasp'd and caress'd by a kneeling, weeping, sighing, protesting Lover, began to think all he utter'd true, to pity some Part of the Pains he express'd, but suffer'd not herself to be seduc'd to any accusable Compassion. Recovering herself

self now from her first Fright and Amazement, she assumed Courage enough to parley with him. If, said she, my Lord, as I am between your Arms, I were now within the dangerous Gripe of an hungry Lyon, and were made certain of my Liberty, on Condition to do any thing prejudicial to my Honour, it would be impossible for me, on those Terms, even to accept it. My Mind is confirm'd in virtuous Sentiments, that are wholly different from your Desires; as you shall perceive, if seeking to force me, you presume to pass further in this inordinate Intention. I yet know not how I am betray'd to this Assault, but know that I have Virtue and Strength enough to redeem me from it. I am your Vassal, my Lord, but not your Slave. The Nobility of your Blood hath no Privilege or Power to stain and dishonour, or hold in little Account the Humility of mine. I do esteem myself in this Regard, tho' a Villager and Farmer's Daughter, equal with You that are a Nobleman and a Prince. Wish me your Violence shall not prevail, your Riches extort any Grace, nor your Words, Sighs, or Tears be able to move me to Infamy. If I might remain with Honour, although I rested void of Delights, willingly would I bestow on you That which you at present labour so much to obtain: but as this cannot be, let not your straying Thoughts perswade you to imagine, that any one shall obtain me, that does not claim by the lawful Right of an Husband. — If the Let only consists therein, most beauteous Dorothea, reply'd the Disloyal Lord, behold, I give thee here my Hand with an Assurance to be thine alone: and let the Heavens, from which Nothing is conceal'd, be Witnesses of this Truth. To this, he added the most forcible Words, and strenuous Asseverations of becoming her Husband. Dorothea warn'd him to consider what he did; to weigh the Resentments of the Duke his Father, when he should see him married to one so below him in Birth and Dignity: and to take Heed that her Beauty, such as it was, should not blind him, seeing he should not find therein a sufficient Excuse for his Error: and therefore if he meant to do her any Good, she con-

jur'd him by the Love he profess'd, to permit her Fortunes to roul on in their own quiet Sphere; for that unequal Matches do never please long, nor persevere with that Delight wherewith they begin.

ALL the Reasons she could urge to dissuade, prov'd of no Efficacy to wean him from his obstinate Purpose: He was like one that goes to buy, with Intention never to pay for what he takes up; and therefore never considers the Price, or Worth, or Defects, of his Bargain on Credit. *Dorothea* now revol'd a thousand Things in her Mind: She was irresolute betwixt the Hazard of assenting to so disproportion'd a Match, and what Error she could commit in embracing the Honour, with which Fortune seem'd to crown her. She consider'd, tho' his Affection were to go off upon the Accomplishment of his Will, yet still she should remain his Wife: and she fear'd, should she disdainfully give him the Repulse, he might forget the Duty of a Nobleman, and use Violence to her, and so she should remain for ever dishonour'd. For what could excuse her from the Imputations of the Ignorant? And what Proofs could be sufficiently forcible to persuade her Father, this Nobleman enter'd her Chamber without her Consent? While she was thus debating it with her own Bosom, *Don Ferdinand* reiterated all his former Oaths; again he sigh'd, and wept at her Feet; declin'd his Head on her lovely Breast in the softest Air of Languishment, and implor'd her to bless him with an Assent to his Petition. His Features were most comely, his Form engaging, and his Rhetorick so perswasive, furnish'd with so many Arguments of unfeigned Affection, as were able to conquer and enthrall any other Heart, as free and wary as that of *Dorothea*. His Passion made him watch every Symptom of yielding, or whatever he could interpret such, in the lovely Maid: and whenever he thought he saw the least Tendency to Compliance, he imprecated a thousand terrible Misfortunes to fall on him, if he did not accomplish his Promise to her. A Torrent of Kisses, and the strictest

strictest Embraces now succeeded. Love ply'd his Incentives apace, and Youth and Desire began to kindle *Dorothen* to Returns of Passion. The Guards of Modesty by little and little grew more negligent of their Charge; every Moment the indulg'd Lover stole on to new Liberties, till, at last, she ceas'd to be a Maid, on the flattering Presumption that she was now a Wife.

SUCH was the Adventure of *Don Ferdinand* with *Dorothen*, and so was the easie believing Virgin o'erwrought, by Importunities and seeming Intentions of Honour and Marriage. The young Prince, in his Narrative of this Affair to *Cardenio*, took Care not to open all the Process of it. He confess'd, indeed, the Beauty and Accomplishments of the young Country-Maid had reduced his Desires to such an Extremity, that he had resolv'd the better to gain her Liking, and conquer her Integrity, to pass a Promise of Marriage to her: for otherwise he should labour to effect that which was impossible, and but strive against the Stream in his best Efforts. *Cardenio*, who had the strongest Sentiments of Honour in his Breast, and the most dutious Regard for the Duke and his Family, modestly dissuaded *Don Ferdinand* from his Purpose, by the best Reasons that Honesty and Friendship could dictate: And at length, when he found Dissuasions would not avail, he told the young Prince, that he must not submit to be a silent Accessary to such a Baseness, but look'd upon it as his Duty to acquaint the Duke therewith, to prevent the Consequences of Dishonour on his Family. *Don Ferdinand*, tho' he by no means lik'd this scrupulous Conduct in *Cardenio*, yet as he was discreet and crafty, dissembled his Disgust at it, suspecting *Cardenio* would act as he had threaten'd: And considering that in the Law of a faithful Servant, he was not bound to conceal a Thing so much to the Prejudice of the Duke; he began, he said, to think *Cardenio* right in the Justice of his Determinations, and therefore would struggle to get the Mastery over an indiscreet Passion. To divert and deceive *Cardenio* at once more

effectually, *Don Ferdinand* added, That he could find no Means so good to deface the Impressions of that Beauty, which held his Heart in such Subjection, than to absent himself for certain Months from Court: That the Pretence of his Absence should be This: Both of them would depart together, and go to *Cardenio's* Father's, under Pretence, as he would inform the Duke, of seeing and cheapening certain Horses there, the Character of which had been recommended to him.

SCARCE had *Cardenio* heard him make this Proposal, but, born away by the natural Propension which each one hath to his own Home, and the Motives of his Love join'd, he approv'd and applauded the Designment of *Don Ferdinand*: He rejoiced in it, as One of the most expedient that could be imagin'd, because an Occasion and Opportunity was so fairly offer'd of returning and seeing again his ador'd *Luscinda*. Set on by this Thought and Desire, *Cardenio* quicken'd *Don Ferdinand's* Purpose, and perswaded him to prosecute it with all possible Speed: for Absence, he said, would in the End work her Effect in despite of the most forcible and urgent Thoughts.

THUS, tho' *Don Ferdinand* had, under the Title of an Husband, reap'd the Fruits of his irregular Desires, from the beautiful young Villager, he kept this part of his Amour a Secret from *Cardenio*. And tho' he pretended now to be weaning himself from his Resolutions of pursuing her, by this Progress he intended only to wait an Opportunity of revealing the Affair to his Father, and of softening his Indignation, when he should come to know the Trespas. So that if he at first feign'd an Excuse to absent himself, that he might with the more Facility compass his End; he did now in very good Earnest procure his Departure, that he might not put in Execution the Terms upon which he had obtain'd that End.

THE Duke indulg'd *Don Ferdinand* in his desir'd Recess from Court, and commanded *Cardenio* to accompany him in his Progress. They soon arriv'd at *Cardenio's* Father's

ther's House, where the young Prince was entertain'd in the best Manner, that the Good Old Man's Circumstances would admit of. *Cardenio* now saw again his charming *Luscinda*, and now again were reviv'd his Desires in their full Strength and Purity.

AS *Cardenio* thought it was not lawful by the Rights of Friendship to conceal his own Amour, he took Occasion to acquaint *Don Ferdinand* with it. He expatiated to him on the Beauty, the Wit, and Discretion of *Luscinda* in so simple a Manner, that his Praises excited in *Don Ferdinand* a Desire to view a Damsel, so greatly adorn'd, and enrich'd with so rare Endowments. *Cardenio*, proud of shewing the Beauties of his Mistress, imprudently comply'd with this Desire of his Friend, and shew'd *Luscinda* to him by the Light of a Candle, at a Window, where they two were wont to parley together. *Don Ferdinand*, at first Sight, thought her of such an inimitable Form and Excellence, as was sufficient to blot out of his Memory all the Beauties which he had ever view'd before. He stood mute, besides himself, and ravish'd with Admiration: and rested at once so greatly enamour'd, that he now imagin'd in *Luscinda* alone were included all the Graces of Beauty, which were divided and separate in all the other Women of the World.

CARDENIO could not but perceive clearly, with how much Zeal *Luscinda* was extoll'd by *Don Ferdinand*; and now began to be displeas'd at himself for what he had done. *Don Ferdinand* let no Moment overslip, without making some Mention of *Luscinda*; and would himself begin the Discourse, were the Occasion ever so far fetch'd; which rous'd in *Cardenio* a sort of Jealousie of a Rival; Not that he fear'd any Change in the Loyalty of *Luscinda*, but fram'd to himself some Dangers from the wanton Disposition of *Don Ferdinand*.

IT happen'd, *Cardenio* had shewn to his amorous Friend a Letter, which he had received from his Mistress, in which she confess'd the Discovery daily of such Worth in
Cardenio,

Cardenio, as oblig'd her to hold him dear in her Opinion; and in which she advis'd *Cardenio*, (as she had a Father who lov'd him well, and who would do nothing to force her Will;) that, if he esteem'd her as much as he profess'd, he should solicit her Father to give a Seal to their Desires. The Tenour of this *Billet* gave *Don Ferdinand* a Curiosity of enquiring, what had hitherto obstructed their Marriage. *Cardenio* inform'd him that all the Difficulty of her Father's having protracted the Nuptials, was from an Expectation that his Father should first signify his Consent by demanding her: and that he had hitherto forbore to solicit his Father in that Behalf, having understood that his Father was not desirous to marry him, before he had seen what Duke *Ricardo* would do for him. *Don Ferdinand* reply'd, that he would take upon him to speak to *Cardenio's* Father, and persuade him to demand *Luscinda*, as she requir'd, of her Father. This engaging Promise of *Don Ferdinand*, help'd to make the Mind of *Cardenio*, in some sort, easie: He now began to accuse his own rash and unweigh'd Jealousie of his Friend's Intentions; and to blame his own capricious Love for misconstruing the Foundation of those Praises, which *Don Ferdinand* had thrown out on *Luscinda*. *Cardenio* was open, generous, and undesigning; and could not imagine that a noble and discreet Gentleman, and one obliged by the Merit of his Services, could become so corrupt, as to falsify the whole Opinion of his Honour, and break up all the dearest Ties of Trust and Honesty, by a Treachery too mean for a Person of any Rank or Distinction. But what Treasons, against Friendship and common Character, will not an irregular Affection dictate! *Don Ferdinand* had a Heart most susceptible of Love; and a Soul that obey'd the Spurs of Appetite, much more than the Checks of Reason. He had seen the beautiful, the blooming *Luscinda*, and drank in the sweet Poison of Desire from her fair Eyes. The next Step to Desire, and Longing, in an amorous Bosom, is the Means of easing those Longings by Fruition: And of this impetuous

impetuous Frame, and ardent Constitution was *Don Ferdinand* form'd. The Lessons of Philosophy, Morality, and Honour, which he had imbib'd by a Princely Education, were no Guides to him in his Pursuits of Pleasure. Pleasure to him was the principal End of living, and every thing with him seem'd lawful to attain that End.

NO sooner had *Don Ferdinand* given Way to an abandon'd Design, than he form'd a Scheme to put it into Act. The great Obstacle, to his setting the plotted Treachery in Motion, was the Presence of *Cardenio*. The same Pretence therefore, that was before palm'd on the Duke, must now be palm'd on the Friend. He resolves to dispatch *Cardenio* back to Court, with a Letter to the Prince his Brother, soliciting the Loan of a certain Sum of Money for the Purchase of six Horses of Price; and to blind *Cardenio* more effectually in the Business, the subtle *Don Ferdinand* that very Day pitch'd on, and agreed for, his Coursers. The easie unsuspecting *Cardenio*, with Pleasure undertakes the Command; and the more chearfully, because *Don Ferdinand* had promis'd, in his Absence, to promote his Marriage with *Luscinda*, by obtaining the Consent of *Cardenio's* Father.

CARDENIO, before he sets out, pays a Visit to *Luscinda*, acquaints her with the Agreement pass'd betwixt him and *Don Ferdinand*, and bids her hope firmly that their mutual Desires should quickly have a fair and prosperous End. *Luscinda*, (who as little suspected *Don Ferdinand* of Treachery, as *Cardenio* did;) conjur'd her Lover to return with all Speed, as believing that the Consummation of their Affections should be no longer deferr'd, than his Father should deferr demanding her for him. Scarce had the charming *Luscinda* pronounced these Words, but her Eyes were fill'd with sudden Tears; and tho' she strove to say something more, her Voice falter'd, and her Utterance was totally interrupted. *Cardenio* was full of Confusion and Sorrow at so new an Accident, for all their Conversations had been gay and easie; and as Lovers are
superstitious,

superstitious, fear'd her Disorder might presage some ominous Event. But then again, that he might not murder all his Hopes, and set out on his Journey disconsolate and distracted, he attributed all this to the Force of her Affection towards him; and to the Grief which Absence is wont to excite in those, who love one another tenderly.

CARDENIO departed pensive, and uncertain, his Soul was full of Imaginations and Suspicions; yet he scarcely knew what he suspected or imagin'd. He arriv'd at Court, and deliver'd the Letter to *Don Ferdinand's* Brother: He was receiv'd with all the Testimonies of wonted Courtesie and Regard; but was not so well dispatch'd as entertain'd. *Cardenio* was commanded to expect eight Days in Court, (a Delay most grating to the Anxiety he was under;) but not to come into the Presence-Chamber, because *Don Ferdinand* had written to his Brother for Monies, of which the Duke was to have no Knowledge. This was Invention and Artifice in *Don Ferdinand*; the Consequence of a secret Request to his Brother, to detain *Cardenio* there, for some pretended Reasons, which shou'd afterwards be communicated.

SO displeasing an Order almost reduced *Cardenio* to Terms of disobeying it; who thought it impossible to sustain Life so long out of the Sight of his ador'd *Luscinda*, especially considering the forlorn State in which he had left her. But weighing his Resolutions in the Scale of a dutiful Servant, grievous as this Intermission was to him, he determin'd to weather it at the Expence of Health, and in spite of heart-wounding Vexation.

THE fourth Day of his Court-Attendance was now running its Course, when a Messenger arrives Post in Search of him with a Letter, the Superscription of which he knew to be the Hand-writing of *Luscinda*. He took it from the Bearer with a Fear, that almost overpower'd his Senses: He knew it must be some serious and uncommon Occasion, that could excite her to write to him at that Juncture, and address her Letter by that extraordina-

ty.

ry Conveyance. Before *Cardenio* would venture to peruse the *Billet*, he demanded of the Bearer, Who had deliver'd it to him? He replied, that passing by Chance at Mid-day through a Street of their Village, a beautiful young Lady had call'd to him from a Window, that her Eyes were gushing with Tears, and that she had conjur'd him, as he appear'd to be a Christian, and as her Request was in the Cause of Goodness and Religion, that he would with the utmost Speed convey that Paper for her to the Place and Person, to which the Superscription assigned; and that with it she had thrown him down a Ring of Gold, and Purse of Rials, to purchase his Diligence in the Business. *Cardenio*, pale and trembling at this Information, thank'd the Messenger, and beg'd he would reconvey an Answer from him; after which *Cardenio* withdrew, that his Emotions might not be observable, and read the following afflicting Letter.

“ THE Promise that false *Ferdinand* has pass'd to you
 “ to speak to your Father, that he might speak to mine,
 “ he has accomplish'd more to his own Pleasure, than
 “ your Satisfaction; for you shall understand, dearest *Cardenio*,
 “ that he has demanded me for his Wife. My Father,
 “ born away by certain differences of Fortune, which he
 “ thinks the weightier in *Don Ferdinand's* Scale, has agreed
 “ to his Demand. The Nuptials are to be celebrated with-
 “ in these two Days; and that so secretly, as only the
 “ Heavens, and some Particulars of our House, are to be
 “ the Witnesses. How I remain, imagine, by what you
 “ yourself feel; and whether it be convenient you should
 “ return, you only can determine. The Success of this
 “ Affair, in all Events, shall let you perceive, whether
 “ I love you. May this reach your Hand, before mine
 “ shall be in Danger to be given away to the most per-
 “ fidious of Men! As yet, I am your most disconsolate,

LUSCINDA.

CARDENIO had no sooner perused this Scroll of astonishing Treachery in *Don Ferdinand*, but, tortur'd by his own
 Fears,

Fears, and pang'd for the Axieties of his dear Mistress, he immediately steals away from Court, without attending for an Answer, or Monies, from *Don Ferdinand's* Brother. He now conceived clearly, that not the Procurement of Horses, but private Delight, was *Don Ferdinand's* Motive for sending him out of the Way. The Rage which he conceived against this traiterous Friend, and the Fear of losing the Treasure of all his Happiness, set Wings to *Cardenio* in his Return. He arrived at his own Villa in the Happy Moment of seeing *Luscinda*, before the fatal Knot was tied. Disguising himself for fear of *Don Ferdinand's* Spies, he secretly approached the House of *Luscinda*; and Fortune purposing to be favourable to him, he found her sitting pensive at that grated Window, which had so often been a Witness of their Loves. *Luscinda*, throwing down her Eyes, and discovering him thro' his Disguise, *Cardenio*, — said she, *The disastrous Moment is at Hand. The Traytor Ferdinand is now waiting me in the Hall, with my avaritious Father, and those other dreaded Friends that shall be Witnesses rather of my Death than my Esponsals: Be not therefore troubled, my dearest Friend; only procure to be present at this intended Sacrifice, which, if I cannot hinder by Perswasions and Reasons, trust to my Resolution that I will not betray your Interest in me.* — Most virtuous *Luscinda*! reply'd *Cardenio*, *If the Extremity of our ill Fortunes requires it, behold, I bear a Sword to rescue thee from Violence, or fall in defending thee.* He had scarce utter'd these Words, ere *Luscinda* was call'd hastily, who making Signs of Silence to him, and pointing for him to enter the House, withdrew from the Window. The Darkness of the Evening now began to seal up the Eye of Observation, and the Hurry and Bustle of the approaching Ceremony was such, that *Cardenio* without Difficulty, by the Help of his Disguise, slip'd unperceiv'd into the House. Stealing into the Hall, which yet was vacant of Lights or Company, he placed himself in the Hollow of a jutting-out Window, which was divided from the main

Room

Room by two Pieces of Tapestry-Hangings, from whence he could see all that was done in the Hall, and remain himself unview'd of any. No Pen can describe, and agonizing Lovers only can conceive, what Rage, what Doubts, Anxieties, and fluctuating Resolutions fill'd his Mind during his Concealment. Let it suffice that now the Bridegroom, attended with the Father and a Cousin-German of *Luscinda*, entred the Hall; and soon after *Luscinda*, from another Door, accompanied by her Mother, and some few private Friends, appeared to his troubled Eyes. Now blazed the Hall with Lights, a little Altar with Tapers was brought forth, close to which follow'd a reverend Priest. Mean-while *Cardenio* stood sweating with Agony; *Luscinda* wrung her Hands, and with streaming Eyes, and distracted Motions, shew'd her Aversion to the Marriage. *Don Ferdinand* was now soothing her with Courtly Gestures; and her Father urging her with Menaces to yield Obedience to his Will. The Ceremony began, and *Luscinda* being ask'd, if she wou'd take *Don Ferdinand* for her lawful Spouse; it was a good while ere she gave any Answer. At length, when *Cardenio* expected to hear the peremptory Denial from her, he heard her say, with a dismay'd and languishing Voice, *I will*. Her Refusal had been a Cue for his rushing out to her Assistance; but now he remain'd confounded, irresolute, and at a Loss what to do. He now a thousand times accus'd her in his Thoughts of Disloyalty; and believ'd that he was made the Sport of her Vanity. *Luscinda*, soon as she had utter'd those Words, sunk down in a Swoon in the Arms of the attending Women. The Ceremony was immediately interrupted; and *Luscinda*'s Mother unclasping her Daughter's Bosom to give her Air, a Paper and Dagger dropt from the Inside of her Gown. *Don Ferdinand* seiz'd on both, and carrying the Paper towards the Lights, hastily perus'd it, and found it signified her Resolution of laying violent Hands on herself, and a Declaration that she dy'd the Wife of *Cardenio*. *Don Ferdinand* reddend during the Perusal
of

of the Paper, after which he first placed himself pensively in a Chair, then started up furiously, and brandishing the Dagger, seem'd as if his Resentments were bent against *Luscinda*. The intended Bride, languishing and half recover'd, was order'd into another Room, and the Priest directed by *Ferdinand* to wait, till Matters were better settled.

CARDENIO, whose Mind was wholly disconcerted by his too rash Suspicions of *Luscinda*, and who was too much alarm'd to examine Circumstances coolly, rush'd from behind the Arras in the midst of the Tumult and Confusion, and without disclosing himself, or attempting to take any Revenge of *Ferdinand*, immediately departed from the House.

NO sooner had *Cardenio* quitted this House of Mischief, than in the Hurry of his Passions, he hastened to his Mule, and riding Post out of the Village, pursued his Way through the Darkness of the Night, till, laying the Reins on the Neck of the sure-footed Animal, he found himself in the Morning near that Ridge of Mountains, which is called by the *Spaniards* *Sierra Morena*, or the *Black Mountains*.

THE Situation and Prospect of the Place, all around, was as wild as the troubled Spirit of *Cardenio*. The want of Roads and Pathways shew'd it plainly to be desert and uninhabited; only in a little Meadow, on one Skirt of the Mountains, certain Flocks were grazing, attended by their Shepherds. *Cardenio* no sooner espied them, but riding up, he demanded which was the most craggy, and inaccessible Parts of those Rocks; and they directing him, he instantly spurr'd thither, designing, in that solitary Station, to languish out the Remainder of his Days.

THE Torment of Mind, and Pain of Recollection soon dislodg'd his better Senses, and reduced him to a State of Frenzy. His Wits were so weaken'd and impair'd by his Griefs, that he had at best but Intervals of Reason, and for the most Part behav'd with the Extravagance of a Madman. His Apparel was all torn, his Visage disfigur'd.
and

and burnt with the Sun; and his Abode generally in whatsoever Part of the Rocks the Night o'ertook him. Sometimes he would be leaping from Rock to Rock, and Tuft to Tuft, with great Dexterity. Sometimes he would stand and stare fixedly on the Earth, without so much as moving his Eyelids. At other times he would bite his Lips, and bend his Brows; then exclaim aloud on the cursed *Ferdinand*, condemn his Stars and adverse Fate, and with Sighs repeat the beloved Name of the fair Object, whom he deem'd his Enemy and Betrayer.

FREQUENTLY would this poor frantick Mourner make his Mansion in the hollow Trunk of a Cork-Tree; and when Hunger urg'd him to seek for Food, he would steal down from his Haunts to the Cotts of the Shepherds, and if he found them eating, snatch a Portion of their Provision, and run with it back to his mountainous Retreats. The compassionate Swains, once accustomed to him, would often leave Sustenance for him by the Ways, and on the Rocks which they expected him to frequent, and where they thought he best might find it. At other times he would only accept of it by Force and Buffetings; and now and then would he, as with desperate Resolution, seize on one of the poor simple Swains, and taking him by the Throat, cry, *O treacherous Ferdinand, here shalt thou pay for the Injuries thou hast done me; these Hands shall rend out thy Heart, in which all Evils are harbour'd, but principally Fraud and Deceit.* And when the other Shepherds, not without Difficulty, rescued their Fellow from him, he would presently ensconce himself among the Bushes and Briars, and leave them wholly unable to follow him through those rough and un haunted Places. At his more lucid Intervals, and when he appear'd only overwhelm'd with a serious Sorrow, they would labour to comfort him, persuade him to seek the Reliefs of Society, and return to the Friends, and City, from which he had withdrawn himself, the Particulars of which they could never extort from him. He would calmly,

calmly reply to them, *In vain you labour to persuade and counsel me to That, which your Reason tells you may be good for my Remedy; for it will work no other Effect on me, than a Medicine prescrib'd by a skilful Physician to a Patient, that will in no sort receive it. I will have no Health without Luscinde; and since she, who ought to be mine, thinks fit to alienate herself; I delight to be of the Retinue of Misfortune, tho' I might be a Retainer to good Fortune. She has ordain'd, that her Change shall establish my Perdition; and I will strive, by giving Way to my own Ruin, to satisfy her Pleasure or Cruelty.* Then would he, with folded Arms, and downcast Eyes, walk pensively from them; and turn back with Signs of the utmost Indignation, if he perceived them attempting to follow him.

NOR was poor *Cardenio* a single Sufferer, thro' the Injuries, and Treachery of the wanton *Don Ferdinand*. The betray'd *Dorothea*, and the no less betray'd *Luscinde*, both were Mourners for his Licentiousness.

IT has been already mentioned, that *Don Ferdinand*, by Promises and Solemn Protestations of Marriage, had obtain'd Possession of the credulous *Dorothea's* Bed, and Virgin-Treasure. That happy Night was all consum'd in Raptures and Ecstasies: He eager in the Enjoyment of a Beauty, that so much had charm'd him: She lavish of her Joys, out of a Desire to indulge one who had stoop'd so much below his Dignity to honour her with the Name of Husband. Happy *Dorothea*! had those Transports of his proceeded from a more virtuous Motive; or had he intended that Constancy which he so deeply vow'd. But too often unfaithful Man, when he has satisfied that which the Appetite covets, hastens to retire from the Surfeit of Pleasure. Ere the Morning fully dawn'd, *Don Ferdinand* pleaded it necessary to withdraw from the vanquish'd Virgin's Embraces. His Fire and Ardour, she perceiv'd, were somewhat abated, and his Endearment wanted of that Affection and Vehemency he had breath'd at the Beginning of the Night; but still at his Departure, he told her,

the

He might be secure of his Faith; and for a Confirmation of his Fidelity, he took a rich Ring from his Finger, and put it upon hers. The fond *Dorothea*, as her suppos'd Lord retir'd, whisper'd him that he might see her on other Nights when he pleas'd, seeing she was now his own; and would be content to rest so, unacknowledg'd, until it pleas'd him to let the World know that she was his Wife. *Don Ferdinand* assur'd her, he would repeat his Happiness on the succeeding Night; but in vain did she keep Watch in Expectation of him. He no more return'd, nor did she once see him for the Space of a long Month; either in the Street or at Church, tho' she understood that he was still in Town, and rode every other Day a hunting, an Exercise to which he was much addicted.

THUS disappointed, every Day became more unfortunate and accurs'd to the languishing *Dorothea*. Remorse and Sorrow took Possession of all her Hours; for she had Reason not only to doubt, but wholly to discredit *Don Ferdinand's* Faith. Yet as much as she was the Slave and Subject of Grief, she was constrain'd to watch and keep Guard on her Tears and Contenance, lest she should give Occasion to her Father to demand the Cause of her Discontents. But, at length, the fatal Minute arriv'd, that put an End to all this Struggle of Concealment. A Rumour was spread throughout the Town, that *Don Ferdinand* had married, in a Neighbouring Village, a Damsel of surpassing Beauty, and of fair Birth; tho' not one, who either in Nobility or Dowry, could pretend to claim an Husband of his high Rank. It was added, that this engaging Lady was the only Daughter of a rich old Gentleman, and that her Name was *Luscinda*.

HEART-STRUCK at this astonishing Falshood of *Don Ferdinand*, poor *Dorothea* was no longer Mistress of her Passions. Despair and Resentment at once seiz'd her; she knew she could no longer remain with her Father, and conceal the Deceit and Treason that had been play'd her;

and therefore she resolves at once to disengage herself from his Care. She discloses her Misfortune, and Design to a Swain of her Father's, whose Honesty she thought she best could trust. She bids him procure her a Disguise, that may conceal her Sex, and wishes that he will consent to accompany her in her Wandrings. The Servant would fain have diverted her from a Purpose of so much Hazard; but perceiving her to bear an inflexible Resolution, frankly engages to follow her to the World's End. *Dorothea* presently pack'd up her Woman's Attire, and the Stock of Money and Jewels that she could command, to prevent the Necessities that might befall them; and in the Silence of Night, without acquainting her treacherous Maid with her Purpose, (the Maid, that had assisted *Don Ferdinand's* Access to her Chamber;) she issues out of her Father's House, attended only by the Swain, who had consented to be her Companion. The Course she at present design'd was to be lost to her Friends, and then, at the earliest Opportunity that favour'd, to throw herself in the Way of the perfidious *Don Ferdinand*; desiring, at least, if she did not come time enough to prevent what, from Rumour, she fear'd was past, that she might ask him with what Conscience, or Soul of Honour, he could act by her as he had done.

AS the main Drift of *Dorothea* was to be conceal'd from the Search that she knew would follow, so soon as she was mis'd, her Repair was to the first wild uncultivated Mountains, to which her wandering Feet could guide her. All the Night, she and her Attendant Swain travell'd on by the obscure Light of a clouded Moon. Early the next Morning, as she was afterwards acquainted, a Cryer went about publickly, by her Father's Order, describing her Age, Form, and Apparel; and offering great Rewards to any One that should bring her Home: But her Care and Vigilance secured her from a Discovery.

IT is commonly observ'd, that one Evil calls on another, and that the End of a Disaster is frequently the Beginning

beginning of a greater. The disconsolate *Dorothea* found this true by fatal Experience: For hardly had she taken Cover from the Solitariness of the Rocks, but What she hop'd would have been her Protection, proved the Source of her Hazard. The Servant, in whom she had put her last Reserve of Trust, began to give broad Tokens of falt'ring in Fidelity. Whether he weigh'd himself in the partial Scale of his Services, and thought the Merit of being an Accomplice in her Concealment, demanded a more than ordinary Return: Whether the Secret, with which she had intrusted him of *Don Ferdinand's* ill Usage, had levell'd her down to Contempt and a Rank of Equality with him; or whether he were prompted by innate Villany, or excited by her Beauty; he thought to have taken Advantage of the Opportunity, which the uninhabitable Places offer'd, and with little Shame, and less Respect, sollicit'd her to Love. Sorrow in *Dorothea* at once gave way to Indignation; and Rage flash'd from her Eyes, and the severest Reprehensions were darted from her Tongue, at so astonishing an Impudence. But the ungovern'd Cairiff, neither deterr'd by her Reproaches, nor soften'd by her modest Intreaties, attempted by Force to have compass'd his Will on her. Heaven, that is the Guardian of Weakness and Succourer of Distress, inspir'd *Dorothea* with a Strength beyond that of her Sex; and so favour'd her Proceedings, that as the audacious Villain renew'd his Assaults, she happily in the Struggle threw him down from a Rock, nor staid to see the Event of his Fall from the Precipice. Her Fears carried her with more Swiftness, than her Weariness could well dispense with; but Existence of Fortune teaches us often to get the better of our Infirmities. Her unguided Steps led her to a homely Cottage, situated amidst the Mountains, which Fatigue and Hunger made her glad to Approach for a double Relief. The Landlord of these small Demesnes was a Shepherd by Profession, who taken with the Appearance of *Dorothea's* Youth, and misjudging her Sex from the Deceit of
her

her Habit, offer'd himself to be the Comforter of her Distress, and so she was entertained by him, and served in the quality of a Shepherd's Boy. This Declension gave her no Uneasiness, who was humbled to it by the Strokes of severe Adversity. The greatest Care she had in the servile Offices of her Employment, was to keep her Sex a Secret; but all her Care and Industry would not long avail. Her Master came at last to the Notice that she was no Youth, but a Woman. The Form, which he had approv'd so much in a seeming Boy, gave him Designs to her when he found that Sex was but assum'd, and was the Occasion that the same evil Thought sprung up in him, as had before in her licentious Servant. Here was *Dorothea* involv'd in new Difficulties: Here was neither Rock, nor Precipice, to deliver her from the Attacks of her Master, which had given her an Opportunity to Escape from those of her Servant. She accounted it therefore a safer Way to fly from her Service, than to adventure the Tryal of her Strength, or Reason, with him; and to expose herself to all Hazards whatever, rather than submit to the Certainty of a new Pollution. She therefore seizes the first Moment of being unwatch'd by her Master, and again commits herself to be a Commoner of Nature.

TO such Afflictions of Heart, from a State of Ease and Tranquility, and to such personal Dangers and Exigencies, from being the Care and Darling of her indulgent Parents, did the wanton Passion of *Don Ferdinand* reduce the credulous, deceived *Dorothea*. Nor did the like Intemperance of his Love cost the charming *Luscinda* much less Anxiety. He would, indeed, have married her, had not her own Agonies prevented the Proceeding; but that Marriage was a Crime even equal to Sacrilege. It was the Prosecution of a lewd Desire, cloak'd over with the Sanctity of Religion: It was a heinous Force on her Inclinations, and the Bar and Breach of a sacred Contract, bound by mutual Affection, betwixt her and *Cardenio*.

WE

WE have already mention'd, that when the Nuptial Ceremonies were performing betwixt *Don Ferdinand* and the constrained *Luscinda*; when she had just utter'd her Consent with a Reluctance, that shew'd she did it out of Obedience to her Father, she sunk into a Swoon in the Arms of her attending Friends, and by reason of the Strength of her Fits was convey'd to her Chamber. The Agony of her Mind was fresh Fuel to her Convulsions; and tho' no Applications were omitted, that either Nature made proper, or Tenderness could minister, her Faintings continued for several Hours, and as fast as she seem'd to give a Promise of Amendment, she relaps'd into new Languishings. At length, when Distemper had spent its Fury, and the returning Spirits gave her Vigour enough to speak, she beg'd they would cease their further Attendance, and permit her to have the Benefit of a little Repose. Her Mother saw well that Rest would be her best Cordial, and was very desirous to have her in Bed; but *Luscinda* alledged that she was yet too much fatigued to bear undressing, and therefore desired to lye down in her Cloaths. She seem'd with much Satisfaction to compose herself to Rest; and her Mother and Friends, as well pleas'd at her Composure, stole softly out of the Room, and left her to enjoy the Refreshment of her Slumber. As soon as they were departed, *Luscinda*, weak as she was, reflecting that her Persecution wou'd be renew'd with the Return of her Health, and that the Morning would throw her into the Arms of the dreaded *Don Ferdinand*, was resolv'd not to wait an Event so terrible to her Thought. The Apprehension of those Horrors lent her a Strength beyond what harass'd Nature could have furnish'd. She rises from her Bed, and seeing all quiet, resolves to slip from her Jaylors. Her Chamber was at the back Part of the House, and look'd towards the Garden, down to which she had a Stair-case from her Closet. This serv'd very commodiously for her Escape; and as she had the Key of the Garden-Gate which

led to the Fields, thither she address'd herself with all the Speed that she was capable of, and made the Gate fast behind her. Within a short Quarter of a Mile from her Father's stood a Religious House for the Reception of Nuns, where she forthwith enter'd herself, and claim'd the Sanctuary of the Lady Abbess. Here she was determin'd to waste the Remainder of her Days, unless indulgent Heaven would permit her to pass them with her dear *Cardenio*.

THE tender Mother within a short Space returns to *Luscinda's* Chamber, to see if she yet slept; but *Luscinda* was no longer there. The astonish'd Matron shriek'd out at missing her Daughter; and the Family was instantly alarm'd at the Surprize of her Departure. Every one was sent out in the most diligent Quest, in Hopes of recovering her; but their strictest Searches prov'd ineffectual. The disappointed *Don Ferdinand*, full of Rage and Despair, without taking any ceremonious Leave, withdrew himself from *Luscinda's* Father, resolving to be revenged at a more favourable Opportunity.

POOR *Cardenio* yet knew nothing of his treacherous Friend's Disappointment, of his adorable *Luscinda's* Fidelity to him, or of her Escape and sheltering in the Convent. He was still an Inhabitant of the Rocks and Desarts, visited by Fits with Frenzy and Despair. As he had now some Months resided there in that State of Distemper, the Accident of his Madness, and the Report of his Behaviour, drew several well-meaning People to seek him in his Haunts, and to attempt by Intercessions, and Reasoning, whenever he was capable of receiving it, to wean him from that solitary Way of Life, which only fed his Malady.

AT a Season when *Cardenio* was in his right Sense, and surrounded with these willing Comforters, they heard, from the inner Parts of the Rocks, the Sound of a sweet Voice, accompanied with the Melody of a Lute. This might well prove the Subject of Attention

tention and Wonder, as they esteem'd not that to be a Place, wherein 'twas probable so good a Musician should make his Abode. They listned to the Harmony, which was melancholly and moving; and found the Contents of the Air to be a Virgin's Complaint for Love betray'd, and broken Friendship. This touch'd the Strings of *Car-denio's* Passions, he sigh'd in Confort with the unknown Songster, and was prevail'd on without great Difficulty to make one of the Company, in tracing out the Secret of this Harmony. The Air was now ceas'd, and they had no Direction from their Ears to find the latent Musician. As they went deeper into the Mountains, at a Rill that run from the Foot of one of the Rocks, they beheld the Form of a Youth sitting, attir'd like a Country Swain, whom by reason his Face was inclin'd, as he sat washing his Feet in the clear gliding Stream, they could not yet perfectly discern. The Whiteness and Beauty of his Feet was such, that they appear'd like Pieces of Chrystal in the Water, ill-sorting with the Condition of a Rustick, as his Apparel bespoke him. As they approach'd to make nearer Observations, the seeming Youth, who thought himself alone, took off his Cap, and let down such a Length of beautiful flowing Hair, that it was now plain to them the suppos'd Swain was a conceal'd Woman. Their Curiosity was now heighten'd by this Discovery; and they drew so near towards her, that, their Shadows being perceiv'd, the beautiful *Unknown* lifted up her Head, and, arising full of Fear and Confusion, she laid Hand on a Packet that was by her, which seem'd to be of Apparel, and attempted to fly from them without staying to put on her Shoes. But her Feet, too delicate and tender to abide the rough and rocky Way, could not support her in that Purpose, so that she fell to the Earth. The Company immediately ran in to her Assistance, and lifting her up, beg'd her to throw off all Fear, and believe that they meant her nothing but Service: adding withal, that as her lovely Hair had betray'd what her assum'd Habie

would have conceal'd from them; and that as the Cause could be of no small Moment, which had made her mask so singular a Beauty, and conducted her to that abandon'd Desert, they hop'd she would forgive a Curiosity that made them desirous of knowing her Fortunes. This Suit was press'd with so much civil Importunity, that she could not resist obliging them in it: and she was the more willing, that her Reputation might not suffer in their Opinion; since they knew her to be a Woman, and saw her young, alone, and disguis'd, Circumstances sufficient to overthrow even a good Credit.

IT has been mention'd that *Dorothea* fled from the Attempts of her Master, whom she had serv'd in the Quality of a Shepherd's Boy, and who had discover'd the Disguise of her Sex: and She it was, whom Fortune had now guided to the *Black Mountains* to be a Fellow-Mourner with the afflicted *Cardenio*.

IN the Recital she made of her Story, (the Detail of which we have already given,) as frequent Mention was made of the perfidious *Don Ferdinand*, *Cardenio* was observ'd to redden and look disorder'd; and began to show such Alteration of Temper and Countenance, that the Company fear'd he would relapse into his Frenzy. But he only sweated with the Emotion of his Passions; and fix'd his Eyes attentively on the fair Story-teller, whom he now recollected to be *Dorothea*. Afterwards, he discover'd Symptoms of the highest Pleasure; and Tears of Joy were observ'd to steal from his Eyes, when she came to relate how the Match of *Don Ferdinand* with *Luscinda* had been interrupted, how he had withdrawn himself in Discontent from her Father's House, and how she had escap'd likewise from her Father, and taken Sanctuary in a Convent of Nuns.

AT length, no longer able to contain himself in Silence, but stepping forward, and taking her by the Hand, Behold, said he, *most injur'd Dorothea, the disastrous Cardenio, whom that Luscinda affirm'd to be her Husband. I*

am He, whom the wicked Proceeding of him, that hath also brought thee into this State of Wretchedness, has reduced to the Plight thou seest me in, abandon'd by all human Comfort, and what is still worse, depriv'd of my Senses: seeing I only enjoy them but at some short Intervals, when the Recollection of my Misfortunes is least busie with me:

SO soon as Cardenio and Dorothea had disclosed themselves to each other, the Standers-by, who had been delighted with such a Series of extraordinary Occurrences, took Notice, that Fortune, which had so unexpectedly brought them together, seem'd to reserve some higher Favours to comfort them in their Disasters. This propitious Intimation had such Force on the Mind of Cardenio, that he vow'd by the Faith of a Gentleman and Christian not to forsake Dorothea, till he should see her in the Possession of Don Ferdinand, and oblige him either by Reason, or Force, to repair the Wrongs he had done her.

THE Company immediately applauded this Resolution of Cardenio, and counsel'd him and Dorothea to quit that solitary Situation, and to suffer themselves to be conducted to an Inn, that stood on the Skirts of that desert Plain, where Accommodation and Relief might be administered to them, and they might better concert the Means of putting any wholesom Counsels into Practice. Cardenio, who now felt the Returns of Comfort in his Bosom, from the Knowledge that Luscinda was not married, condescended to fall into their Measures: and Dorothea and he put themselves under the Guidance of their friendly Visitants, who accompanied them in the nearest Path to the Inn.

THE treacherous and resentful Don Ferdinand, in the mean while, was practising against the Peace of poor Luscinda. He had discover'd to what Convent she had retir'd, and, whether Love, or Revenge, most actuated him to such a Scheme, he concerted the Matter with three of his Associates, to go disguis'd, and snatch Luscinda from the Convent. They waited an Opportunity, when, one day,

day, the Gates of the Nunnery were left open; and *Don Ferdinand*, leaving two of his Companions to keep the Door, entered the Convent with the other, and finding *Luscinda* in Discourse with a Sister of the House, they laid hold on her, and without a Word said, or any Time given her to know the Meaning of such an Assault, hurried her out of the Nunnery, and bore her off, not daring to enquire into her Fortunes.

CARDENIO, *Dorothea*, and their Rustick Friends were now arriv'd at their intended Inn, when they perceiv'd a fresh Troop of Guests riding over the Plain, and addressing themselves to the same Place of Entertainment. On their nearer Approach, they saw four Men on Horseback with Lances and Targets, and Masks on their Faces; and with them was a Lady apparell'd in White, her Face veil'd, and two Lacquies running on Foot by her Horse Side. On the Arrival of this Train, *Dorothea* put on a Mask to conceal herself. The four Horsemen alighting, one of them, who seem'd by his Air, and the Deference paid to him, to be of superior Character, help'd the Lady down from her Steed, and taking her in his Arms, seated her in a Chair in the Hall of the Inn. She was no sooner dismounted, and set down, than fetching a deep Sigh, as if her Heart were bursting, she fell into a Swoon in the Chair. Applications were instantly made for recovering her, in order to which her Veil being drawn aside, *Cardenio*, to his inexpressible Surprize and Joy, discover'd it to be his charming *Luscinda*. Regardless of all Events that might befall him from her Company, he rush'd forwards, and, taking her in his Arms, he cry'd, in the softest Accents of Tenderness, *Awake, Luscinda! and behold the long-lost Cardenio*. — *Don Ferdinand*, who unmask'd at this unexpected Adventure, looked fiercely on *Cardenio*, and was preparing with his drawn Sword to repulse him, when *Dorothea*, who had discover'd the Face of her treacherous Lord, ran, and grasped him round the Knees, and withheld him from his intended Attempt of Fury. *Luscinda* had

the BLACK MOUNTAINS. 343

had now open'd her Eyes, and seeing herself in the Embraces of her dear *Cardenio*, threw her fair Arms round his Neck in an Ecstasy of Transport. *Don Ferdinand* too by this Time discover'd, kneeling at his Feet, the betray'd *Dorothea*. *What mean you to do, my Lord*, said the beautiful Supplicant? *You have here your own Wife at your Feet; and she, whom you would so fain possess, is now in the Arms of her own Husband. Can it become you, to attempt to dissolve that which Heaven hath knit? I conjure you by Heaven, and your own Wars, peaceably to permit those two Lovers to enjoy their Desires; and whatever it is to be the Fate of the ruin'd Dorothea, shew the Generosity of a noble Breast, at least, in That; and give the World to understand, that thy Reason has got the better of an irregular Passion.* When *Dorothea* had done Pleading, *Cardenio* address'd himself to *Don Ferdinand*, and without any Reproach for all his past Treachery, said, That tho' the Edge of a Sword might part *Luscinda* and him asunder, yet only in his Death could that Separation be made; that Prudence, as well as Honour and Generosity, should perswade *Don Ferdinand* to conquer his Will; to turn his Eyes back to the Beauties of *Dorothea*; and if he gloried in the Titles of Nobility, or Christianity, he could do no less than accomplish the Vow that he had pass'd to her. That it was the Prerogative of Beauty tho' in a mean and humble Subject, if it were consoled with Modesty and Virtue, to exalt and equal itself to any Dignity, without the Disparagement of him, who helps to raise, or unite it to himself.

SO many forcible Arguments were press'd on *Don Ferdinand*, and he was so cover'd with Remorse, Shame, and Confusion, that at last he permitted himself to be vanquish'd by that Truth which he could not deny; and stooping down to embrace *Dorothea*, Rise, Lady, said he; it is not just she should be prostrate at my Feet, whose Image I have erected in my Mind. Your Constancy and Faith shall instruct me how to esteem you according to your Merits.

ADVENTURES, &c.

...you must forgive my past Carelessness, and
 ...The same violent Passion, that made
 ...to accept you as mine, inspir'd me again not to
 ...Let *Luscinda's* Eyes plead my Excuse for that
 ...And as she has now obtain'd her Heart's Desire, may
 ...live happily and peacefully with her Cardinal! My own
 ...shall be contented in the same
 ...Duchess.

CARDENIO, and *Luscinda*, whose Eyes were fill'd
 with Tears of Joy and private Contentment, threw them-
 selves at *Don Ferdinand's* Feet, and thank'd him for that
 Alliance of their future Bliss: and *Don Ferdinand* raising
 them, and embracing *Cardenio*, beg'd they might once more
 be united in Friendship, and those parts of his Conduct,
 which he now wish'd to reflect on, be totally banish'd
 from *Cardenio's* Memory.

THE whole Company were not more surpris'd, than
 pleas'd, at the Reconciliation, and mutual Happiness, of
 these four Lovers. A sumptuous Entertainment was pro-
 vided in the Inn, at the Cost of *Don Ferdinand*: The
 Evening was spent in Mirth and Jollity: *Luscinda* and
Duchess that Night took up with a Bed together; and
 the next Morning, at a neighbouring Village, their Nuptials
 were celebrated with their respective Lovers.

The End of the First Volume.

20 MAR 68



